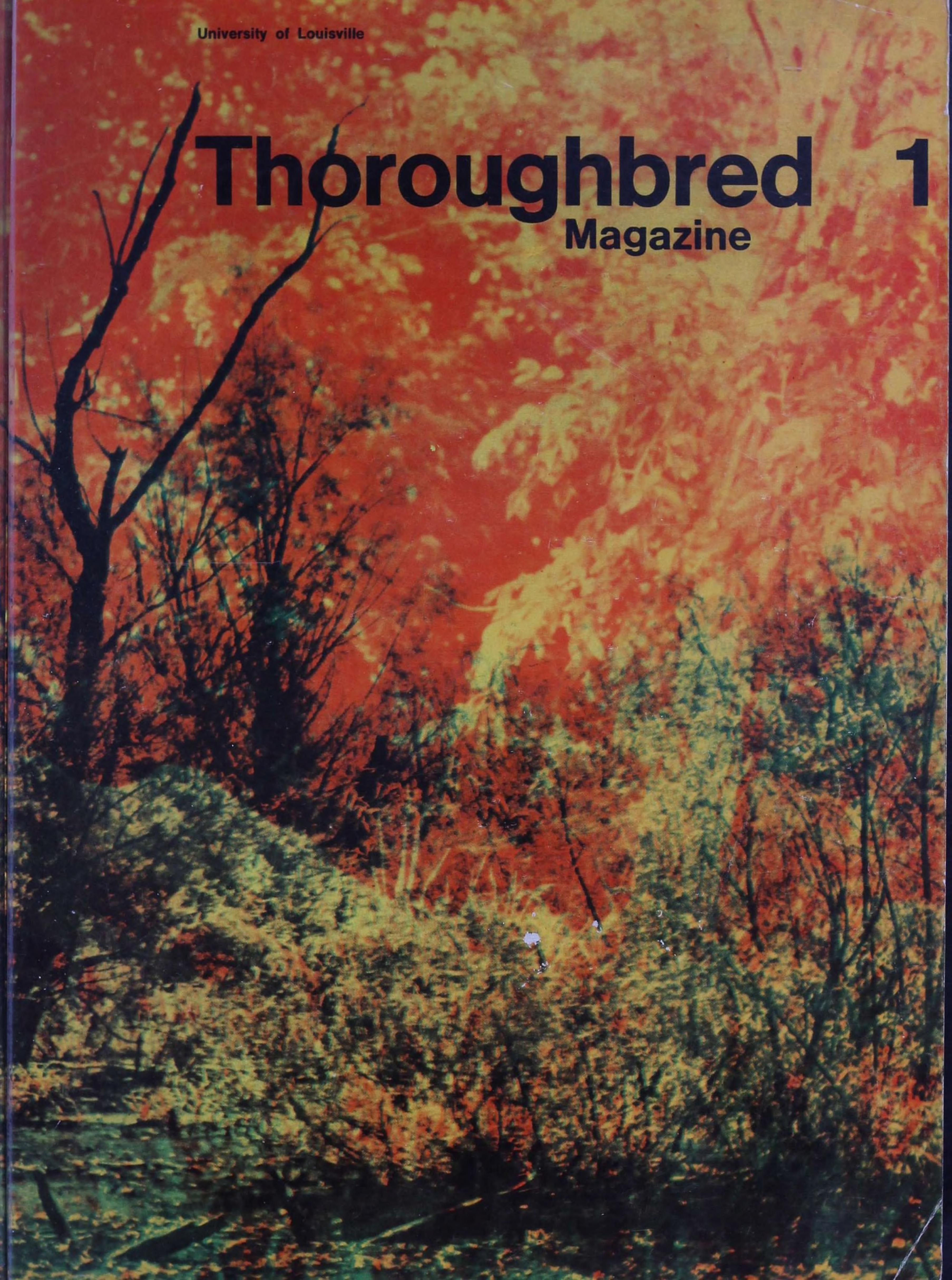


University of Louisville

Thoroughbred 1

Magazine



Thoroughbred 1

Magazine

The peculiar conformist	2	Tom Lyons
An exciting, if grueling initiation	8	Gavin Whitsett
Hayden in Louisville	13	
The Mirages, Sphinx, " 'Mystery Boy' Looks For Kin in Nashville." <i>Poems.</i>	14	Robert Hayden
Marathon group therapy . . . the how . . .	16	Marcia Mann
. . . and the why.	18	
"Ethel, can ya imagine 300,000 people . . ."	20	Michael Moore
Experience and commitment	26	
Plastic raincoat. <i>A story.</i>	32	Mary Larsen
Modern fiction: how strange it is	34	Gary Mullinax
Building for education	38	John Beckman
They did it in the 30s, too!	42	Cathy Sutton
On occupying minds, not buildings: an argument for selective education	44	Rick Kaestner
Psalm to Autumn. <i>A poem.</i>	46	Jack Hettinger
autumn. <i>A poem.</i>	47	Tom Brady
caught in the middle	48	Carol Polsgrove
caught in the middle	50	Nick DeMartino
It's alright ma, it's only clover	52	Marcia Mann
The auto-manic commuter routine	53	Bill Renda
An Open Letter to Florence Nightingale Somewhere in the Crimea. <i>A poem.</i>	59	Chet Bell
near she was. <i>A poem.</i>	59	John Filiatreau
Poem at 5:30 a.m. <i>A poem.</i>	59	Dan Rifenburg
Registration . . . shuffle	60	John Beckman
Between times.	64	
credits	65	

The *Thoroughbred Magazine* is an official student publication of the University of Louisville, Belknap Campus, Louisville, Kentucky 40208. The work in this magazine represents the views of the staff and not that of the University. All inquiries, contributions, and communications should be sent to the Editor at the above address.

© Thoroughbred Magazine 1969



Robert Hayden

p. 13



Pop festivals

p. 20



Sorority rush

p. 26



Politics in the '30's

p. 42

Staff

Editor	Nick DeMartino
Managing Editor	Tom Lyons
Articles Editor	Gary Mullinax
Photography Editor	John Beckman
Art Director	Barbara Cunningham
Literary Editor	Marcia Mann
Associate Editor	Beverly McCoy
Staff Editor	Rick Kaestner
Contributing Editors	Cathy Sutton Michael Moore John Filiatreau
Business Manager	Mary Miller
Assistant Literary Editor	Dan Rifenburg
Assistant Photography Editor	Bill Renda
Photographers	Gavin Whitsett, Skip McNeil, Ken Strothman
Editorial Assistants	Paul Carlise, Emily Dillon, Ellen Harrington, Robert Keller, Steve Kirk, Ronnie McKulick, Patsy Speevack, Carolyn Yetter.
Research Assistants	Glenn Bossmeyer, Barbara Bouser, Chris Detzel, Greg Ellenkamp, Christie Maloney, Lewis Rowe, Missy Smith.
Faculty advisor	Robert Doherty
Administrative advisor	Warren Jones
Design consultant	Julius Friedman, Images, Inc.

Contributors

Chet Bell is a 19-year-old freshman whose poems have been published in the literary magazines of several other colleges. Besides writing and listening to good music, Bell also enjoys photography. This issue includes a poem and illustrations.

Tom Brady, 25, a senior English major, studied acting at American Academy of Dramatic Arts and American Mime Theater before coming to U of L. His poems have appeared in *Forge*, *Pegasus*, and *Poetry Review*.

John Michael Carter, 19, is a painting and sculpture major. He has studied at the American Academy of Art in Chicago and will be leaving for the Los Angeles Art Center's College of Design next semester. His illustration of today's student appears on page 2.

Louisville native Jack Hettinger, 24, who wrote "Psalm to Autumn" in this issue, is a teaching assistant here in the Department of English. He is working toward a Ph.D. and holds a B.A. from Catholic University. He has published poetry in *The Columbia University Record* and *Resonance*.

Mary Larsen enjoys writing short stories during the spare time she finds in her schedule as a sociology major. Her story "Plastic Raincoat" won a prize in the Catherine Spalding competition for *Penguin*—the school's literary magazine—last year. Mary, a 20-year-old sophomore, also likes horsebackriding.

Carol Polsgrove, 24, is a teaching assistant here working toward a Ph.D. in English. She holds a B.A. from Wake Forest University and an M.A. from U of L. She worked for a year with the Associated Press and has free-lanced for *The Christian Science Monitor*, *The Charlotte Observer*, *Louisville Magazine*, and *The Courier-Journal*.

Bobbi Watson, 24, is a senior fine arts major. Her intaglio print on page 58 is an example of the kind of work that won her last year's Winthrop Allen Memorial Prize. She tried nursing and secretarial work (with training at SS. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital, Catherine Spalding College and Sullivan Business College) before coming to U of L to prepare for the teaching of art.

Editor's note

The *Thoroughbred Magazine* that you are now reading is an experiment. As such, it is subject to constant scrutiny and change. After nearly four months of planning and work for this first issue, it is time for an assessment.

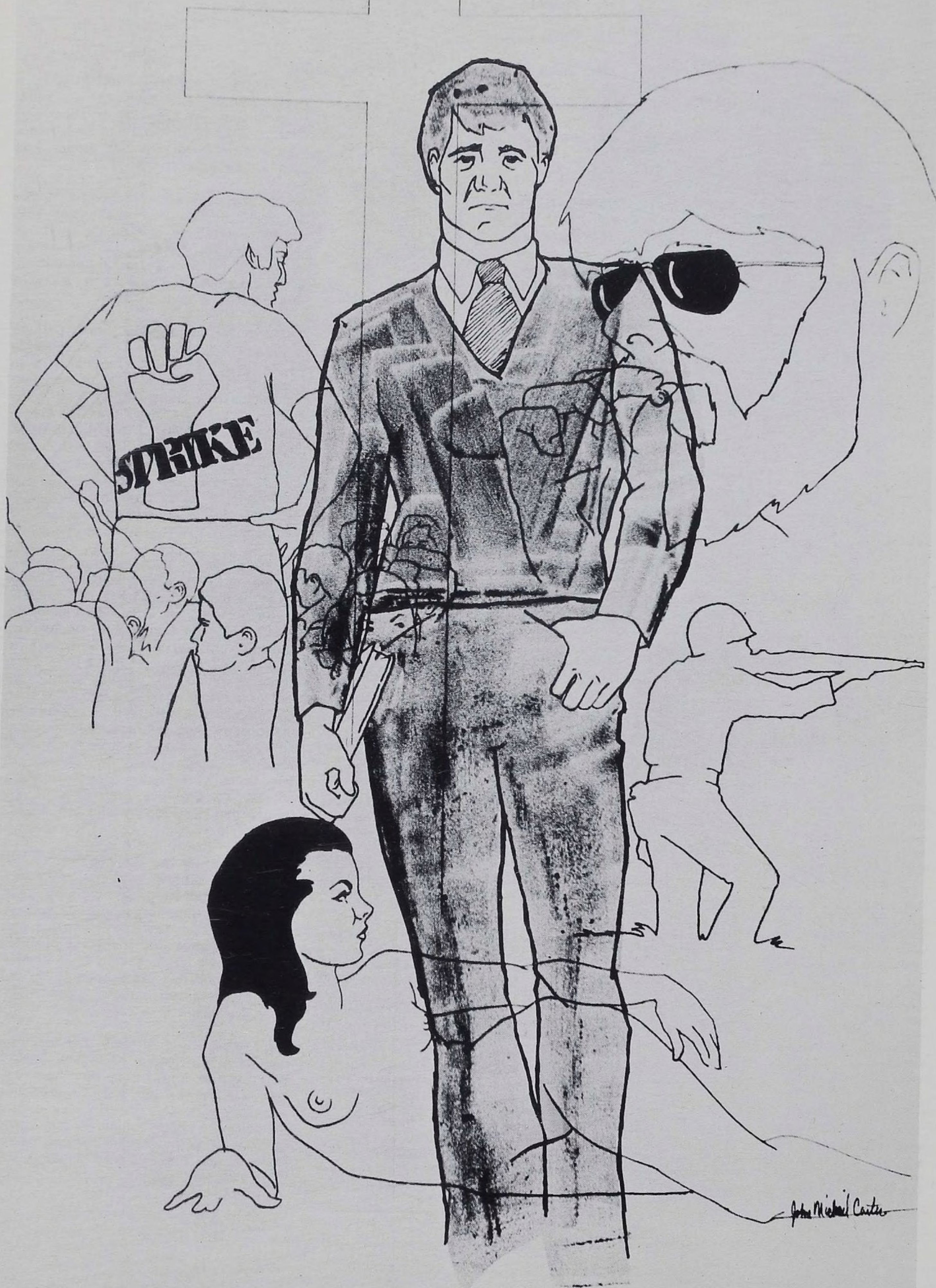
We on the staff are convinced that this magazine format is a challenging and exciting alternative to ordinary yearbook documentation. And, if our preliminary conversations with students, professors, and others are any indication, the idea is attractive to many others.

Because the magazine is issued periodically, much greater flexibility is possible in just about all areas. The kind of photo-essays we are running do a more accurate job of communicating what really happens on this campus than the standard yearbook shots. The publication of creative work—both in the verbal and visual arts—is an important feature of this magazine. The format also allows real in-depth study of many aspects of contemporary life both on and off the campus.

We have strived for a balance between stories and illustrations, between the diverse elements of campus and society, between points of view. We cannot do this without full cooperation of the various elements on campus. Since we received such limited response to a questionnaire sent to all campus groups, we feel compelled to outline our policy; we are specifically obligated to cover only the groups that returned our questionnaire. Obviously this wouldn't represent the full campus picture. We will do our best to cover everyone. But if there's a choice, we will give preference to the groups that provided us with the needed information.

All of this is for two purposes—first, for immediate interest and entertainment, which is something the ordinary yearbook cannot hope to accomplish; second, for a realistic documentation of this year—the substance and the spirit of 1969-70. We want future alumni to remember this time and this place specifically, not some generalized college year which usually appears in a yearbook.

We realize above all else that this new magazine is a means of communication. We need to know from you how well we are doing that job. If we have enough response—pro and con—we will print a letters-to-the-editor column in this space next issue. Without such communication from you, the *Thoroughbred Magazine* will be a one-way experiment. □



The peculiar conformist

Louisville is not the epitome of the avant-garde culture, a fact many people are confronted with every time they open the newspaper to the entertainment section. This, plus the fact that most University of Louisville students live at home and maintain their traditional ties, leads people to suspect that U of L is a conservative campus where people can probably expect to find the "All American" student type of their dreams.

The fact is that U of L students show an unusually high incidence of agnosticism, drunkenness, and satisfaction with school authorities, according to a public opinion survey made by *Thoroughbred Magazine* at registration this fall. The poll surveyed four major areas: political and social philosophy, attitudes on student power, personal behavior patterns, and religious attitudes. The poll found that U of L students, in relation to their national counterparts, tend to be politically more conservative, and to a much greater extent, are content with the current power structure in American universities.

These same conformists, however, are at least as dedicated to thrill-seeking as other students across the nation, though at U of L the students tend to use the more accepted channels. Thus, a great many students at U of L get drunk, some smoke marijuana, but the number of LSD users is very limited. Church attendance at U of L compares favorably with the national sample, but the number of people here who do not believe in a Supreme Being is three times the national rate. This suggests that a lot of people feel some degree of social alienation, even though they continue to quietly conform.

The *Thoroughbred Magazine* survey on which these conclusions are based is different from the polls of students usually seen in the press, because the U of L poll was a massive survey in one place instead of a miniscule sampling of the entire nation. The national polls are usually based on samples ranging from 300 interviews upward to the larger surveys that compile 1000-1500 responses. The U of L poll is based on 1427 responses gathered at random from those people getting ID cards during College of Arts and Sciences registration.

The U of L poll relies on its massive sample of a limited population for accuracy, rather than a set of selected people specially weighted by some formula. The questions used in the survey were patterned after those used in recent national polls (the Gallup poll of June 1969, a Harris poll of June 1969, and a special study made for CBS-TV by Daniel Yankelovich, Inc.) so that the responses could be compared. The large number of random responses and the fact that the poll was not previously publicized make the possibility of any premeditated plan to "use" or "rig" the poll unlikely.

The first question — on political and social attitudes — asked students to place themselves on a relative spectrum, being either very conservative, fairly conservative, middle of the road, fairly liberal, or very liberal. At U of L 3% rated themselves as very conservative against 2% of the national sample, and 22% said they were fairly conservative, compared to 18% nationwide. The largest number of Louisville students were in the fairly liberal category (42%), with 23% calling themselves middle-of-the-roaders. Very liberals accounted for only 10%. These three U of L figures were all a percentage or two below the national figures.

The overwhelming percentage of U of L students (87%) were found to be in the middle three categories, and while the balance among U of L students is more conservative, the national trend toward moderate liberalism appears to hold true.

The second and third questions asked students how their position had shifted on this same spectrum in the last year, and the last five years. Responses indicated that many people who had become more liberal in the last five years had "remained about the same" in the past year, perhaps a result of the conservative tide across the country, or more specifically a reaction to the demonstrations on campus last spring. This period of moderation for the liberals appeared with the same incidence among incoming freshmen. This shift could not be called a shift toward conservatism, however, as actually a smaller percentage said they had become conservative in the last year than for the five-year period.

On the issue of student authority in the University, U of L students showed a very marked contrast with national student trends. Two questions were asked—one about whether students across the nation should have a greater say in the running of universities, and a second question about U of L in particular.

Students here seem to have less confidence in themselves, or at least are more content with the local situation. While 81% of the national sample polled recently thought they should have a greater say in running the universities, at U of L only 59% felt that students across the nation needed more educational authority. A very high number at U of L (16% as compared with 2% nationwide) were undecided. On the question of running the U of L in particular only 47% felt students should have more authority. However, a very large number (27%) were unsure. In terms of raw percentages, this area was the place where students at U of L most differed with the national samples.

Rebellion against administrative authority is apparently not a large part of the local scene.

Most people say that Louisville doesn't have extensive drug usage, or at least not like that seen nationally. Poll results

at the U of L do not seem to bear this out. Students were asked, "Have you ever smoked marijuana?" and 21% said they had. This is only slightly less than the national average of 22%.

The different incidences according to sex were significant at U of L, as in the national survey. Among males here, 26% said they had tried marijuana as compared with 25% nationally. Only 14% of the females at U of L had smoked, fewer than the national average of 18%. Among incoming male freshmen the percentage of smokers is 30%—triple the rate for incoming freshmen women. The rate drops back down to 21% for sophomore males and remains nearly constant at that level for two years. For males with more than three years of college it promptly shoots up to 36%.

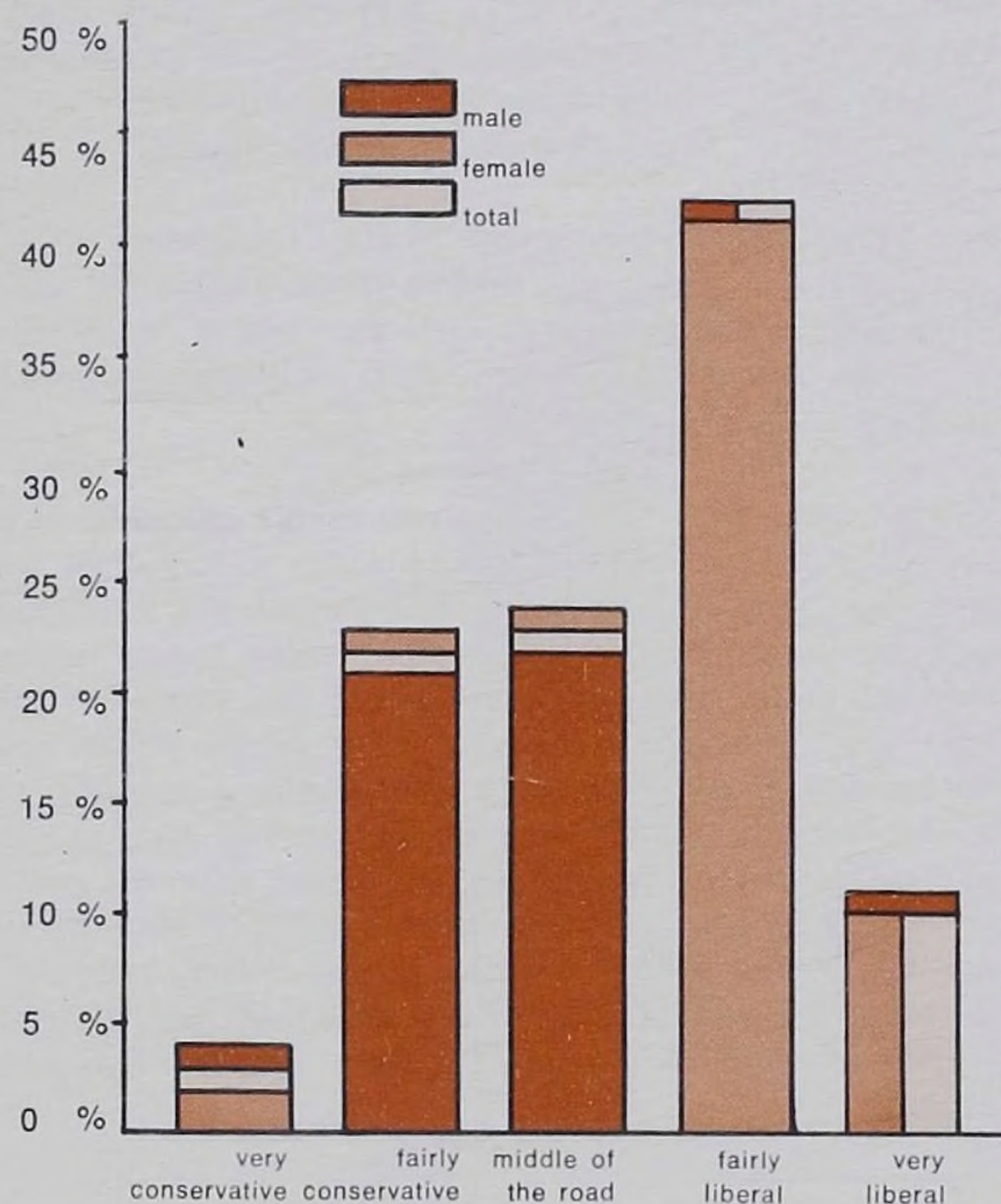
A somewhat similar trend occurs among the women, among whom pot smoking rises from the 10% level of the incoming freshmen to 16% for sophomores. It then drops several percentage points among the next two year groups. The level then goes up to 21% for women with more than three years of college. This definite upsurge of pot smoking among older students contradicts the national trend which tapers off after age 22. The unusual distribution can probably be explained by Louisville's operating in

a culture lag, which means only the older, better-travelled students are introduced into the national drug culture. The drug culture is now penetrating Louisville and some new students, notably incoming freshmen males, are bringing the drug culture into U of L from recently formed association groups in town.

The next question asked if the student thought it was wrong to smoke marijuana. In the totals 40% responded that it was wrong, 46% said it was not wrong, and a very large 14% were undecided. As in the previous question the men were more pro-pot than the women. 49% of the men and only 41% of the women said it was not wrong to smoke marijuana. By age group, the results are less uniform. Among the freshmen men, only 40% thought it was not wrong to smoke marijuana. This figure rose steadily upward toward 55% as the number of years in college increased. Thus, college would seem to make at least the attitudes more liberal, if not the actions. But, then we come to the ladies who must have a system of their own. While the number of women who think it is not wrong to smoke marijuana is a very liberal 44% among the freshmen women, it drops to 41% for the second year, and then to 35% for the year after. Then among women with three years of college, the figure rises to 38%, and again finally to 49% in the

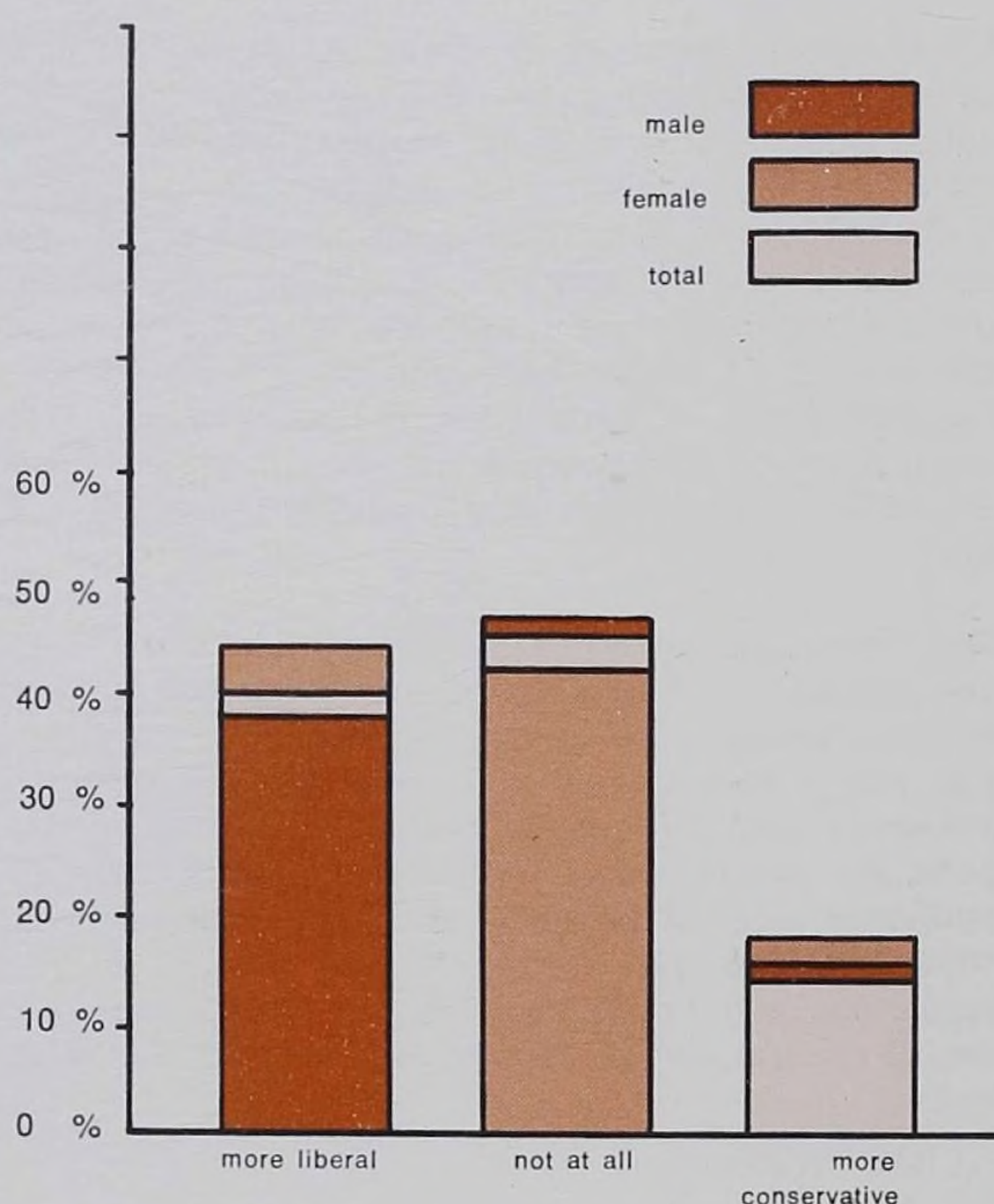
QUESTION NO. 1

"In which of the following general categories would you place yourself on this spectrum of political and social philosophy and attitudes?"



QUESTION NO. 2

"Has your position changed on this spectrum in the last year?"



group of women with more than three years of college. Liberal attitudes, if not the opportunity for more liberal conduct, appear to evolve more rapidly among women before college, and the more conservative attitudes in the middle appear to be part of the culture lag.

Question number nine asked "Have you ever used LSD?" and the responses were nearly uniform with the national sample—about 5% —6% of the males and 4% of the females answered in the affirmative. The distribution among year groups was nearly the same, which would seem to indicate that "acid" is a very limited and new phenomenon almost as common among freshmen as among seniors. Louisville is not trailing the national scene on LSD, though.

The most common form of kicks for Louisvillians is drinking, and in this department they—especially the coeds—put their national counterparts in the shade. The majority of those responding to the poll had been drunk—62% at U of L as compared with 57% nationally. While only 3% more of the U of L men had been drunk when compared to a national sample of men, 52% of U of L women had been drunk as contrasted to 45% of the national sample of college women. The number of men who have been drunk remains constant at around 55% the first years, and then jumps over 20%, where

it again levels off at around 75% for the last several years. The transformation of college life is much more visible in the drinking habits of women in college. Only 30% of the entering freshmen women have been drunk, but after one year it is up to 47%, the next year up again to 54%, and finally up again to 68% after three years of college. Thus of the activities surveyed at U of L, the strongest positive correlation of increased incidence with time spent in college is for drinking.

The most difficult area of behavior to survey with any accuracy is that of sexual conducts and codes. Because of the taboos and inhibitions that surround the subject, valid information is hard to gather. For this reason the *Thoroughbred Magazine* poll used a question slanted to a particular aspect of sexual attitudes: "Do you think it is *always* wrong to engage in premarital sex?" Whenever a question uses a highly exclusionary term like "always," the question is "fishing" for an answer. The people who answer "yes" to that question have a very specific attitude relative to the people who answer "no," an answer that in this case takes in everything from liberal moralists to pure hedonists. Among U of L students, 23% thought premarital sex is always wrong. The distribution of responses according to sex and time in

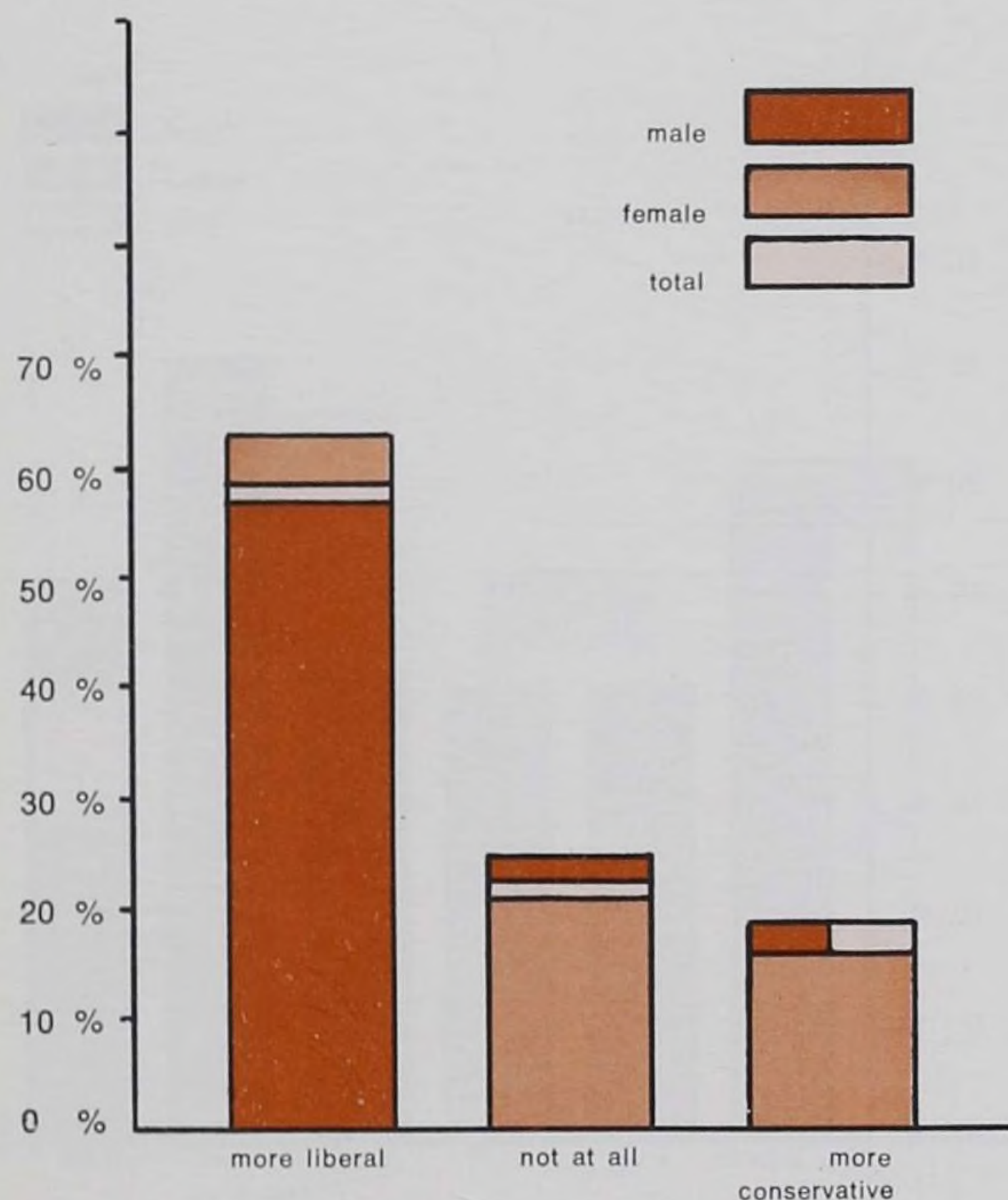
college is significant. Starting with 23% among the freshmen, the number of men who disapprove of all premarital sex dropped to 21% the next year, 14% after two years of college, and finally to 11% for males with more than three years of college.

The attitude against all premarital sex decreases in a very similar proportion among women. While the average incidence of women against all premarital sex was 33%, among incoming freshmen the incidence was 41%. In the next oldest age group the rate was down to 30%. The next two older age groups showed a slight increasing pattern in opposing all premarital sex—37% and 35%, respectively, among the junior and senior women polled. The rate dropped back to a rather low 23% among those women with more than three years of college. This same increase in traditional conservative attitudes among the junior and senior women in contrast to the older and younger groups of women was also seen on the questions dealing with smoking marijuana, attitudes toward smoking marijuana, and the questions on greater say in the running of universities. The increasing tendency to have been drunk remains in these two groups, though at a lesser rate than the other groups.

It would appear that students at U of L

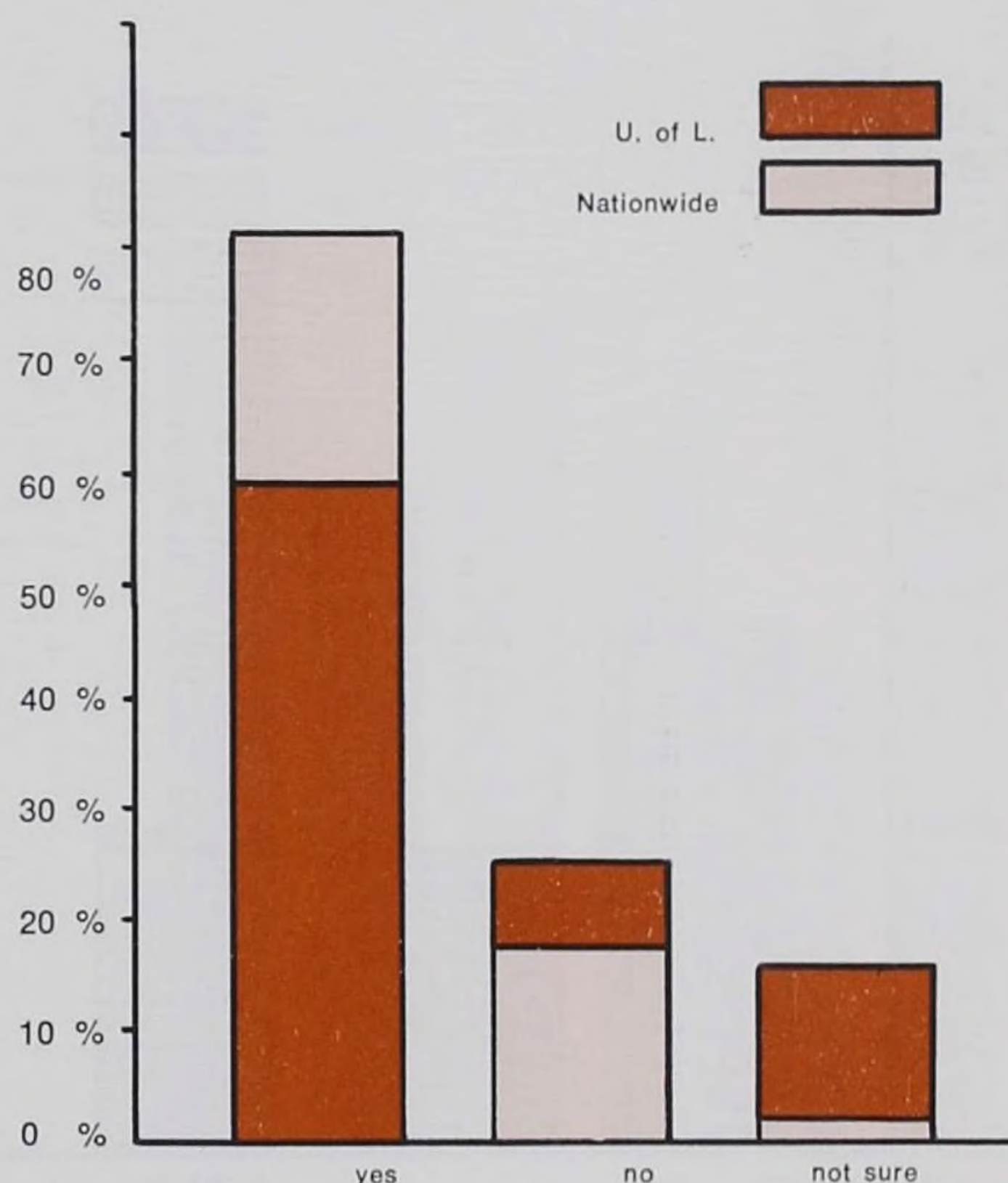
QUESTION NO. 3

"Has your position changed on this spectrum in the last five years?"



QUESTION NO. 4

"Do you think that students across the nation in general should have a greater say in running their universities?"



have about the same proclivity toward non-traditional conduct as the average of students elsewhere—students here are prone to thrill or kick-seeking activity. The emphasis would seem to be on the more traditionally sanctioned or at least tolerated methods in our society: drinking and sex. On the matter of drinking, for which we have the best information, U of L shows a significantly higher incidence than the national average. In the area of marijuana smoking, a non-traditional and unsanctioned activity that has only recently become something like generally available, local students are not only "holding the line" but appear to have a younger population developing which tolerates this activity. If a similar question is asked in succeeding years, one suspects that there will be some increase among the then incoming freshmen in the incidence of marijuana use, but that the greatest shift toward wider use of marijuana will be found among the middle-year ranks of students—the current core area of the "conservative" ethic that is associated with the school.

Extremely non-traditional conduct, which the poll attempted to gauge by the question on the use of LSD, seems to remain proportional to the national sample—the relatively constant and very small fringe, which by nature of the social ethic that discourages such conduct,

does little to evangelize a harder drug culture.

In the last major area surveyed, religion, we find one of the biggest surprises of the results, and perhaps a clue to tie the conservative political and authority attitudes to the much more liberal pattern in personal conduct.

The general trend in the responses dealing with religion is one of conformity with the national trends in all but one area. Nearly half of the students here went to church in the last seven days, according to the questionnaire responses. This is nearly the same as the national sample—46% went at U of L, and 47% nationwide, an insignificant difference. Women at U of L appear to be better churchgoers (51%) than the men (43%). This is a typical pattern. In the case of the male students at U of L, and to a much lesser degree among the women, church attendance remains relatively constant until after the junior year, at which point it falls significantly. The same pattern is observable in national statistics.

Public opinion surveys of the general population indicate that it is the young people, particularly those in college, who most frequently doubt the existence of God. When asked if they believe in the

existence of a Supreme Being, people in this most agnostic segment of the population reply yes at the rate of 95% to 5% who say no.

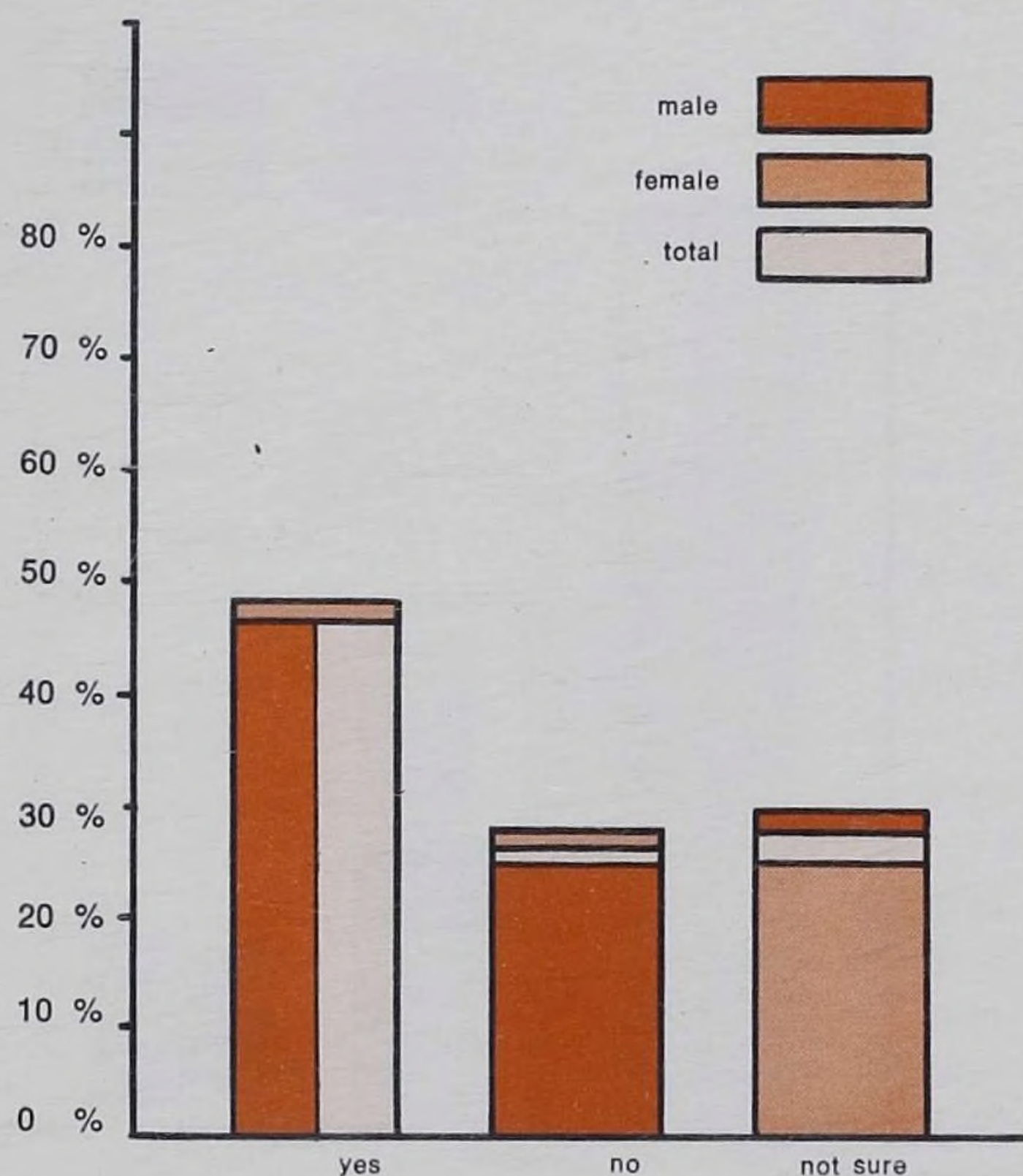
When *Thoroughbred Magazine* asked the same question to nearly 1500 U of L students, the replies were 85% yes, 15% no. This information implies that the rate of agnosticism at U of L is triple the national rate. The percentages involved are easily large enough to be significantly different.

A public opinion poll is only a summary of what people say, and not what they really believe, or how strongly they really feel about it. This is a matter for the sociological survey or psychological testing. But the mere fact that people say something is significant. Why would someone say that he doesn't believe in God, if he does? Because he is not sure, because he doesn't care, or because he wants to express some kind of social displeasure—any of these could indicate some direction, some trend in the individual's attitudes, or the degree of a person's social integration.

So, no matter what the reason for the high rate of agnostic responses, this rate has implications, especially when the other results are considered. People at U of L show a tendency toward conserva-

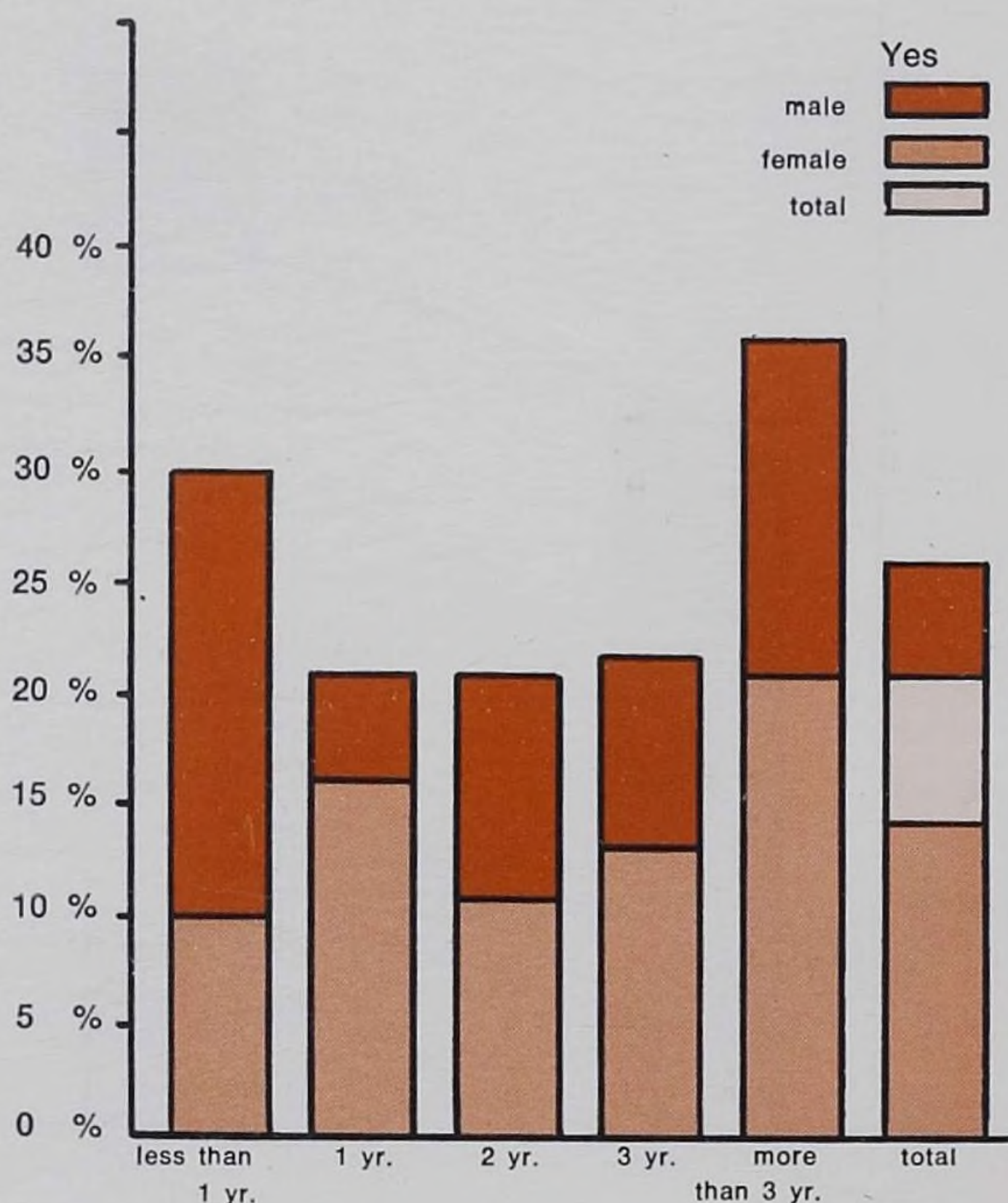
QUESTION NO. 5

"Do you think that students here at U. o L. should have a greater say in running this university?"



QUESTION NO. 6

"Have you ever smoked marijuana?"



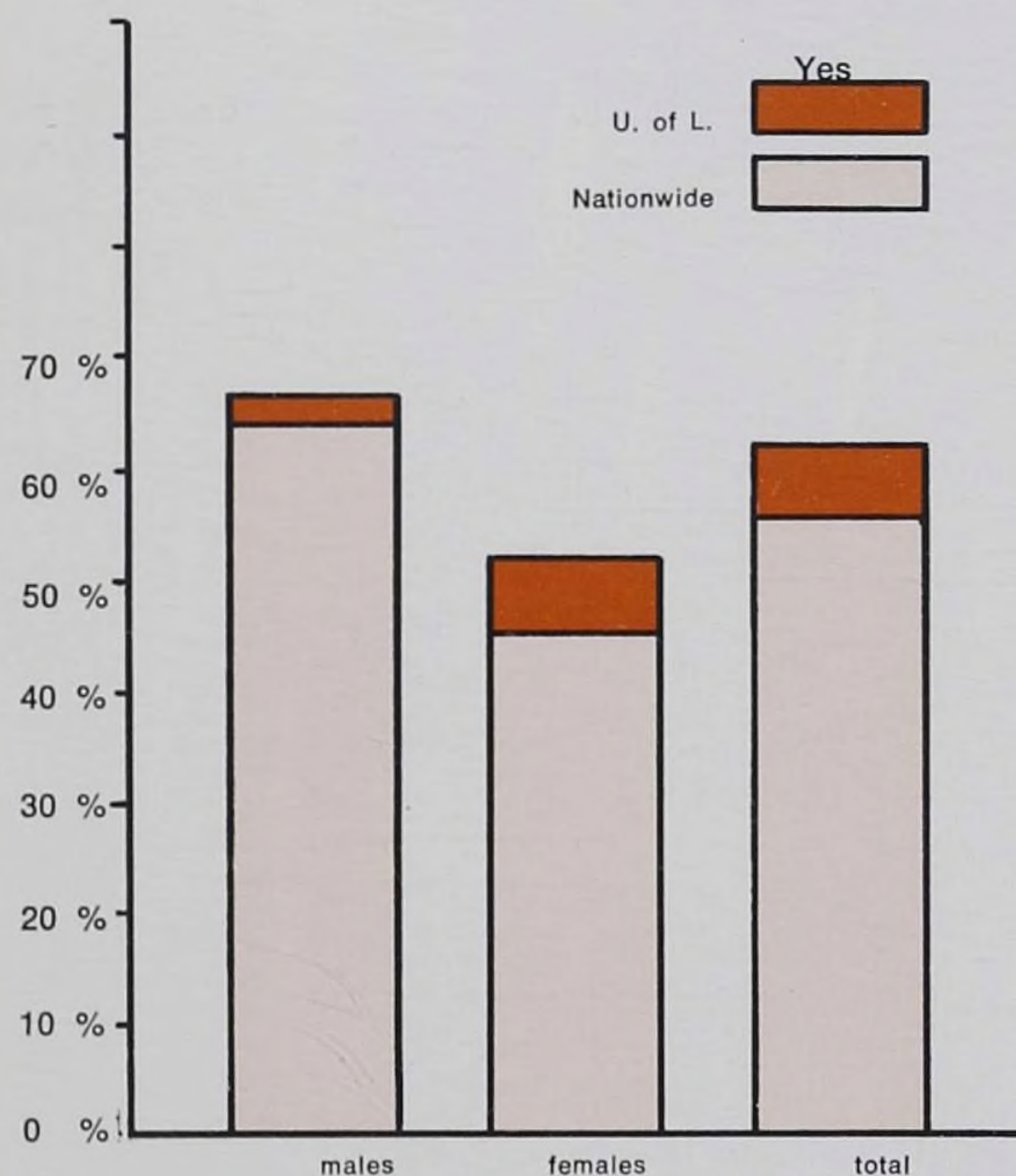
tive philosophy and conduct patterns, or at least that's the way they want to be identified. They are relatively content with their share of authority in the university and while they exhibit a higher-than-average tendency toward thrill-seeking, they usually pursue this tendency through the more conventional channels. The impression generated from this and the conforming religious behavior that persists despite the alleged agnosticism, is that there are many people at U of L who conform—they do that which society expects of them—but they are unsatisfied. A lot of them get drunk, a few smoke marijuana, and they don't cause trouble. But they're still not really satisfied.

Since most U of L students remain in Louisville, the effects of this attitude trend could be felt throughout the community in the next ten years as the respondents to this poll move into positions in the community. The type of leadership they exert and that they will be willing to respond to will necessarily be guided by their attitudes. While these "quiet" people are willing to accept authority imposed on them now, their apparent social alienation will probably lead them to reject or modify some of the life patterns in this community. The method for this change will probably typify those who instigate it: quiet, gradual, but there.

□

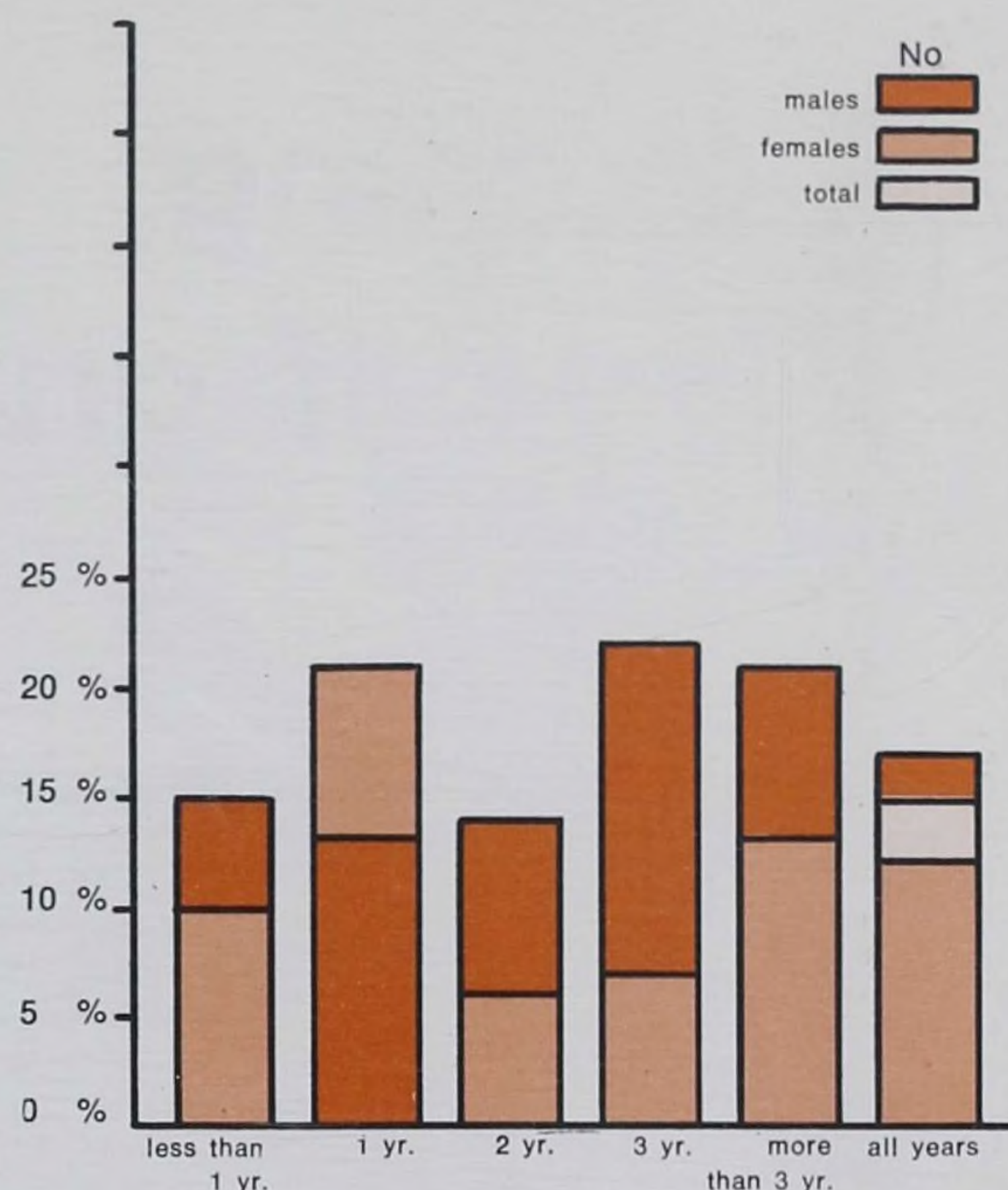
QUESTION NO. 8

"Have you ever drunk too much alcohol?"



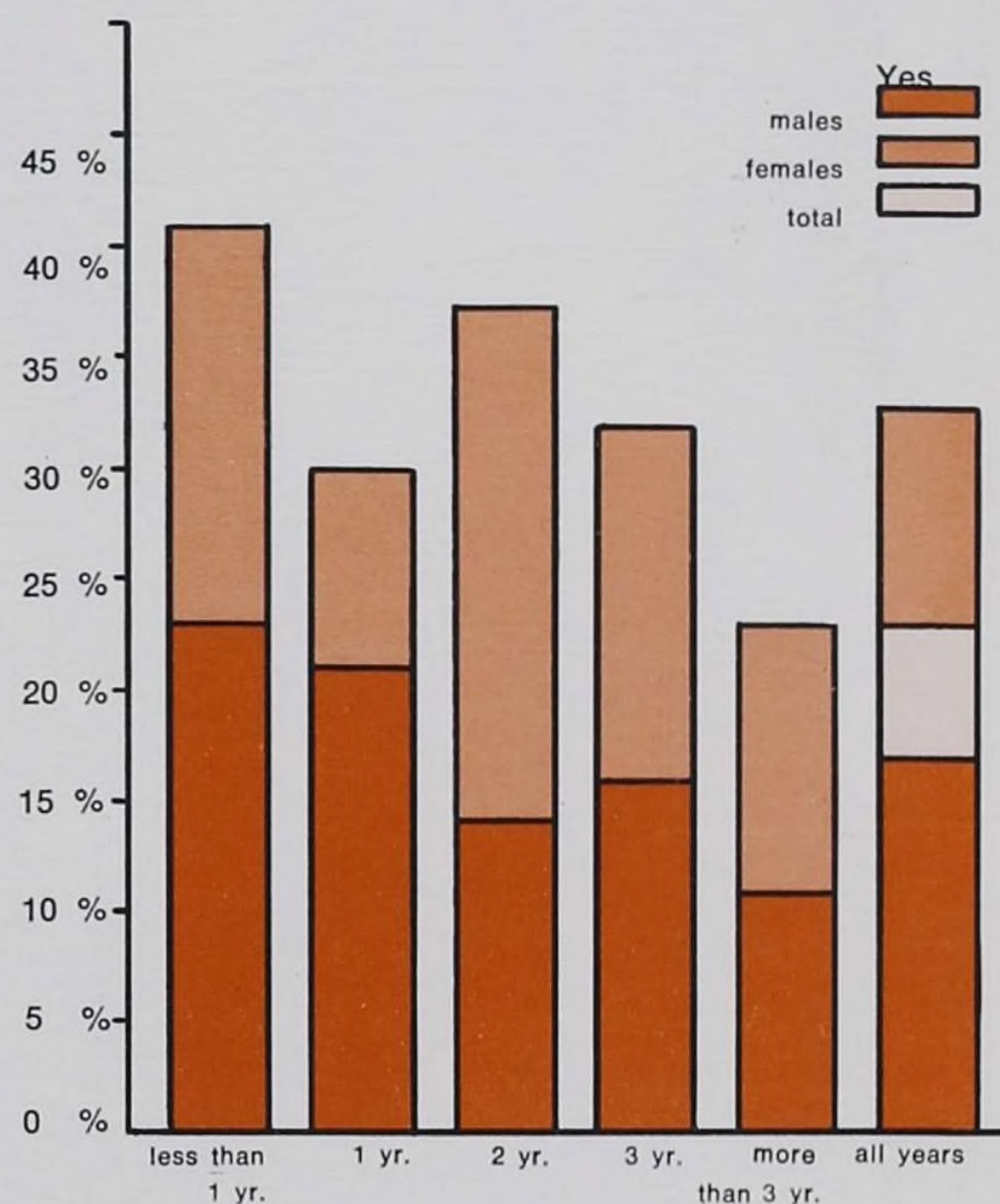
QUESTION NO. 11

"Do you believe in the existence of a Supreme Being?"



QUESTION NO. 10

"Do you think it is always wrong to engage in premarital sex?"



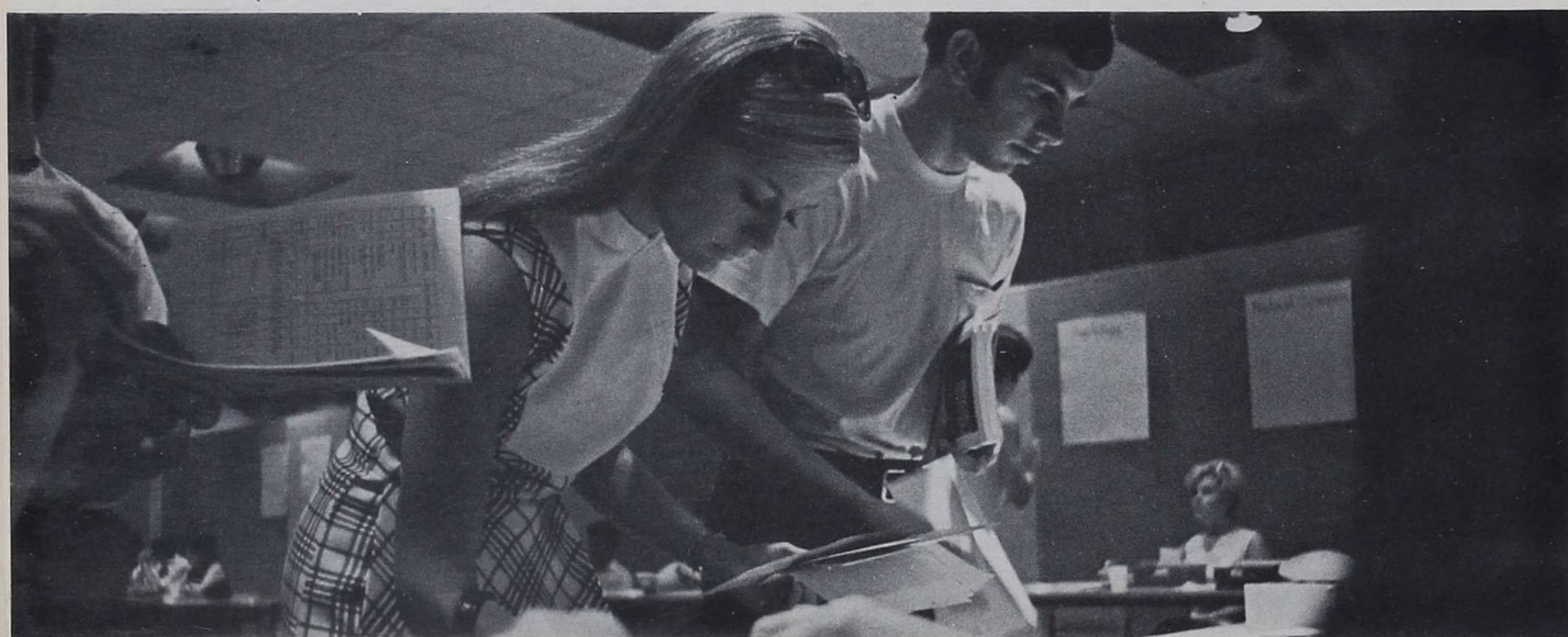
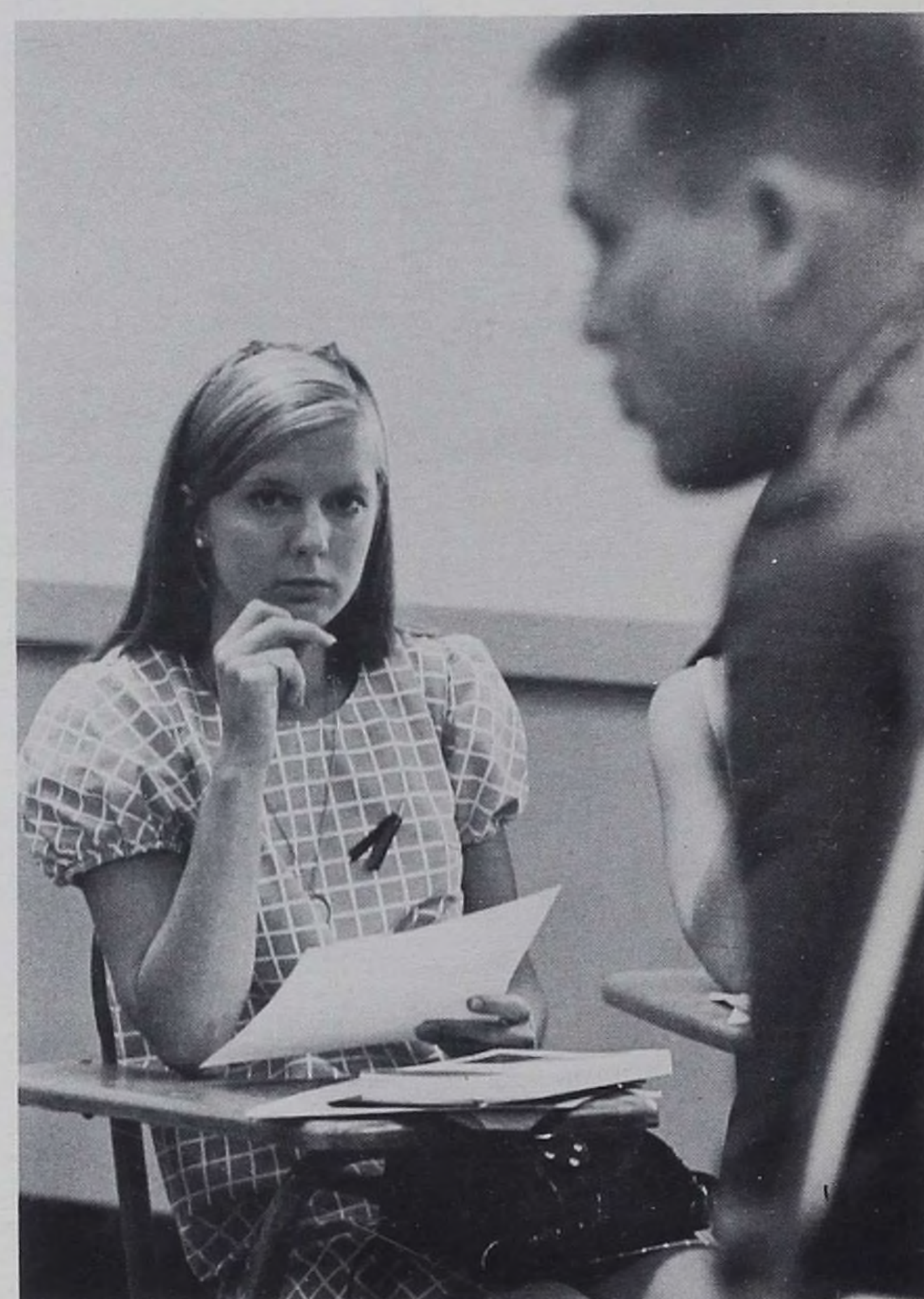
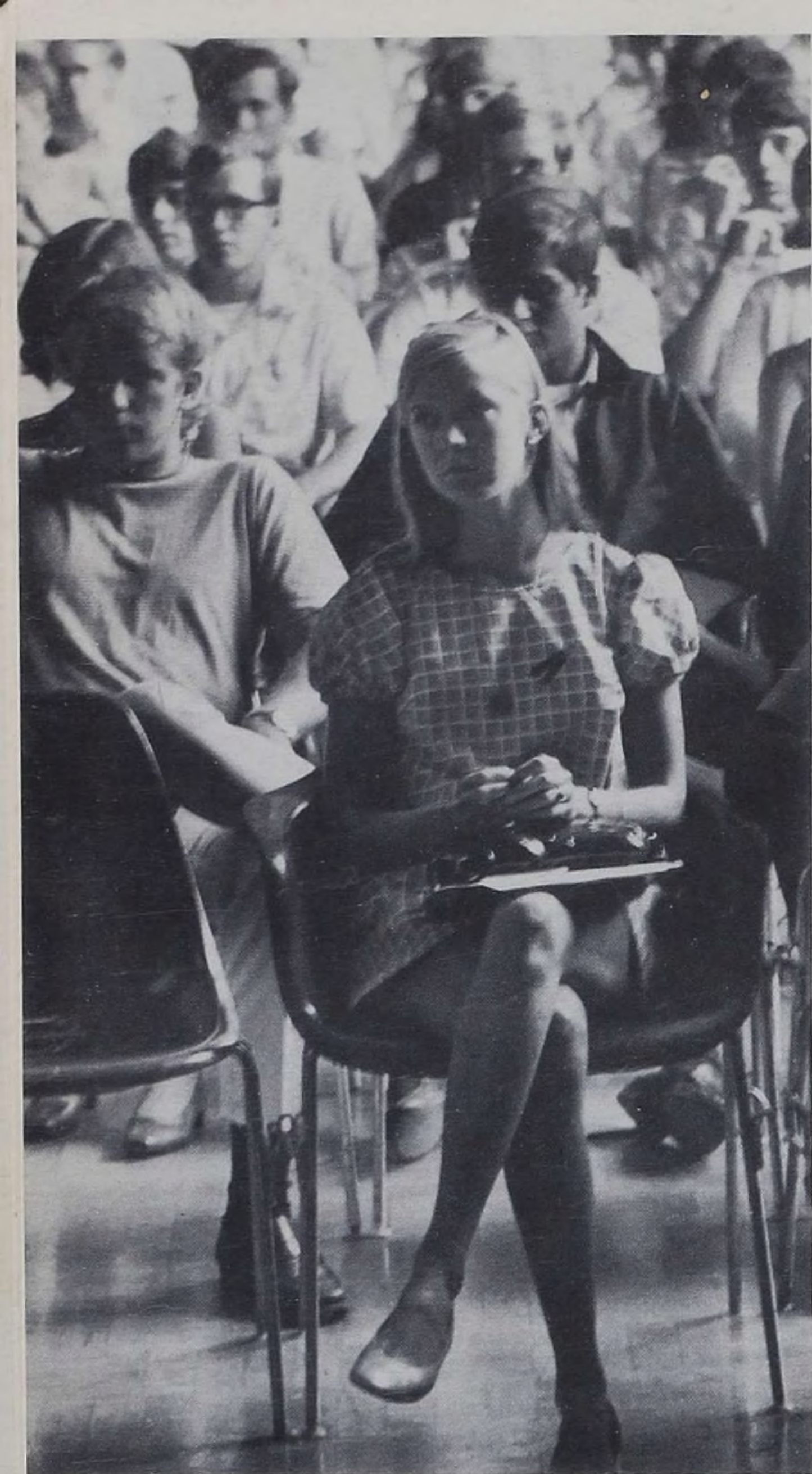
**An exciting,
if grueling initiation**





It's a big move from the post-high school summer to a brand new life at college. Freshman Kathy Kelly from Louisville takes her first week in good stride, with photographer Gavin Whitsett close behind. And that week includes moving into the dormitory, sorority rush, orientation, registration . . . and meeting new friends.







The new Thoroughbred Magazine is a collector's item.

So collect already.

So what's to collect? You ask me, so I'm telling you. Sports information, stories, scores, pictures. Poetry, photography, short stories, drawings, etchings. Commentary on campus events, politics, growth, astigmatism, by professors, administrators, underclassmen, graduates. Cartoons, satire humor, music. Senior pictures, activity biographies, campus beauties, Greek events.

Tell you what. I got a much better offer. We'll collect it all for you, write it up, draw it up, and wrap it up in a neat package called the THOROUGHbred MAGAZINE, send it to you six times this school year, and all for only three lousy dollars.

Such a deal you couldn't get from Uncle Morris.

I want to collect the year like you say. Reserve six issues of the Thoroughbred Magazine and a protective slip-cover for my collection for me. I enclose \$3.00.

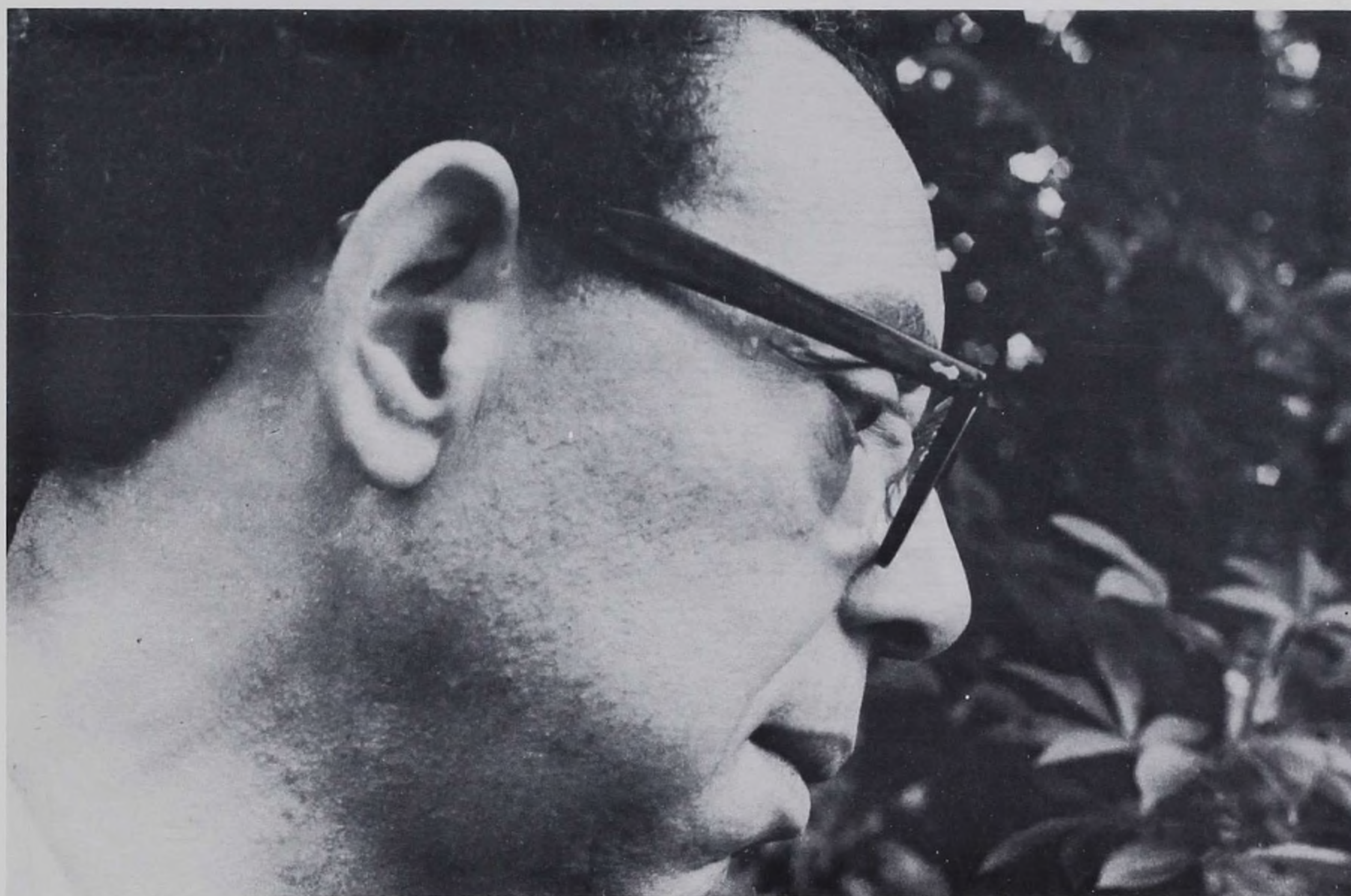
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to the Thoroughbred Magazine, University of Louisville,
Belknap Campus, Box 1273, Louisville, Kentucky 40208.

Hayden in Louisville



"These are very personal poems," said Robert Hayden about the three poems printed here. The poems "reached their definitive form" last spring while Hayden was in the University as Bingham Professor of Humanities.

"I've been working toward greater freedom and flexibility in my poems," Hayden said last May. "I'm also trying to work toward a more personal sort of poetry. These are very personal poems. Even though they don't express my personal feelings directly, they grew out of psychological experiences, things within my own life . . . because of that they are more personal."

The three poems are to be included in Hayden's third volume, *Words in the Mourning Time*, to be published later this fall by October House. In 1966 Hayden received the Grand World Prize for Poetry at the First World Festival of Negro Arts in Dakar, Senegal, for his book *A Ballad of Remembrance*. His second book — *Selected Poems*, was published shortly thereafter.

Hayden was born in Detroit in 1913, went on to earn his M.A. from the University of Michigan in 1944. He has received the Hopgood Award for Poetry from Michigan, the Rosenwald Fellowship in creative writing, and a Ford Foundation grant for creative writing and travel.

This summer, after his semester of teaching creative writing and American literature at U of L, Hayden was the Visiting Professor at the University of Washington in Seattle — filling the job performed by the late Theodore Roethke. Hayden is now poet-in-residence at the University of Michigan. □

The Mirages

Exhaustion among rocks
in rockfall sun;

thirst, and thick
water to drink,

the stranger said.

And the mirages, the
mirages —

I knew what they were
yet often

changed my course
and followed them.

Less lonely, less
lonely then,

the stranger said.

Sphinx

If he could solve the riddle,
she would not leap
from those gaunt rocks to her death,
but devour him instead.

It pleasures her to hold
him captive there —
to keep him in the reach of her
blood-matted paws.

It is your fate, she has often
said, to endure
my riddling. Your fate to live
at the mercy of my

conundrum, which, in truth,
is only a kind
of psychic joke. No, you shall
not leave this place.

(Consider anyway the view from
here.) In time,
you will come to regard my questioning
with a certain pained

amusement; in time, get so
you would hardly find
it possible to live without
my joke and me.

"'Mystery Boy' Looks For Kin in Nashville"

Puzzle faces in the dying elms
promise him treats if he will stay.
Sometimes they hiss and spit at him
like varmints caught
in a thicket of butterflies.

A black doll,
one disremembered time,
came floating down to him
through mimosa's fancywork leaves and
blooms
to be his hidden bride.

From the road beyond the creepered
walls,
they call to him now and then,
and he'll take off
in spite of the angry trees,
hearing like the loudening of his heart
the name he never can he never can
repeat.

And when he gets to where the voices
were —
Don't cry, his dollbaby wife implores;
I know where they are, don't cry;
we'll go and find them, we'll go
and ask them for your name again.



"No matter where we lived," said Hayden, who grew up on the streets of Detroit, "there was always a sunflower. For me it is the symbol of hope."

For 26 hours eight troubled people tried to find solutions to their problems. Through the

catharsis of group encounter they sought the answers they were unable to find alone.

Marathon group therapy

The how...

You must be honest with the group; honest with yourself. You are responsible for what you say and do here, and you are responsible for others in the group as well. You may not leave until the group decides you are finished.

These are the ground rules for a marathon therapy session with U of L students; we're all tense. For most of us, this is our first experience in group therapy, and we're not at all sure what to expect.

The therapist's living room is comfortable and air conditioned, but it seems extremely small for what could result in a fairly heavy confrontation among thirteen people. Our seating arrangement becomes a circle of nervous, glancing eyes as we suffer through the first few silent moments before someone admits to a problem. The friendly aroma of coffee and baked ham is somewhat distracting as it floats in from the kitchen. Several people leave their seats to pour coffee, and a young blonde girl giggles anxiously . . .

"Alright," says Davey,* a U of L sophomore. "I have a problem. Should I believe in God?" He appeals to the group quite seriously, wrinkling his nose, but even the therapist is unable to answer that one. Instead, he patiently explains to Davey and to all of us who are tyros in this type of therapy, that we are not here to offer moral codes; but we're here to learn how to live up to the ones we have already chosen.

Davey is obviously embarrassed and relinquishes, though disappointedly, his position as "first to get cured."

The blonde girl falls back in her chair trying unsuccessfully to conceal her laughter. We're all more relaxed now, for someone has graciously suffered the first blunder. A modestly-dressed, gentle-voiced woman in her mid-thirties speaks next. She has spent most of her growing years in a convent and says she's just begun to live. Hers is the deeply felt, difficult problem of a

disapproving family. She asks for group support in her plan to disassociate herself from her family in an attempt to lead a relatively stable life.

There are others: Nora, twenty-six, whose life had become a jumble after two unsuccessful marriages; a young couple with sex and study problems; an overweight college graduate floundering be-

tween two fields of study and an unsatisfactory home situation; a mother with an infant, who wants to return to school; an ex-junkie; and a student who can't study. Four others are in the process of earning their doctorates in psychology, but have problems as well. Everyone, including the therapist, is vulnerable: we are all subject to application of the rules.



* names are fictitious

Time spent by the group on each individual is regulated by the weight of the problem, the persistence of the group, and, of course, the honesty of each participant. We find that personalities are laid bare quite soon in this situation, whether or not group members desire to be known. Although most of us had come with one or two problems to share with the group, we find ourselves, after several hours, divulging larger and more personal difficulties. And we learn through our dialogue that others are not always to blame for our unhappy situations.

For some this is the first time communicating with a group in something more than a superficial manner. For others this is a first time for belonging, sharing. For all, the session has already proved enlightening.

Introspection must lend itself to inspection, if the information is relevant (which it usually is, we discover); and no one, but one's self, is judge. It becomes obvious through this therapeutic method that we can be in control; we can make decisions, act upon them, and make still better ones; as a result, we can *feel* better.

Six hours of a thick, bitter, sometimes humorous verbal volley leaves us hungry and strangely fraternal. There is a dash for the ham, and conversation flutters about. Davey can smile again, for several others have also suffered embarrassment. The former nun generously pours coffee. We're recalled by the therapist and for several seconds it feels like a repeat of the first hour . . .

When no one offers, someone asks. An overweight girl expresses doubts about her future studies, about her mother, about her private therapist. One of the psychology students asks her, "Why don't you talk about a problem we can *all* see?" So it begins again, two voices become several, the din becomes maddening. We're cooled by some professionally spoken advice, but someone is hurt (we learn that hurt is often anger in disguise) and now we must cope with tears and verbal abuse, perhaps directed at people outside the group.

"Now, take me for example," offers Nora in consolation. She bravely relives for us in half an hour the pain and dissatisfaction of six long years, kindly directing attention away from her sobbing friend.

Nora had come through her two unsuccessful marriages feeling inadequate and depressed; now she was having a third affair which to the group seemed to contain several of the unfortunate qualities of the other two. We'd seen her interacting with others long enough to pick up on her particular difficulty, and because she is honest, we can "let her

have it" and probably help her.

You're too aggressive . . . what're you trying to be, husband *and* wife? Why do you want to marry *another* guy who's going to go into the Army and away from you as soon as you're married?

At first Nora is defensive and loud. Then group pressure, persistence and compassion force her to laugh at herself. She decides to wait a while before marrying, and to consider her six-year-old daughter more realistically, before acquiring a new father for the child.

The ex-junkie fires away at the therapist, proposing bluntly that his "cool" is phony: "Don't *you* have any problems?"

The therapist admits to a major discomfort in his present situation, and adds that he has begun to change things.

Then one by one the graduate psychology students are "attacked" by lay group members with a special zest that comes with knowing everyone is fallible . . .

We're totally wiped out; if it weren't for the air-conditioner we'd be in a well-deserved group sweat. And we're hungry!

Thoughts become a superficial patter as we gobble ham sandwiches and exchange phone numbers. Daylight—the of the next day—is making its way through the windows: we have been in session for twenty-six hours.

For some there will be positive, long-term results; for others, commitments made to the group will hold only until the group has dissolved. For everyone, by verbal consensus, the marathon has been more than enlightening; it has been a singular, strenuous, cathartic experience leaving most members with a new sense of self-awareness, made possible through intense immediate feedback in a structured socio-therapeutic situation. Ideally, the marathon would be followed at some later date by one or more similar sessions in which group members reveal whether or not they have kept commitments; this particular marathon was not followed up. As a result group members discovered, upon later casual meetings, that most had not maintained the attitudes which grew out of the marathon—yet all but one member were willing to have another try at it.

The idea of group therapy, marathon and otherwise, has special appeal for certain groups, such as those who are the subjects of successful experiments with drug addicts at Synanon in California and DayTop Village in New York. There the technique of direct confrontation, combined with community life and continual therapeutic follow-up sessions,

bring substantial results. Addicts wishing to break the habit submit themselves to a process which at first degrades and then rebuilds them, instilling in them a sense of responsibility and, more importantly here, hope.

Results are generally good, too, when group therapy takes other forms, such as sensitivity groups and encounter groups. Basically these types involve people seeking more fully satisfying lives through self-improvement, rather than people with serious personality problems.

The group method has been used to re-integrate businessmen into the social world they had grown away from. Families learn through group therapy to enjoy each other's company as a total unit and discover their full potential. The sensitivity group is being used in some high schools across the country to make students aware of themselves as members of society at large, through communication.

These high school sensitivity groups involve regular meetings and the discussion of personal problems on any topic of interest to the group as a whole. The technique has also been applied as rehabilitation for the widows of soldiers.

However, some people with experience in group therapy feel that there is a noticeable lack of concern with the unconscious, and that this method therefore deals with superficial problems. Sometimes opponents of group therapy argue that it is not enough to help people meet their standards for self; the individual's thinking itself may need to be changed.

One U of L graduate who was involved in group therapy pointed out another problem. She found that over-interdependence of group members made it nearly impossible for her to leave the group when she felt she had achieved her goal. Members chided her and expressed fears that she disliked them, or felt she was "too good" for them. Opponents of group therapy often suggest that the group is the only available working relationship for some of its members. In these cases, members find it difficult to live satisfying, full lives away from the group.

Certainly group therapy is not the answer for everyone, but it has merits for many people. And members of this particular marathon, though from very different backgrounds and having various levels of intelligence, all received some benefit. Although not everyone solved his immediate problems, all left with a better understanding of the process of problem-solving, and with a new awareness of personal responsibility in interpersonal relationships. □

One of the primary practitioners of marathon group therapy in the Louisville area, Dr. Willard Mainord discusses the theory

and dynamics of that concept. Dr. Mainord is Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Louisville.

...and the why.

Thoroughbred: When many people think of therapy, they picture an analyst and a couch. Isn't group therapy a radical departure from this?

Mainord: Well, not in the sense, I think, that you are suggesting. I know some people who do group therapy in a way they consider to be just another variation of psychoanalysis. There are as many different ways to do group work as there are ways to do individual work. So, it *can* be a departure, if the approach is somehow or other built upon what's available in another situation, then yes—that's a pretty radical departure. But you *can* do essentially the same thing in group work that you can do in individual work.

Thoroughbred: What actually led psychologists to think in terms of group therapy?

Mainord: Part of it is a historical accident stemming from World War II. There was a demand for people who did "psychotherapy" and the need was greater than the supply. So, as a measure of expedience, people started saying, "Alright, if we can't give them what they really should have, let's give them something that might help a little bit." So they took a whole bunch of patients at once, assuming that a little bit of diluted therapy was better than nothing.

Then, I think, the second thing that led people to it was more rational—the theory was advanced a long time ago that emotional disturbances are interpersonal in nature. As that theory was expanded and taken more seriously, then we began to look at the difference between seeing things interpersonally and individually. Emotional disturbance used to be seen as a sort of private affair—it didn't have much to do with other people except as some unfortunate after-results. But if you saw it as being very much a *part* of an interpersonal relationship, then you start thinking—well, how can I get a look at what this person's interpersonal patterns are like and what kinds of things will modify them? Then you need an interpersonal situation. So a group can, in effect, be a sort of diagnostic and teaching community that's not available if you just see that person alone.

Thoroughbred: Can positive outcomes of group therapy be maintained?

Mainord: Yes. In many ways I think a group is better in insuring positive outcomes than any other approach. If a person becomes part of a group and that group has meaning to him, then the things that he works out with the group—and is supposed to put into practice in his real life—in effect become part of a contract he has with a very impor-

tant body. And if he knows he's going to be interacting with that group again next week or next month, and if he knows the group is going to be concerned with what's happening to him, then he feels a certain obligation and also some apprehension of group criticism if he doesn't act on things he's learned. So I believe a group has more power to get the person to go ahead and do something positive about his situation than any two-persons situation.

Thoroughbred: Is your method of therapy a reflection of personal style, or is it derived wholly from theoretical belief?

Mainord: I don't think you can separate personal style and theoretical beliefs, particularly ones you put into practice. If you successfully teach anything to anyone else, I think in the process you begin to believe it's good. It's almost impossible to give a lesson without learning the lesson at the same time. So even if you start out consciously advocating something which you don't have any strong personal feeling about, I think you end up having strong personal feelings about it. The division is temporary.

Thoroughbred: What led you to reject traditional therapy?

Mainord: The big thing that led me to



move away from the traditional model was that I had to face the fact that, in spite of the fact that I was rated by the people who knew me as being a competent professional, my patients (I don't like the term) weren't getting any better. So, if you're doing everything right, and they still aren't getting better, there's something wrong with the system.

Thoroughbred: Then, can group therapy help the person to work out unconscious problems?

Mainord: Many people say yes, but as it happens in my conceptual scheme, I don't worry about the unconscious; I don't think it's necessary to worry about it. But in the psychoanalytic-type groups which I mentioned before, much of what they do is an attempt to get inside into unconscious factors, and they use traditional data: they analyze transference reactions, and so on. Group does not limit you in the strategies that you might like to follow, so if you think unconscious material is important, you can pursue it. It's not that I couldn't, but I choose not to.

Thoroughbred: How does the individual go about making a choice between private or group therapy?

Mainord: I don't have any better answer than to say go to the guy who offers it. If he can give you some explanation as to what he does and why he does it, then you decide if it sounds reasonable to you.

Thoroughbred: How did the idea of marathon evolve in your theory?

Mainord: I was associated with a man named Mowrer with whom I was doing some group work, and we were going to have a weekend institute. The marathon approach was being well publicized. We couldn't see how it would hurt to try one. So we just decided to do it that way as an experiment. And I found, frankly, an unexpected bonus. I had kind of dismissed the idea as being another one of these psychological fads —

there are a lot of them around in this business — but what seemed to happen was, with continuing meetings of this kind, going on hour after hour, the group becomes more and more powerful as a teaching instrument. As people become immersed in the process, take a look at themselves, and take action, they in a sense have paid their dues. And every person who has paid his dues then starts putting pressure on the other group members to do likewise. So I found that the marathon approach gets through to tough types who I would have thought would be able to resist the non-continuous group for a long, long time.

The intensification of group pressure, I think, is the key to the marathon approach. Again, let me point out that the word "marathon" only tells you that people meet together for a long time — but every possible group strategy can be employed within the marathon framework.

Thoroughbred: How is this kind of group therapy related to other types, such as sensitivity or nude encounter groups?

Mainord: You've got to realize that anybody who answers this kind of question has a bias, and I have mine. From what I've seen of these approaches, the honesty and openness is a necessary but not sufficient step. When people agree to be brutally honest with each other, then I think relevant data is brought to focus. It's just that I don't feel that that's enough. A person can see very clearly the unpleasant aspects of himself, but that in itself doesn't do him any good. So until I have some reason to believe that this kind of confrontation leads to corrective action, then it seems to me often the person will just be upset with no place to go. Nude therapy, to be taken seriously, requires a Freudian or neo-Freudian point of view, which I am unable to summon.

Thoroughbred: Often I suppose in something like a nude encounter group, a

certain kind of person would become involved in the first place.

Mainord: Well, certainly I would agree with you there is a selective factor involved. I frankly don't know where it came from, except it seems to me for a long time now there has been a changed philosophical reason for doing therapy. The kind I personally prefer has as its goal problem-solving. It is the justification for the enterprise. But there is another school of thought that says experience — emotional experience in itself — can be liberating; help you grow. Knocking down the immediate here-and-now barriers — is, in itself, beneficial. Well then, I think you can extrapolate that and say in effect let's knock down all barriers and make it even more intense. If an intense experience is good, then an even more intense experience is better. It seems to me that this is the justification for the nude therapy. Obviously barriers are being removed, and if that is good, why — good. I question the significance of physical privacy as an indicator of problems, or elimination of such privacy as a problem-solving activity.

Thoroughbred: How do you as a clinician also involved in a university setting manage to practice the profession outside the university?

Mainord: What I have been doing — because I like to keep my hand in as a clinician — is conducting some marathons; and this gives me a chance then to keep refining the process and keep my skills polished. Further, it is easier to teach if you can provide examples as well as abstractions. In any case, I find it a very rewarding experience. And by sticking to weekends I am able to keep clinically active without having to neglect my primary duties. The academic clinician is expected to keep clinically active in some way if he is to be an adequate teacher. □



By Michael Moore

If not a cultural revolution the pop festivals that bloomed in dozens of U. S. cities this summer

were at least a fascinating aberration of the 60's. Here's one man's view of a phenomenon.

"Ethel can ya imagine 300,000 people..."

This summer America was witness to a cultural phenomenon.

Hundreds of thousands of youthful Americans gathered at various times and locations across the country to hear and absorb vast quantities of popular music. They also came for a sub-cultural exchange of ideas—to catch up on the news denied them by the mass media. In essentially rural areas removed from the conveniences of the cities—from which the majority came—the festival participants learned how to survive by sharing their knowledge and materials. Those who came well prepared provided for those who came without; that's what it was all about.

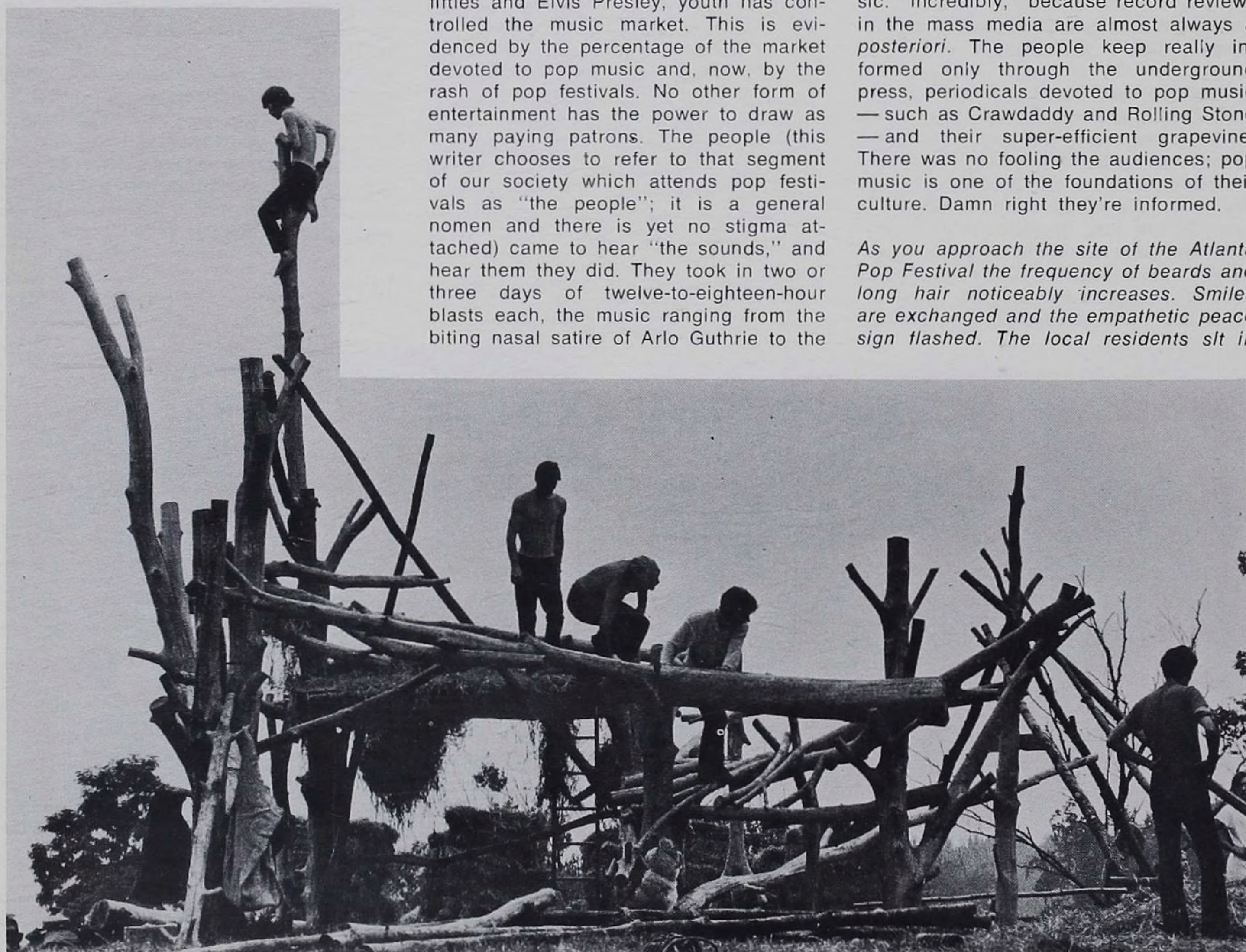
The alleged *raison d'être* for these gatherings was pop music. Since the late fifties and Elvis Presley, youth has controlled the music market. This is evidenced by the percentage of the market devoted to pop music and, now, by the rash of pop festivals. No other form of entertainment has the power to draw as many paying patrons. The people (this writer chooses to refer to that segment of our society which attends pop festivals as "the people"; it is a general nomen and there is yet no stigma attached) came to hear "the sounds," and hear them they did. They took in two or three days of twelve-to-eighteen-hour blasts each, the music ranging from the biting nasal satire of Arlo Guthrie to the

drug-oriented mysticism of the Jefferson Airplane.

The pop festivals also provided a time of musical judgment by both the performer and the listener. In 100-degree heat in the infield of an auto-racing track south of Atlanta, a relatively unknown group, Pacific Gas and Electric, brought the audience to its feet in screaming, howling appreciation, while Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan, campus kings of the early sixties, received only perfunctory applause.

The pop festival audiences came to hear and see in-the-flesh performers whom they had either heard on record or heard about from other people. The people were incredibly up-to-date on what was happening in the world of pop music. "Incredibly," because record reviews in the mass media are almost always *a posteriori*. The people keep really informed only through the underground press, periodicals devoted to pop music—such as *Crawdaddy* and *Rolling Stone*—and their super-efficient grapevine. There was no fooling the audiences; pop music is one of the foundations of their culture. Damn right they're informed.

As you approach the site of the Atlanta Pop Festival the frequency of beards and long hair noticeably increases. Smiles are exchanged and the empathetic peace sign flashed. The local residents sit in



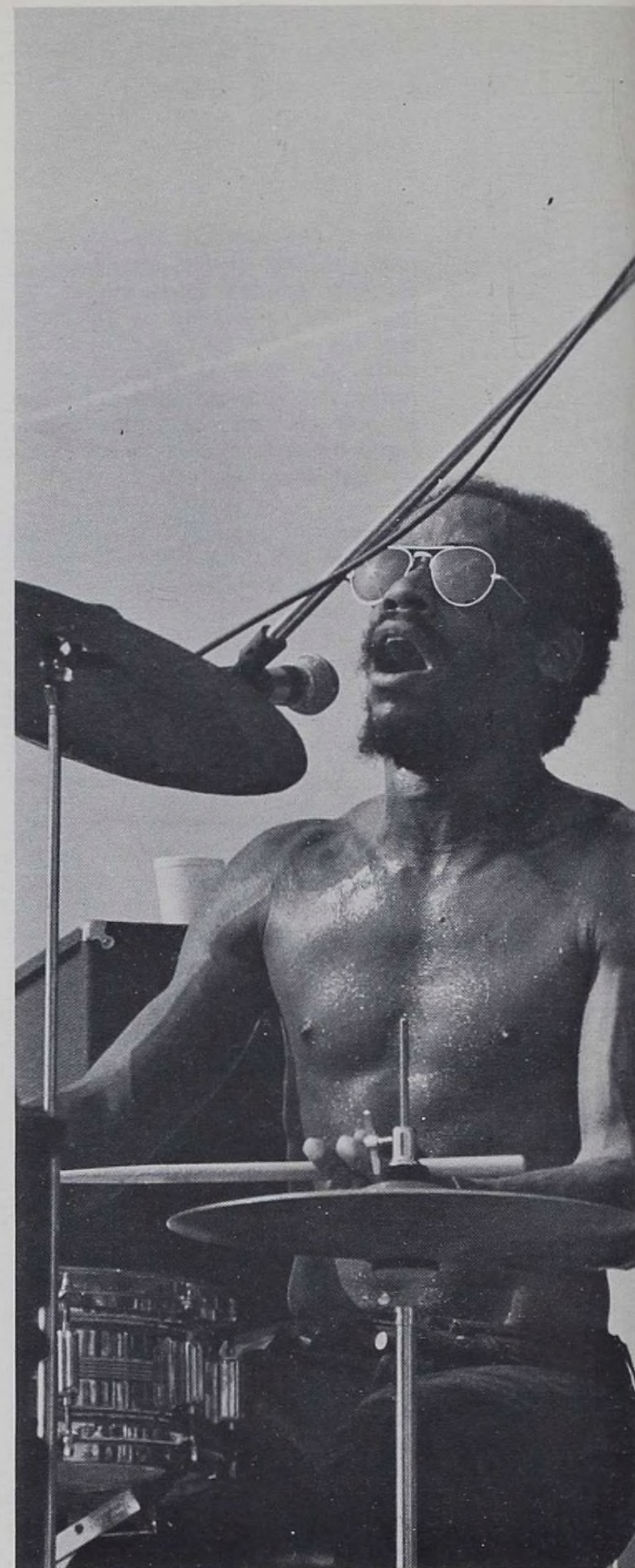
lawn chairs and on porches beside the road, gaping at the circus passing by. Garishly painted conveyances lie dead from heat exhaustion at the side of the highway while their occupants wait patiently for them to cool. Caught in the traffic jam that is apparently inevitable at pop festivals, you look around and smile because it feels good. The people are gathering again.

The people came to their festivals from all over the continent and by any and all means that were at their disposal. They came from the beaches and colleges of the south; from the Army bases and the cities of the East Coast. At the mega-festival — the Aquarian Festival in White Lake, New York — many came by bus from the city while others took a week to hitch-hike from as far away as Mexico. One boy flew from San Francisco to Albany on his father's business jet and then thumbed to the festival site. Canadians came replete with flags and haversacks. However and whenever they arrived, they came — and in numbers.

When questioned as to why they came there were always two answers: the music and the people. As much as to see and hear the music and the musicians, they came to revel among their own kind. The tribal instinct is powerful among the people. In such a large population they were able to get a better picture of their own concepts in action. That which had been only theory was solidifying into practice, and it was working. It was also an affirmation of strength. *Look, I am surrounded by people who have the same hassles to face as I do when I return to the city. With all these people maybe we can make it.*

Nearby a group of people has been struggling for over an hour with a modern wall tent and the corresponding book of instructions, complaining bitterly that they "don't know from tents." When someone who does happens by, the tent is erected in less than ten minutes. All over the site people are cutting lengths of green wood into suitable lengths for burning, and producing vast quantities of dense white smoke and little or no





heat. These are people from the cities "getting it together" for three or more days' survival in the alien environment of the open country.

Once they arrived they were on their own and intensely aware of what they were — one incredible family. Due to both the nature of the gatherings and their size, the locations for the festivals were rural. Remote as they were from the dirt, smog and noise of the cities — the pre-festival publicity for the Woodstock Fair offered "... three days of peace; woods to walk in, fresh air to breathe, and no skyscrapers!" — the people were also estranged from the checks and restraints imposed on them by modern society.

The open use of drugs was everywhere. Marijuana became so common at the festival that it became the basis for a system of barter. In Atlanta, marijuana was traded for the most precious com-

modity at the site: ice. At White Lake, the system included even the concessions: the quickest and most cheerful service was obtained at the rate of one joint for one hamburger. Drugs are apparently an integral part of the culture of the people. Not all of the people use them (many at the festival were into yoga and macrobiotics and refused to ingest any drug, including aspirin) but all are aware of them and their role in the culture.

Casual nudity was treated in the same laissez-faire manner as drug use. Nude bathing was considered the natural thing to do, and what is natural is good. The right to go naked is one of the cherished personal freedoms indigenous to the people.

Give me an "f" . . . F . . . give me a "u" . . . U . . . give me a "c" . . . C . . . What does that spell? . . . Louder. . .

I can't hear you. . . . During the cheer a young lady with long black hair and bell-bottoms remarks with a Jersey accent: "Ethel, can ya imagine three hundred thousand people yellin' that anyplace but here?"

When Joe MacDonald of Country Joe and the Fish led the Fish Cheer at White Lake three hundred thousand people shouted at the top of their lungs THE WORD, the word of the people, the word they use to hassle the Establishment. There has been more bitter controversy over that word than any other in the English language. It has transcended its original meaning; it has become a symbol.

ONE . . . TWO . . . THREE . . . NOW!
And the air is filled with a fleet of paper airplanes. Angri-ly turning to confront the perpetrators of this distracting bit of

From coast to coast this summer the youth culture gathered. Most of these photographs of "the people" were taken at the Woodstock and Atlanta Pop Festivals by Louisville architect Michael Koepper. Other shots from Atlanta, Atlantic City and Bethel, N. Y. were shot by Skip McNeil, Peter Schuyten, and Nick DeMartino.



nonsense, you see them laughing and broadly pantomiming. The airplanes are to be read. They are the promised daily newsletters and the size of the crowd has made normal circulation impossible. After reading how to survive at White Lake and what to do in various emergency instances, you carefully told the paper back into an airplane and fly it toward the dense crowd in front of you, to its next interested reader.

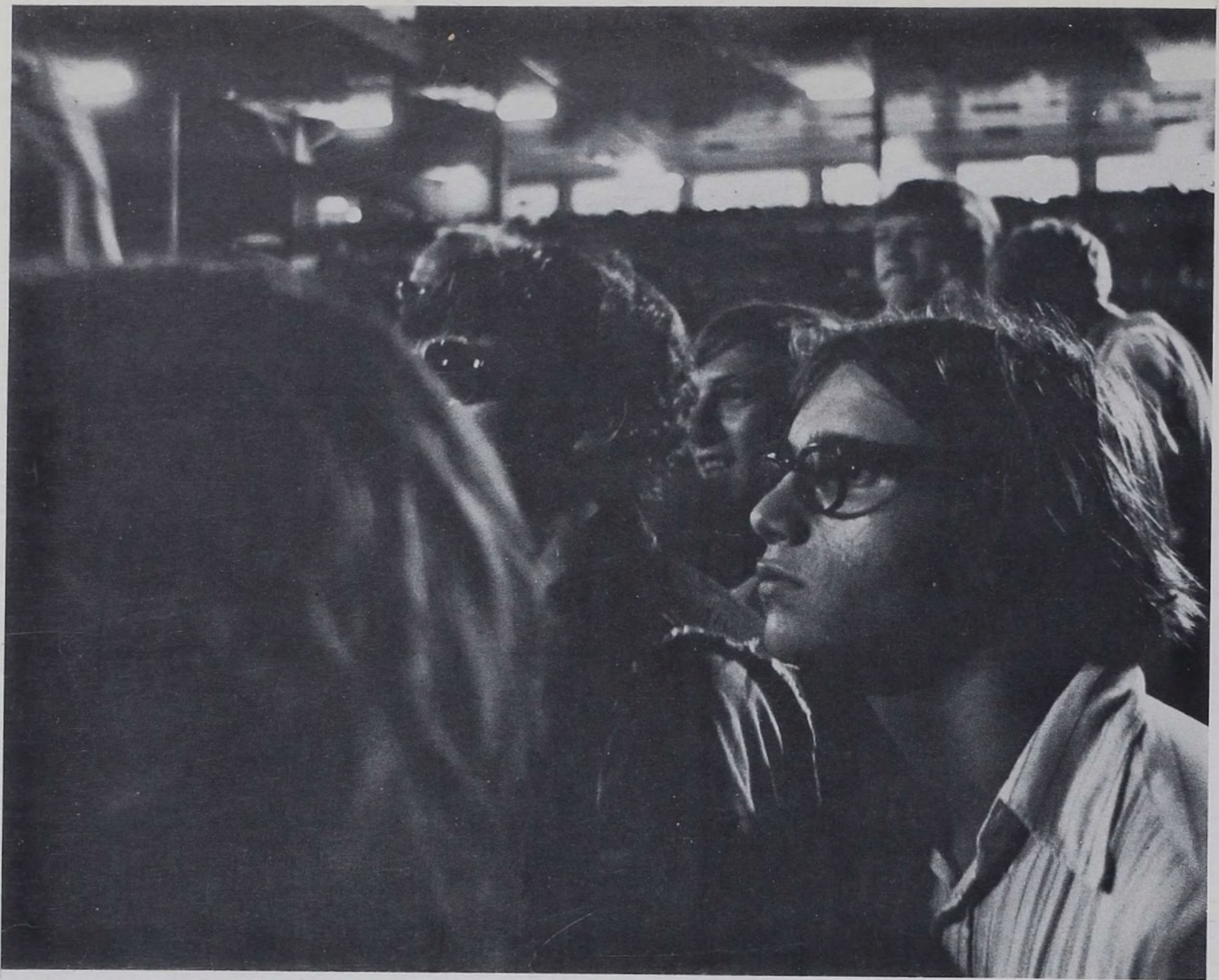
When that many people (the New York State Police estimated the number of people in the White Lake area at 650,000) gather, they constitute a temporary city, and a large one at that. Max Yasgur's cow pasture in Sullivan County, New York, became for three days the third largest city in the state and a disaster area to boot. In such a situation problems arise, as they do in any city; the births and deaths; supply and sanitation problems; breakdowns in health, both

mental and physical. All the earmarks of a modern city were there — *except the violence*. Few American cities are able to claim a three-day period without any major violent incident; three days without a mugging or a robbery or a murder or a rape.

No American city could, in the absence of armed and uniformed police, whose presence at the festival might have caused other problems, last two days without running amok. Yet at Atlanta and White Lake — the writer's sphere of eyewitness — the available regular police were used only in traffic con-tions. There were no other uniformed police within the festival sites proper. In Atlanta security was handled by Pinkerton plainclothesmen. At the Aquarian Exposition the internal security forces were uniformed for identification purposes in blue-denim bell-bottoms and red tee-shirts! In both cases, had there

been a major outbreak the security forces would have been powerless by sheer force of numbers, but to the express amazement and even disbelief of the general public there were no major "incidents."

One of the contributing factors which led to the peaceful co-existence of the festival producers, those in attendance and the local law enforcement officials was the creation of an intermediate or liaison group by the festival committees. In some cases they were local volunteers; or, as in the case of the Hog Farm — a giant commune from New Mexico — they were paid. At White Lake and the Texas International Pop Festival at Dallas the purpose of these groups was to bridge the gap between the people and the management. They cajoled the wrongdoer and praised the rest, contributing to the general sense of well-being that pervaded the festivals. The





Hog Farm went beyond this to provide food and shelter for those without, as well as to care for those who might be experiencing "bad trips." They even provided a stage and entertainment for those who had come and could not afford to pay the admission prices!

There were also several aspects of the people's culture which led to the notable lack of incidents. The people already had a documented history of communal living, of interpersonal dependence. Two of the basic precepts of the ideology are tolerance and the sanctity of personal freedom; you may do anything that you wish as long as you do not adversely affect another. In the case of the pop festivals, the basic rules of the culture were merely extrapolated to include the large numbers in attendance. An uneasy official looked out over the assemblage during the weekend at White Lake and said, "There're an awful lot of us here . . . you had better treat the person next to you like a brother . . ." They did, and it worked.

Man all this around here was once a city. Yeah like we all had briefcases and the grey flannel and ulcers and all that shit. Man we even had skyscrapers and taxicabs. Then they ran a bomb in here . . . see that hole down there — pointing to a lake — that's where they dropped the bomb. The bastards wiped everything out with that bomb. Now we got a city again. We got all these people and do you know what they are going to do? They're going to drop another bomb, right in the middle of this city. They're going to wipe us all out. Man I may sound spaced out and I am . . . but they are going to drop a bomb on us.

There was also some paranoia in the audiences at these gatherings, especially

among the people from the West Coast. They were very aware of how vulnerable everyone was sitting there in the open. On Saturday night at White Lake the nervousness increased as helicopters flew in and out of a small landing field at the left rear of the stage. At first the roar was irritating since it interfered with the music, and some of the people were on edge wondering what was happening. But most started to realize that, since all roads into the site were blocked, all traffic in and out of the site was by chopper. At the height of the evening helicopters were taking off or landing every five minutes. Gradually their arrivals and departures became a part of the general scene and the uneasiness wore off. The people settled back to listen to the music; they were being cared for, not threatened. The pop festivals, especially the Aquarian festival, have been called by the press and the authorities "a victory for love and peace." A victory over what, no one has said. The primary achievement of the phenomenon is a recognition of the growing culture of the people and the implications thereof by the general, or at least the reading, public. The people have shown that they are a hardy lot, and will not be put off by the worst of nature and the entanglements of America's wheeled civilization. They have shown that it is possible for city-sized groups of people to live together in harmony using as laws a few basic concepts that are as old as man himself.

Another result of the pop festivals is greater public cognizance of the real drug scene and how widely drugs are used by American youth; estimates of the use of marijuana among those attending the various pop festivals run as high as 90 per cent. There were few arrests for narcotics violations at White Lake, and none for the use or possession

of marijuana. Perhaps the pop festival phenomenon is responsible in part for the initiation of an exhaustive and possibly enlightening report by the U. S. Public Health Service on the immediate and long-term effects of marijuana use. At least it has brought to the attention of the public the possible disparity between the danger and the severity of the laws that govern its use.

The freedom to "do your own thing" is one of the goals sought by the people. However, most of them are still searching for their "thing," and many, when they do find it, are forced back into the establishment in order to pursue it further. There is an increasing interchange of people and ideas between the establishment and the people. This is a healthy trend, since in 25 years the people may well be the establishment.

Last summer we were witness to a specific phenomenon. But the culture involved is a continuing movement with roots at least as deep as the Beat Generation of the fifties. Janis Joplin, a rock-blues singer, has said that the people are a "new minority group." If this were so, it would be unlike any other minority group in the history of our society; for this group has no ties of race, creed, nationality or birthright. But members of no minority group have the right to leave or join it at their whim. Instead of a minority group, the people are a unique segment of American culture.

As for the pop-festival phenomenon, according to John Roberts, one of the producers of the Aquarian Exposition, there will be next year another circus at White Lake. □



Experience and commitment

The sorority rush process condenses a large amount of experience into a short period of time, and, like most intense experiences, it forces the participant to make a commitment on a very personal and individualized basis.

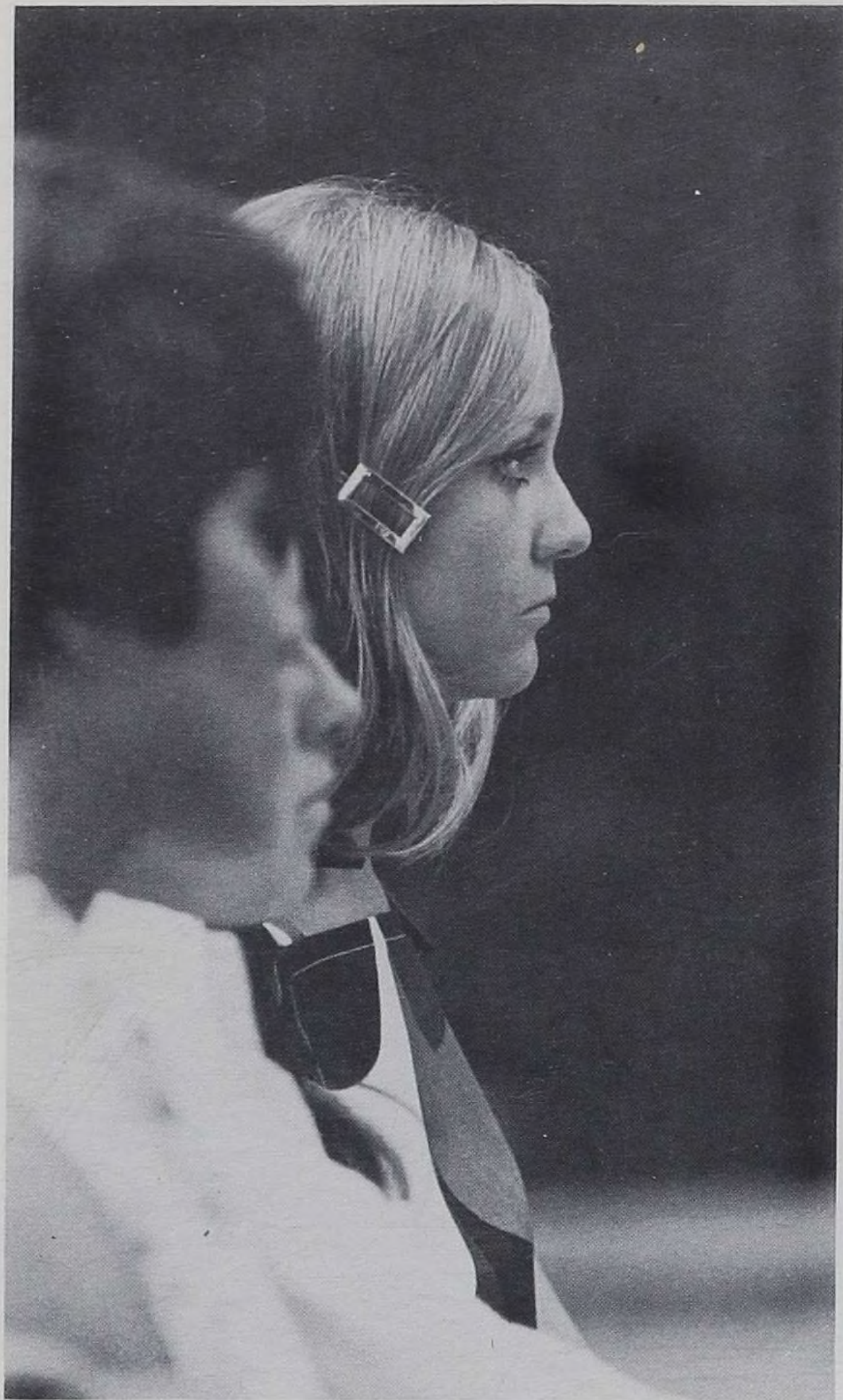




From a pre-rush party in Cherokee Park, to the initial tours of sorority houses, to the seemingly endless parties and social affairs, to the excitement of preference night dinner, the rushee brings her individual response to the larger group.









Young women make a choice that effects their entire college careers during rush. Some reject the system and what it stands for. Others become a part of it. In either case, it is an experience that requires a unique response.



Plastic raincoat



The nursing home was her idea. She was old now. Deep wrinkles had left twisted paths on her face — they weren't laugh lines anymore. Somehow she had never acquired the charming silver-white hair of older women in the magazines. Instead, it had merely grown thin and faintly yellow, the color of musty pages in an old book. But it was her hands that frightened her, sometimes repulsed her. She looked at them now detachedly, as though they were not a part of her. How could they be? Clawlike they lay in her lap, thin blue veins beneath tightly stretched skin, the fingers grotesquely contorted in a pattern they had long ago adopted. She was a cruel caricature of age, a bad joke at the expense of an old woman.

It was time now for a nursing home. The children had fought her decision with admirable indignation. They had been good to her, never quarreled about keeping her on alternate months. No, it wasn't a decision out of necessity. She just knew it was right.

"Mom, Mom! Are you ready? Tom has the car out front." It was Ellen, her youngest daughter. She and her husband were taking her to the home. Funny, how melodramatic it sounded — the home. She smiled faintly and started down the stairs. Tom was a good son-in-law, but he hated to be kept waiting.

Scanning the house hurriedly, she tried to stir up some emotion; nostalgia, that was what she should have felt. It was difficult, though. Off and on for the past five years she had lived there, but somehow she had never grown attached to the place. All she had were disjointed memories: smells of supper at six each night, sounds of her grandchildren laughing and quarreling, the glow from the television in the living room. No, there was no nostalgia.

Holding tightly to the railing, she tried to hurry down the steep porch steps. Tom and Ellen were already waiting in the front seat of the car, their two children in back. As always, she would ride in back with the children. It was sup-

posed to be some kind of treat, and Tom and Ellen never failed to indulge her in it. Actually, the children annoyed her with their constant bickering and restlessness, but somehow it made her feel guilty to admit it. So, she had always managed to put on her best grandmother smile and try desperately hard to enjoy the excursions.

"Is Grandma going to Uncle Jim's?" Tom Jr. whined the question.

"No, dear, Grandma is going to live with a lot of nice people her own age. They live in a big, beautiful house with lots of people to wait on them." If less than factual, Ellen's explanation was at least adequate to satisfy the child.

It would be a long ride. The old woman sat back against the scuffed, imitation-leather upholstery, her hands discreetly covered by the plastic raincoat she had thought to bring. Through the thick, clear material everything became pleasantly distorted, a soft blur. Her hands were only indistinct white outlines now, not frightening, not repulsive. She had a sudden feeling of warmth for that raincoat, then smiled at the absurdity of the emotion. Tom had looked back from the rear-view mirror and caught the wistful look. He said nothing—just vaguely categorized it as senility and looked at the road again.

"You know," started the old woman, "I can remember when this stretch of highway was nothing but forest, miles and miles of trees—none of this ugly asphalt. In fact, my old house wasn't too far from here. Remember, Ellen? I took you there when you were just four, maybe five years old."

"No, I don't, Mom. 'Course it was such a long time ago."

Of course she didn't remember. Why should she? It was only another house to her, maybe a little older, more run-down than the ones she was used to. The old woman smiled patiently at her daughter. Ellen would have memories one day—memories that others couldn't recall. She would know the feeling of disappointment, the hurt when she learned that somehow those memories that meant everything to her would never really be shared.

The children were both asleep now, small rounded arms and legs curled about in ridiculous fashion. The old woman looked on with envy at agility, even while the children were sleeping. They were so young. It was only natural that they regard her as some kind of curiosity, only vaguely a part of their world. To them she had always possessed her now-ludicrous body, always lived in her children's homes on alternate months, and always spoken about people that had long since died and places that had long since been

torn down. Oh, once she had lived in their world, but the joke was that no one quite believed it. Even the old woman doubted it when she was with the children. It frightened her.

"Hey, Mom, isn't that old barn kind of like the one you had on your farm?" Tom pointed to a weathered skeleton of a building with flecks of red paint still visible on the otherwise drab wooden boards.

"Oh, yes," responded the old woman, her face brightening. "'Course we never would have let it go to pot like that. My father always used to say you could tell what a man was like by the way he kept up his barn. Used to paint it every spring—regular as clockwork. Bright red it was, too. My brother and I used to help. 'Course I remember at the time..."

The old woman broke off her recollection. Tom had lost interest and was checking over the map again. It was always like that. Their questions were intended for monosyllabic answers, short comments at most. Why did she always go on like that? Somehow one memory was always connected to another; they couldn't be separated, not logically anyway. It bothered her at first. Lately, though, she only felt greedy for the chance to tell someone how it used to be. It was as though she had to talk about it or the memories would take over, become her present instead of merely a teasing glimpse of the past.

"Mom, you're sure this is what you want?" Ellen searched the old woman's face. "I mean, you know we always love to have you with us. It's not as though you were any trouble or anything..."

The old woman looked up. She had been studying her hands, admiring their blurred outline beneath the plastic raincoat. Delicate wrinkles on her daughter's forehead looked strangely incongruous with her smooth young face. Worry and guilt—mostly guilt, it seemed—had prompted Ellen's question. Her daughter needed assurance, proof that she was doing right. The old woman smiled broadly, amused at the irony of the situation. Somehow she had always thought it would be the children's job to comfort now. Apparently, the old woman's smile of irony had been taken for reassurance, and Ellen's brow was untroubled now as she watched the miles of highway being pulled under the car.

It would be a nice home. A rather unctuous young man from the board of directors had assured them of it. Every convenience had been enumerated with appropriate pride in what he had labeled the "far-reaching scope" of the establishment. The guest (he made it quite clear that they were never known as patients or old folks) were free "to live a life of carefree abandon in the autumn

of their years." In short, he made it quite tempting to send out picture postcards to those not yet fortunate enough to meet the age requirements of this man-made paradise.

The building was just ahead, clearly visible through the two or three pines which had prompted the slogan, "your forest retreat." Tom swung the car around the circular driveway and stopped in front of the wide porch, filled now with "guests." Only a few looked up, too busily occupied at the moment for inspecting newcomers.

Tom and Ellen walked with her to her room, the children trailing behind inquisitively, catching glimpses of the old people clustered in rooms along the way. Their childlike fascination was matched only by the interest of the "guests," who stared frankly at the young faces. These people were from the same world as the old woman, and it puzzled the children to see so many of them. Wistful, sad expressions made up their faces as they stared at the children. It was the same look they had seen so often on their grandmother.

Good-byes, admonitions to write, perfunctory embraces, and Tom, Ellen and the children were gone. There had been pity in Ellen's eyes when she left, and it hurt the old woman. What hurt more, though, was that she realized she wouldn't miss them, not really. Funny, but that pity in Ellen's eyes wasn't new. Although she tried, she couldn't remember any other look ever since she had moved in with the children. No, she wouldn't miss them.

The plastic raincoat was lying on the bed. Picking it up softly, she hung it on the door of her room and looked out into the hall. Every room had its door slightly ajar, as though anticipating visitors. She would go out later and meet the people in those rooms. Although she had just arrived, she felt she belonged in this place. Where there was no youth, there would be no contrast with age, no need to apologize for the practical joke time had played on her. The old woman hung the plastic raincoat in the closet. She wouldn't be needing it anymore. □

Many of today's novelists are producing a new and exciting kind of fiction. Some critics abhor this departure from 19th-century ways, while others, such

as this writer, applaud the new trends. Regardless of one's opinion of fiction in 1969, there is no doubt that it has entered a bizarre new wonderland.

Modern fiction: how strange it is between the covers!

A few weeks ago on one of TV's late-night talk shows Truman Capote was perched on a chair in all his splendor describing the "appalling" state of modern fiction. His chief complaint was against the sexual explicitness in today's novels and as examples of the worst offenders he cited Jacqueline Susann and Phillip Roth, lumping them together as though that which could be said of one applied as well to the other.

Now Capote is a respected author and, in general, a man with a brilliant mind, so his failure to distinguish between Roth, a talented artist, and Susann, a profit-seeker who knows the selling value of novelistic trash, is particularly distressing. But, indeed, Capote's comment serves well to illustrate the shakiness of the ground upon which anyone may stand when he attempts to give an opinion about American fiction in 1969.

The problems which arise when one attempts to put his finger on just what is happening in American fiction today are, of course, generally more complex than Capote's blind shot concerning sexual explicitness. In the first place, most of the talented writers of the 1960s have broken from the "realistic" tradition which flourished in the nineteenth century. That tradition is still clung to by such writers as James Jones and James Gould Cozzens, who write sometimes as though they haven't read many novelists who came along after Anthony Trollope. This realistic tradition is a broad one, and generally includes most novels which rely heavily on such devices as plot, well developed characters, and a linear view of time. But today's best writers have not only forsaken the older tradition, they have forsaken it in a variety of ways.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Vladimir Nabakov, Bernard Malamud, and Roth have each published a novel in 1969. They are in the vanguard of authors who are publishing a new kind of novel in the 1960s, yet they have broken with past tradition in quite distinct ways and to various degrees. A general examination of the theories which underlie American fiction in this decade and then a discussion of

these four works specifically should lead to some understanding of the nature of fiction in 1969.

Although today's finest writers have largely de-emphasized elements of the realistic tradition, they have generally made use of the theories of the first group of great writers in this century to break with conventional practices — authors such as Joyce, Faulkner, and Proust. Also, today's writers have been influenced a great deal by the other arts, particularly the cinema, by twentieth-century existential and absurdist philosophy, and by man's new awareness of his unconscious.

If there is one attitude toward fiction that most of the new wave of novelists share it seems to be a demand that their art be given its true identity—that it be viewed as fiction. Well, you say, if that's the most startling idea they can come up with, I'll just go back to my Walter Scott. Well, hold on. This concept is more radical than you might think. Only recently have writers and readers begun to seriously contemplate such heresy. Traditionally, readers have wanted fiction to tell them something about "life," and, while it was doing that, to give them a few rules on how to make it in this old world. For the most part, the novelists complied. So Dickens campaigned for social reform, Dreiser showed us "real" people, Samuel Richardson showed his readers how to be moral pragmatists—the list goes on. Novels have been expected to refer primarily to things outside themselves, and after 200 years it is certainly time for a change in emphasis. Novelists today are eliminating the danger that has always hovered over fiction, the threat of its losing its status as art and falling into the realm of philosophy, theology, or sociology.

One finds a good analogy in painting. Until the last century, representational art was most common. But a combination of things as varied as Romanticism and photography changed all that. With the advent of impressionism, and then expressionism, in the late nineteenth century the end product was not so much a repre-

sentation of reality, although it was still partly that, but the rendering of a scene as art, after observation was acted upon by the artist's mind. These movements have been followed by numerous other phases of non-representational art in this century. In painting, the important things to consider now are how well the object holds together as a unified entity, and the nature of the process which can fashion such a work of art.

Now writers of fiction are viewing their craft with such newly emphasized considerations in mind. No longer do the best fiction writers attempt to "paint sunsets." The new writers seem to want their novels judged on the basis of their merit as unified works of art, and one of their major concerns is to remind the reader, with varying degrees of subtlety, that their works have been carefully constructed by an artist, and are not simply "mirrors held up to nature." Fiction becomes in large part a monument to the creative process.

Modern fiction's debt to New Criticism should be clear at this point. The new critics, for all their vagaries, did remind us that our concern in literature should be mainly for the work itself. They told us that form is content, perhaps a radical concept in the 1920s, but an obvious truth now. Brooks, Ransom, *et al.*, made it clear that there is no work of art until the artist imposes form, gives his own special kind of order to the raw material from which art comes. Such a view naturally leads away from art as important for what it tells us about its content (the "real world") and toward an emphasis on art as important because it is the result of man's creative process, his imposition of form on the chaos of experience.

It has been natural for fiction writers, with their new concern with fiction as artifice, to borrow certain techniques from that peculiarly twentieth-century art form, the film. Writers use cinematic devices in order to better manipulate their materials. Consider, for example, the enormous amount of time shifting which occurs in today's fiction, and which goes

back to Faulkner, Proust, and even to that eighteenth-century enemy of the conventional novel, Laurence Sterne. Just as the movie camera can flit about from one object of interest to another with limited use of a connective thread, so does the modern novelist. The effect, both in films and fiction, is that of bombarding the audience with a series of images which pile up until they make an impression, either intellectual or emotional. This "montage" effect has also come to the novelist of the sixties from the Eliot-Pound school of poetry.

Post-Freudian advances in psychology have also influenced the modern novelist, and help us understand that the new kind of writer is often more faithful to reality

than his counterpart who writes "realistic" novels—that, indeed, the traditional novelist often simply follows the reality of a convention. Traditional novelists have generally written as though man experiences in a chronological or horizontal way — as though he experiences one thing, then another, and so on, in consecutive order. But, as Sterne reminded us in *Tristram Shandy*, man experiences vertically, not horizontally. At any given instant a man may mentally experience hundreds of things. He may be experiencing that which is physically happening to him in the present, recalling experiences from the past, or musing about possible experiences in the future. Yet, while all this is taking place on the interior, the same man will appear to be doing just

one thing from the outside. Traditional novelists often write as though the only reality is that single thing which can be observed from the outside. Today's writers know better, having learned from masters who could forge the consciousness of the race in 24 chronological hours of Leopold Bloom's life, or capture great chunks of the past in the time it takes for a man to raise a teacup to his lips.

Neo-Freudian psychology and existential philosophy have together given us a new awareness of our unconscious, the irrational part of ourselves which plays such a great role in our lives. In opposition to behaviorist psychology and rational philosophy, the neo-Freudians and existentialists urge us to recognize our unconscious and give the devil his due. Many of today's novelists share in that feeling, and deal with the irrational aspects of man which he must ultimately confront or risk being consumed by. John Hawkes is one novelist who gives form to those spectres which lurk to some degree in the unconsciousness of us all. Flannery O'Connor and Nathaniel West, both dead now, are two others.

Hawkes is not a reformer. He does not expose evil with the hope that he can thus destroy it. Rather, it is as though Hawkes is primarily concerned with making the reader aware of the nature of a foe with whom he does perpetual battle. The awareness makes the battle less ridiculous, and it insures that there will at least be a battle, and not certain defeat at the hands of forces we don't understand because we have chosen to ignore them. Also, there is comfort in simply being aware of the inevitable facts of existence. The air of fatalism which surrounds Hawkes' work is common in modern fiction, and is a major characteristic of the movement in fiction known as Black Humor, which counts Hawkes among its practitioners.

One of the major contributors to this fatalistic strain in modern fiction is probably the great body of existentialist/absurdist thought, particularly that of Albert Camus. These thinkers tell us that man is in the hands of fate and that because of man's weakness and inadequacy the possibility of effective rebellious action is limited. Camus tells us the answer lies in being aware of our predicament and showing scorn for our "oppressor." The Black Humorist, as Robert Scholes tells us in his excellent book *The Fabulators* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1967), is more likely to tell us how to take the cosmic joke of our existence.

In the first chapter of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut, the foremost Black Humorist, true to the movement toward artificiality in the novel, talks about the events which led to the publication of his book, which is largely about human responses to the atrocities of war,



particularly the United States' firebombing of Dresden, an open city, during World War II. At one point a movie-maker asks Vonnegut if the book will be an anti-war novel. "I suppose so," Vonnegut replies. The movie-maker laughs and tells him he might as well write an anti-glacier novel. Vonnegut then comments:

What he meant, of course, was that there would always be wars, that they were as easy to stop as glaciers. I believe that, too.

And even if wars didn't keep coming like glaciers, there would still be plain old death.

It is that air of fatalism which hovers over *Slaughterhouse-Five*. The phrase "So it goes" runs like a refrain throughout the work, Vonnegut using it each time he refers to a death.

Billy Pilgrim, the anti-hero, visits a strange planet called Tralfamadore, whose inhabitants espouse a philosophy akin to Vonnegut's in regard to time as well as fatalism. After Billy is taken into their spaceship for the first time, he asks: "Why me?" The aliens reply with disdain: "That's a very *Earthling* thing to say. Why *anything*? Because the moment simply is There is no "why."

In addition to showing us the most terrifying results of man's inevitable irrationality, Vonnegut also reminds us of human weaknesses which exist on a smaller scale. Like Eliot and Pound 50 years before him, Vonnegut exposes the hollowness of a plastic, contemporary civilization.

Clearly, Vonnegut writes about the horrors, complexities, and irritations of life as though they were absolute and irrevocable. Man's challenge is not to abolish all the bad things—an impossible task. It is, rather, to learn how to respond to these absolutes in such a way as to achieve the greatest possible peace of mind under the grave limitations inherent in living in the world. The first step is to be aware of the situation in order not to operate under delusion. This awareness leads one away from trying to change the inevitable, and toward those things in life which are not evil or unpleasant. After all, Vonnegut does not tell us that everything in life is irrational or unpleasant; he just says that what *is*, is going to stay that way. Vonnegut's is a call for the preservation of one's personal dignity and a humanity which can help insure that others will also maintain dignity in a world in which it is easy to lose it.

In addition to his understandable appeal to the intelligent, regular reader of fiction, Vonnegut is becoming a hero to the same segment of college-age people which enjoys the music heard at pop festivals and the new film makers, sometimes

turns on to drugs, and generally denies many of the values of our sometimes puritanical and faceless society. At first this seems paradoxical, since one of the most outstanding characteristics of the new generation is a kind of idealistic activism. But we should also remember that other major strain which runs through much of today's youth. It is pejoratively called dropping out by those who don't approve, but it seems close to what the work of Vonnegut is all about. It is a turning away from the inevitable evils of the world and a turning, in theory at least, toward peace and love. And isn't that largely what Vonnegut is urging? Maybe this passage, spoken by a Tralfamadorian, sums up the Vonnegut viewpoint:

Today we do [have a peaceful planet]. On other days we have wars as horrible as any you've ever seen or read about. There isn't anything we can do about them. We spend eternity looking at the pleasant moments—like today at the zoo. Isn't this a nice moment?"

Vladimir Nabakov, 70-year-old Russian emigre, has written nearly a score of novels. *Ada* will probably not go down as one of his most successful. In that 589-page novel Nabakov does show often why he is one of the most highly regarded of today's novelists, but he also shows too often what can happen when the theories underlying today's new kind of fiction are carried too far.

Ada is the story of a love affair between a half-brother and sister, Van and Ada. Van, in his 90s, writes the book while Ada sits at his side, interrupting the narrative with her lively comments. At times the story is beautiful and moving, but it is not beautiful and moving often enough to overcome Nabakov's vagaries. In this novel, Nabakov indulges himself too much.

Perhaps Nabakov's biggest fault is that he reacts too violently to the representational novel. While conventional novelists often emphasize content and seem to de-emphasize form, Nabakov too frequently emphasizes form to the exclusion of content. The New Critics told us that form is content. In *Ada*, Nabakov has too often forgotten about the last half of the equation. The best of the new novelists tell us that attention should be focused on the novel primarily as an artificial, unified work of art, but they do not say that this unified work of art should never lead us to some appreciation of the content with which the work is concerned.

Nabakov seems to be taking the road of the projectionist poets. These poets, such as Charles Olsen, Robert Creeley, and Robert Duncan, seek to eliminate the referential value of the word and to make words perform the same function as

music. No one denies the musical possibilities of the word, but literature can never be music as well as real music can. It can only be musical.

It is particularly distressing that Nabakov has gone overboard. If only he had paid more attention to content, he would have had an outstanding novel. He calls attention to the artificiality of his work in a number of effective ways. For instance, he has Van and Ada comment on their own processes involved in creating their book. And in addition to their comments in parentheses, the "editor" often inserts in brackets his own comments about Van and Ada's comments. Van (Nabakov) constantly shows us how he is manipulating the characters in his book, most often by using the analogy of moving extras in a movie in and out of place, or moving actors in a stage play.

Nabakov also provides us with an apt metaphor for the world created by the novelist. The new novelists stress that the world they present in their books is not the real world at all, but a world they have invented, in which happen (sometimes) the kinds of things that happen in the real world. The setting for *Ada* is Anti-Terra, a strange place where Russians live in North America with some groups of people who speak English and others who speak French. Tartary, located where Russia would be on Earth, is inhabited by barbarians. It is a world where airplanes are flying and Hollywood has a thriving film industry, both before 1900. It is the kind of surrealistic place where:

. . . the peasant-bare foot print of Tolstoy [is] preserved in the clay of a motor court in Utah where he had written the tale of Murat, the Navajo chieftain, a French general's bastard, shot by Cora Day in his swimming pool.

The feeling of waste one gets in reading *Ada* is particularly acute because Nabakov reminds us on occasion of his potential by creating passages of great and moving prose. But too often the writing doesn't move us. Instead, much of the book is devoted to Nabakov's self-indulgent word play, and a great deal of that will not allow a book to hold interest throughout nearly 600 pages. Van refers often to the scrabble games he and Ada used to play as children, and that word game is an appropriate parallel to Nabakov's art as he practices it in *Ada*.

Bernard Malamud, perhaps most of all among the new writers who understand the new techniques and emphases, serves as a good contrast to Nabakov. Malamud clings to an emphasis on theme—he is essentially a message writer. But in *Pictures of Fidelman* he demonstrates an understanding of authorial control and a facility with words, while giving us his lesson in basic humanism.

Pictures of Fidelman consists of six vignettes of Arthur Fidelman, a young Jewish intellectual who goes to Italy to research an article he wishes to write on painting. Soon, however, he becomes an artist himself, albeit not a very good one, and he lives more or less penniless and friendless until he returns to the U. S. in late middle age after having learned his lesson of humanism.

The novel is not consistently interesting stylistically, but the very idea of presenting a novel in six vignettes is in keeping with present trends in fiction. Malamud gives us little in the way of a connective narrative thread; instead he creates a total impression of his central character through a montage of situations.

But there is a section in *Fidelman* where Malamud is nearly perfect in reminding us of the book's artificiality and of the creative power out of which the novel grew. In chapter five, Fidelman is clubbed on the head and then covered up with dirt. What follows that scene is some of the most stylistically exciting writing one is likely to see. Malamud gives us Fidelman's random thoughts expressionistically and surrealistically, as the painter is being buried alive. Paragraphs become series of bizarre images. Word games abound. In mock biblical style, Malamud has Fidelman recall incidents of his past in a brilliant *tour de force*.

At the end of *Fidelman* a theme emerges. In six vignettes Fidelman has shirked his duty to his fellow man (a standard Malamud concern), and experienced the power of evil and the irrational (a la Hawkes). He has turned his back on life in order to pursue art of a decidedly inferior nature, and he has used art as therapy. Finally he is forced by a homosexual admirer to the realization that creating inferior art is not worth the sacrifice of human contact and involvement which is required. At the end of the novel, Fidelman seems to have learned his lesson. Ultimately, therefore, Malamud is concerned with the subject of making art. His comment is primarily social and psychological, and he makes it through theme, but he is nonetheless concerned in his way with those ideas of interest to other major novelists of the sixties.

And now we come to Portnoy. Probably no book has been so unfairly maligned in recent years. Phillip Roth is being called a pornographer, a man who traded in his artistry to make a few bucks.

Nonsense.

There's a great deal of sex in Portnoy. But *Portnoy's Complaint* has been called a book about sex, and that is patently ridiculous. It is a book about guilt. And as such it deals with one of the great American themes.

On the first level, *Portnoy's Complaint* is



perhaps the ultimate Jewish novel. Alexander Portnoy is the victim of an attractive Jewish mother who can accomplish anything she sets her mind to, and an ineffectual father whose entire life style seems to revolve around his inability to move his bowels. Also, Alex is an unwilling victim of a culture which applauds self-sacrifice and places seemingly unlimited restrictions on pleasure seeking. He is constantly reminded, even when he is 33 years old and Assistant Commissioner of Human Opportunity for the City of New York, not to endanger his health or morality.

Perhaps Portnoy's difficulty can best be summed up by this passage, which occurs after he overhears his mother lamenting to a friend over the telephone that her trouble in regard to her family is that she "just can't stop being good." To which Alex, reflecting on a psychiatrist's couch as he does during the entire book, replies:

Shit, Sophie, just try, why don't you? Why don't we all try? Because to be *bad*, Mother, that is the real struggle: To be *bad*—and to enjoy it! That is what makes men of us boys, Mother. But what my conscience, so-called, has done to my sexuality, my spontaneity, my courage!

Indeed, *Portnoy's Complaint* is essentially; about a young man trying to be bad without feeling guilty about it. This effort primarily takes the form of a drive for sexual gratification, only gratification does not come, and that is the final straw which sends Portnoy to the shrink of his choice.

Some critics have responded as though Roth has created Portnoy's entire situation just as an excuse for giving us some of the most explicit sexual content in this decade. Actually, the sex in the novel is a logical outgrowth of the situation, and if Roth had not presented this particular situation he could never have written this kind of outstanding novel. Given his situation, Portnoy's sexual exploits are psychologically "correct."

Portnoy's Complaint is more than a great Jewish novel. It is, in a sense, a great American novel. After all, guilt is an es-

sentia part of the lives of most Americans. In this country founded largely on the Puritan ethic—word hard, enjoy yourself only if you've earned such a reward, and then on a limited basis—one would expect guilt feelings to run rampant. And a book about guilt is especially important to Americans at this time. We have reached a stage in this country where a sizeable segment of the population has freed itself intellectually from the bonds of Puritanism, but as we might expect, a corresponding break from the emotional bonds of Puritanism has lagged behind. Consequently now, perhaps more than ever, Americans are likely to feel guilt, as a result of following their intellects into pleasure-seeking, against the drive of the emotions.

Roth has given us his relevant theme through a masterful style. Portnoy expresses himself throughout the book in a kind of lucid frenzy. There is nothing "cool" about Portnoy (and here he differs from the central figure of many modern novels); his is the voice of outrage. Time and again Portnoy's monologue reaches fever-pitch intensity, and it is then most of all that one suffers with this man. Also, with his keen sense of the ironic, Roth has created a number of uproariously funny scenes.

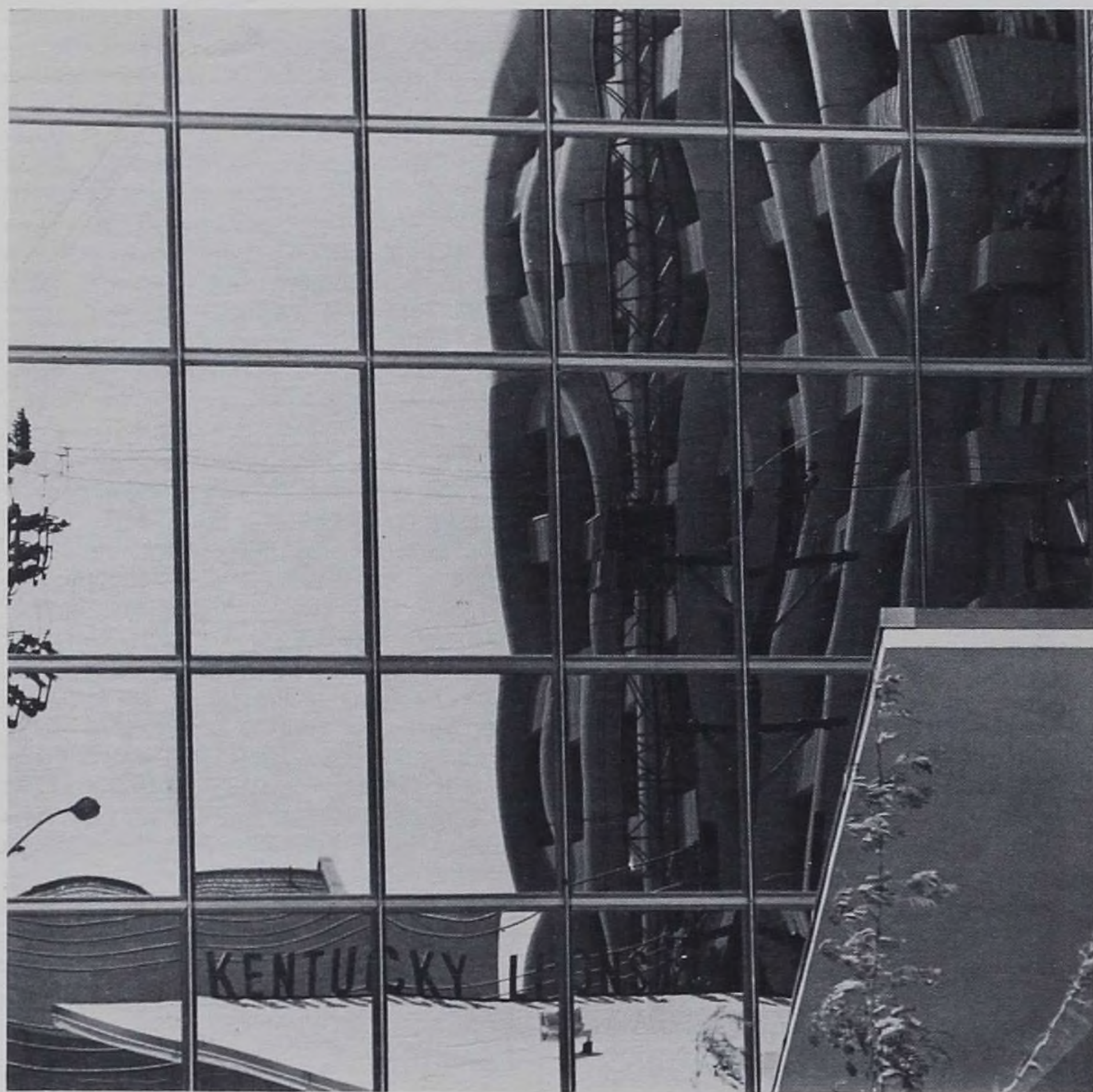
However, one isn't altogether sure that Roth is advocating the kind of outrage which would be the very antithesis of what Vonnegut, for instance, supports. Dr. Spielvogel, the psychiatrist, has only one line; it is the last line of the book: "So (said the doctor). Now vee may perhaps to begin, Yes?" Black Humor? Perhaps. Although it isn't crystal clear just what Roth is saying here at the end of his book, one can't help but feel the kind of fatalism attached to the works of Vonnegut, *et. al.* Has all of Portnoy's outrage gone unheeded? Is the doctor's solution, if indeed he has one at all, going to involve some kind of acceptance of the limited possibilities for happiness for each human being? One isn't sure, but above Dr. Spielvogel's statement, centered and in large type, are the words: PUNCH LINE.

Black Humor? How to take a joke? Hmm.

In *Portnoy's Complaint* Roth probably carries the cinematic/imagist technique of jumping from image to image to its logical conclusion. After all, that is the process of the psychiatrist's couch. There, there is little in the way of narrative bridge. The time sequence is anything but chronological, and the unconscious is given free play.

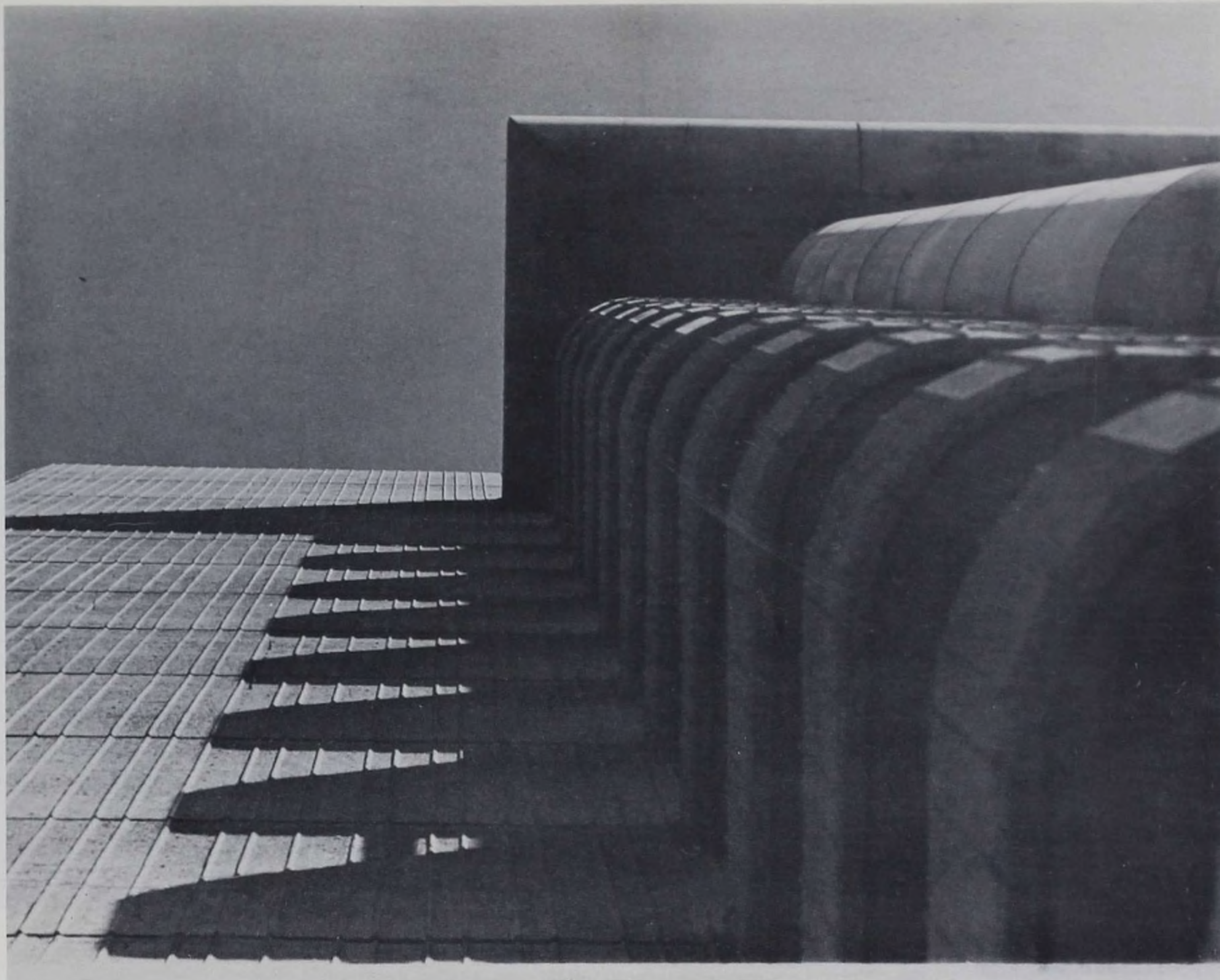
Following an excellent awareness of the exigencies of both form and content, Roth has given us a novel which is particularly relevant to Americans of the 1960s. Let's only hope the easily shocked critics don't steer a majority of intelligent readers away from it. □

Building for education

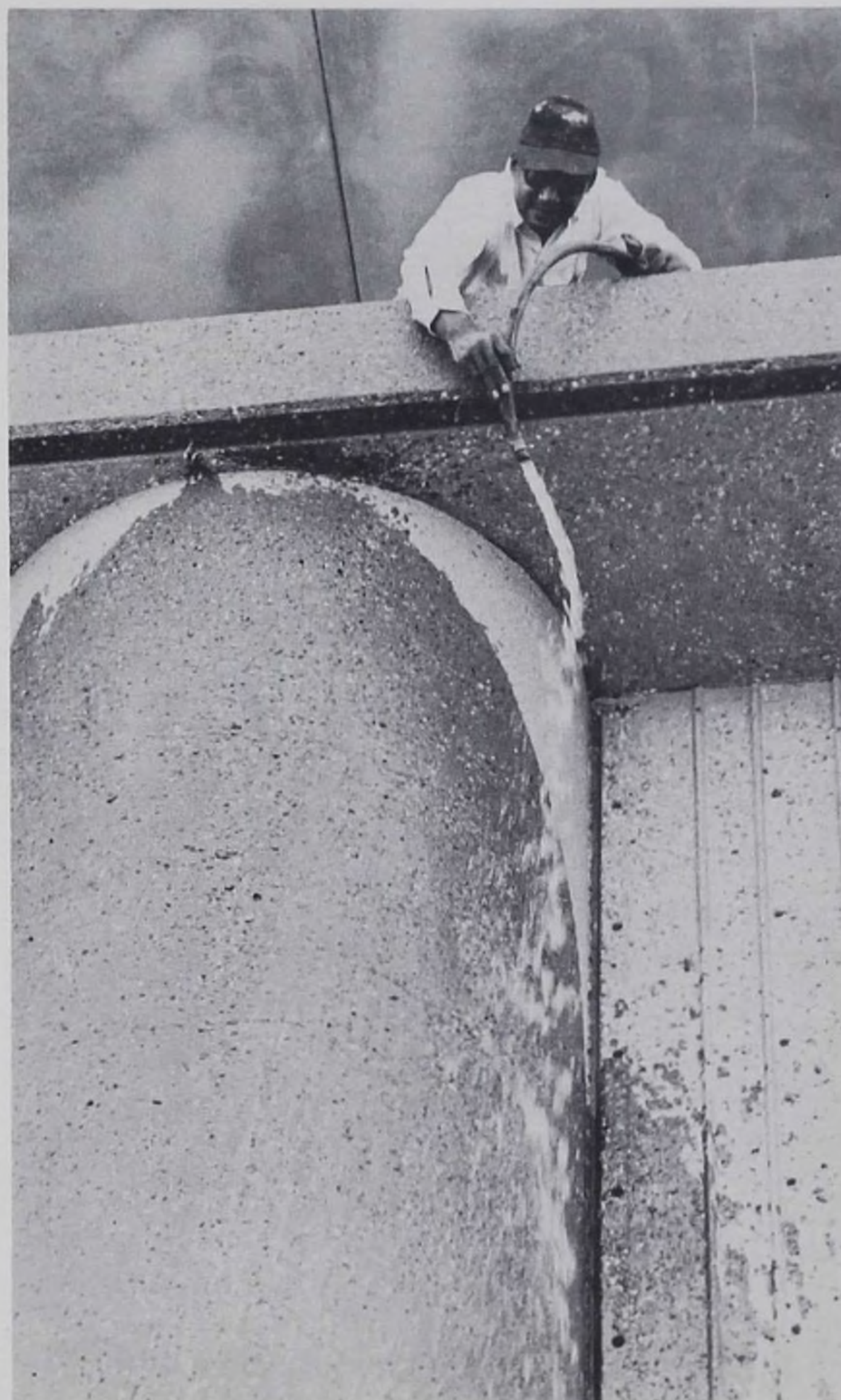


The construction worker builds the foundations, if not for the University student's education, at least for the physical surroundings that make his education possible. With six projects in various stages of development here this fall, the construction worker has become a more-or-less permanent member of the campus scene. *Thoroughbred Magazine* Photography Editor John Beckman caught some new buildings — and their builders — in late September.





Kentucky's largest building project is the University of Louisville's \$26 million Medical Dental Complex. Reflected in the bronze mirror of the recently completed Kentucky Lyons Eye Bank (top, opposite page), which is also part of the U. of L. center, the structural concrete group will thrust its massive profile into the east downtown skyline. Three buildings and a public concourse that covers seven city blocks, the new structure will house classroom, administrative, and research facilities for the Schools of Medicine and Dentistry, plus the Health Sciences Library. Planners hope to have it ready for classes next fall.

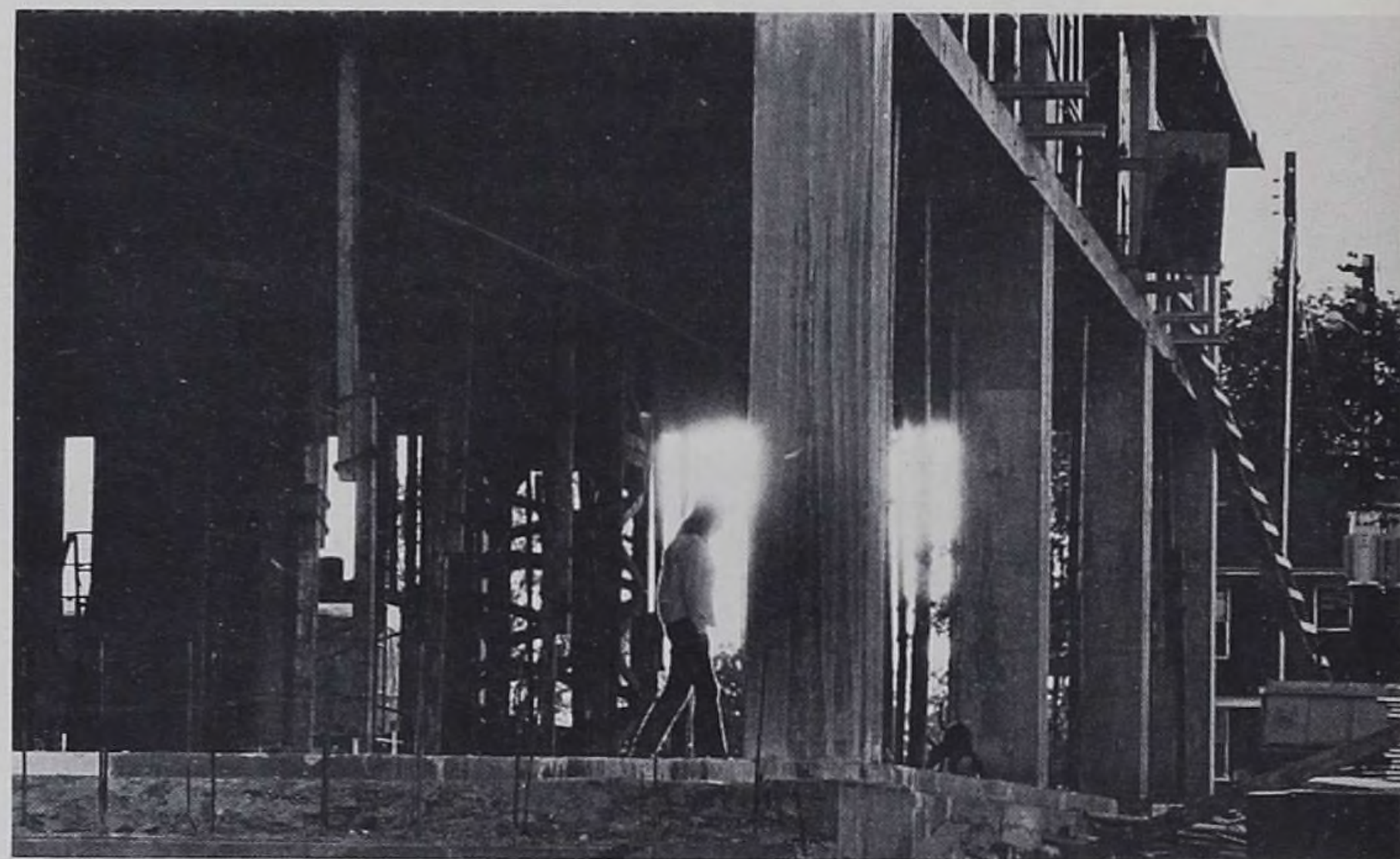




The new \$4.1 million Life Sciences Building (left) which opened for business gradually during the first few weeks of fall classes, houses the A&S departments of psychology and biology.



The design of the new International Center was altered as a result of a student protest last spring when plans and location were announced. Gone are the porticos, but the location — right in the middle of the older, tree-shaded part of Belknap Campus — remains the same. The \$1 million structure will open in late 1969.



The shell of several floors is beginning to take shape at the site of a new high-rise coeducational dormitory at First and Avery Streets. The \$1.8 million building will be the fifth dorm on Belknap Campus.



A \$1.4 million fraternity housing complex (above and right top on opposite page) was the object of a fiery student protest last spring. Some students resented the University backing the bonds that would secure funds for the fraternities. President Strickler ruled in favor of the frats, ground was broken in the summer, and the groups hope to move in by next fall. The complex will provide room for six units adjacent to Triangle Park on Confederate Place.



They did it in the 30's, too

In the small triangle between Gardiner Hall and the Arts and Sciences Dean's office on the Belknap Campus, a group of students gathers to witness the erecting of white crosses on which the names of war veterans are enscribed. The names are those of the "future dead"; the ceremony is an anti-war protest and it might have taken place last week. But it didn't. The demonstration occurred in the 1930s—one of many such incidents at U of L in that turbulent decade.

Dr. William Furnish of the biology department, an undergraduate at U of L in the thirties, recalls that the student anti-war group, "Veterans of Future Wars," advocated that the government grant pensions to potential veterans to ensure that the individual, and not only his dependents, could enjoy the benefits of serving one's country. The causes of campus turbulence haven't changed much in the past forty years; indeed, campus strife in the '30s at U of L closely paralleled such activity at colleges today. The present generation of protestors, however, seems to lack such a sense of humor.

The Spanish Civil War and the progression of Nazism and Fascism in Europe served college students of the time with political issues in which they wished to be directly involved. According to Dr. Harvey C. Webster of the English department, the students of the time, recognizing more than the politicians, knew that the Spanish Civil War was the prelude to World War II and that a Loyalist defeat in Spain would only benefit Hitler and Mussolini who used Spain's internal conflict as a proving ground for their own armaments and military strategy.

Mrs. William Furnish, an alumna of the University, said that a student of the time with any trace of liberalism allied himself with the Loyalist cause in Spain, which resulted in an automatic Communist linkage and led to many unfounded accusations. Generally, the Spanish Civil War presented the students of the thirties with a means of defining and solidifying their social and political views. For some it provided much more: an undergraduate,

George Leighton, joined the Loyalist forces and was killed in combat.

U of L students griped about ROTC long before the invention of the current "military-industrial complex" rhetoric. An editorial in the March 26, 1936, *Cardinal* condemns university ROTC programs for the now-familiar reasons:

We true Americans find it hard to sanction such an organization which displays its truly American ideals . . . by operating espionage systems within the college for the ferreting out of so-called radicals; the military develops leaders by drilling men to take unquestioned orders; insures against war by instilling into youthful, malleable minds the glamorous side of militarism.

Student anti-war demonstrations did not begin with Vietnam. In 1934, 1936, and 1939 students boycotted classes on a national scale. On April 23, 1936, U of L anti-war strikers assembled for a rally at the Playhouse; according to the editorial, about two hundred students responded. Dr. Mary Burton of the English department recalls attending that rally, and has a particularly clear picture of the FBI agent sitting next to her who had been sent to infiltrate the student meeting and surmise the faculty response.

The Strike Committee did a much better organizational job in 1939, publishing a program in the March 10 issue of the *Cardinal* which included the following points:

- Let the people vote on war! A war referendum will help take power to determine foreign policy out of the President's hands.
- Stop the super-armaments program! Stop militarization of youth. Demand jobs and better homes, not guns and battleships.
- Pledge that youth will refuse to support the government of the United States in any war it may undertake.
- Unite all people against war in a new inter-nationalism . . .

The rhetoric approximates that of both present student radicals and political renegades like Senator William Fulbright.

The student political scene at U of L in the thirties included both socialist and Communist groups; though each claimed only about a dozen members, they were, according to Dr. Webster, "bright people" and thereby influential. Though the two groups devoted most of their time to fighting one another, both were concerned ultimately with the aversion of World War II. The Young Communists did not seek actual power for themselves in the University. Instead of seizing campus buildings or demanding the right to appoint the chairman of a department, they campaigned for medical assistance to Loyalist Spain or for Franklin Roosevelt, whom they generally supported.

Dr. Webster, in distinguishing between past and present student activists, believes that students of the thirties "knew more about what they were involved in," whereas he charges contemporary student dissent with organizational diffuseness and the lack of distinguishable goals; the pre-war generation of students believed communism to be identical with democratic socialism, and thus a potential solution for the economic and social ills manifested by the Depression. Unlike college students of the sixties, who have become disillusioned with the political system because of the country's involvement in war, the students of the thirties, Dr. Webster explains, demonstrated an awareness of the inadequacies inherent in America's social and economic system before the experience of World War II. Like his contemporary counterpart, the college student of the thirties was forced to defend a country which he believed indefensible in many ways. If the United States had supported the Loyalists in Spain, as the students advocated, Hitler might have been stopped, or considerably deterred, much earlier.

Within the University, Communists as "democratic socialists" enjoyed freedom of expression and, to a certain extent, student and faculty support. The Communists and socialists, though bickering with

one another, understood that neither group advocated the violent overthrow of the government or the establishment of a dictatorship. The public, however, guided by fear and prejudice, did not possess such an understanding. Perhaps no better gauge exists in the history of U of L for measuring such public reaction to the political and social milieu of the University during the thirties than the famous Ellis Freeman case.

Professor Ellis Freeman of the psychology department, remembered by Mrs. Furnish as "the most attractive professor on the campus," was always a little suspect—especially by more conservative faculty members—for his eccentric ways. Noted for his sarcastic comments on the government, religion, and the university, Dr. Freeman also married a student considerably younger than himself.

In April, 1935, Dr. Freeman was formally charged with participating in Communist activities when a clerk at the Citizens Fidelity Bank opened Freeman's safety deposit box and found Russian savings bonds. Shortly thereafter Colonel Henry J. Sites of the American Legion in Louisville issued this statement:

We have evidence that Professor Ellis Freeman has received and cashed a check of \$172.41, the equivalent of 199.5 rubles, from the State Bank of the U.S.S.R. at Moscow; that Professor Freeman has been soliciting subscriptions to Communist literature.

Dr. Freeman immediately sued for invasion of privacy, charging that Sites, and the bank's president, vice-president, and

chief clerk had conspired in slander and invasion of privacy.

The trial established that Dr. Freeman owned \$9,998 worth of Soviet bonds, purchased in May, 1934, from the Soviet-American Securities Corporation of New York. The capitalistic implications of bond purchasing apparently never occurred to those who accused Dr. Freeman of Socialist or Communist convictions. Attorney Merit O'Neal, counsel for the four charged in the suit, questioned Freeman during the cross-examination on the nature of the bond purchase.

"When you bought these bonds, you knew you simply were lending money to Soviet Russia?"

"Yes."

"You knew if they were defaulted you would have to go to Russia to sue?"

"The possibility of suing never occurred to me."

"Did you list these bonds when you made tax returns for the city, county, or state?"

"As a matter of fact," Dr. Freeman explained, "the bonds did not belong to me. They are a part of my mother's estate, for which I am administrator. I merely assumed ownership of them for purposes of this trial."

So Freeman had the ace of trumps up his sleeve all the while, and he knew when to use it. O'Neal, from this point in the trial, dropped the bond issue altogether; his questions instead centered on Freeman's social, religious, and political be-

liefs, cataloguing the full range of fears which Americans had somehow attributed to communism in the 1930s.

If O'Neal could prove Freeman an atheist or a socialist, then the "Communist" label would stick regardless of his political activities. In addition, the fears and prejudices with which Americans of the time generally regarded university teachers made the common denominator "radical" almost synonymous with communism. If Freeman had been involved in labor or Socialist activities of the time, public suspicion of him would be more understandable; instead, the man was simply a non-conforming psychology professor who possessed certain ideas considered dangerous.

O'Neal continued to grill Freeman on matters irrelevant to the case.

"Do you believe in the use of force to abolish the profit system?" O'Neal began.

"No. I abhor force."

"Do you believe in the profit system?"

"Not without modification."

"What do you mean by modification?"

"I have no plan in mind, but something that would eliminate scandals like Tea Pot Dome and Harlan County."

History, instead of repeating itself, has failed to change; our national political frame of mind remains unaltered; we confront new issues (like the Black Revolution) with clichés the past has proved fallacious. □



On occupying minds, not buildings: an argument for selective education

The Young Americans for Freedom believe that most of the student unrest on campus is caused by increasingly liberal admission policies at many universities.

This particular view was expressed by Alan Forsythe, one of the co-chairmen of the University of Louisville's chapter of Young Americans for Freedom (YAF). YAF made its reappearance last fall here under the leadership of Brad Evans, after four years of inactivity. Evans, who was known for his sesquipedalian vocabulary, as well as a running feud with *The Louisville Cardinal*, the campus newspaper, left the campus last spring and was replaced by Forsythe (Bus '71) and David Fow (A&S '72).

Forsythe, who says he speaks for all of YAF's sixty members, believes that as more and more people are admitted to universities, academic standards are lowered and the more intelligent students become bored.

They become bored, he said, because they have not been sufficiently challenged intellectually, and may eventually end up leading a student rebellion—a deduction which he has made after observing that most student rebellions are led by the more intelligent students.

In an effort to correct this dilemma, Forsythe proposed that America adopt an educational plan which would admit only the very intelligent student to the universities, and would channel the rest of the population into either a trade school to produce the blue-collar worker or an extended high school to turn out the white-collar worker.

Since this condition does not exist, Forsythe feels that YAF must serve as a student organization whose "main goal . . . is to show people what a conservative is."

YAF on the national level has grown from its original one hundred members in 1960 to over 55,000 and has chapters located in every state on college campuses. The organization itself was originally founded

on the estate of William F. Buckley, the editor of *The National Review*.

Although the creed of YAF, The Sharon Statement, declares "That foremost among the transcendent values is the individual's use of his God-given free will, whence derives his right to be free from the restrictions of arbitrary force," several chapters have become almost as militant as the groups which they oppose. In California several YAF chapters have marched against IBM in an effort to show their displeasure with the East-West Trade Relations.

However, many observers feel there is little chance on U of L's campus for YAF to become a violent organization because of the general apathy of the students here.

In attempting to show what a conservative is, Forsythe described what he thinks a liberal is, and by contrast described a conservative.

A liberal, he says, is a person who is too idealistic, and who "views the university as a place where you can obtain social innovation."

A conservative on the other hand, he believes, is more realistic, understands that man is fallible and goes to the university to get an education, not to bring about social change.

Forsythe said a liberal comes to college with preconceived ideas about the social situation, while a conservative develops his concepts while in the process of obtaining an education, and anything that interferes with the pursuit of his education must be stopped.

While Forsythe described the liberal in a rather humanistic way and viewed YAF's function at U of L as the awakening of the large, uncommitted percentage of the student body to an alternative to the liberal view, Dr. Laurence Howe of the history department, one of YAF's faculty advisors, said that, "the main thing is to take up the slack" left by the apathetic student body "to combat commu-

nism and black racism that is destroying the function of the university.

YAF's other faculty advisor, Professor Grant Hicks of the political science department, saw YAF as "performing a very useful service in that—one, it makes the community aware . . . that the university is not a hotbed of left-wing activity . . . and, two, it gives the mass of the student body who are not left-wing orientated an opportunity to catch some conservative insight to the political and social issues."

Other professors on the campus who are not so intimately connected with YAF are in general agreement with Hicks' second point. They feel that the chief value of the organization is that it provides another viewpoint on the important issues of the day.

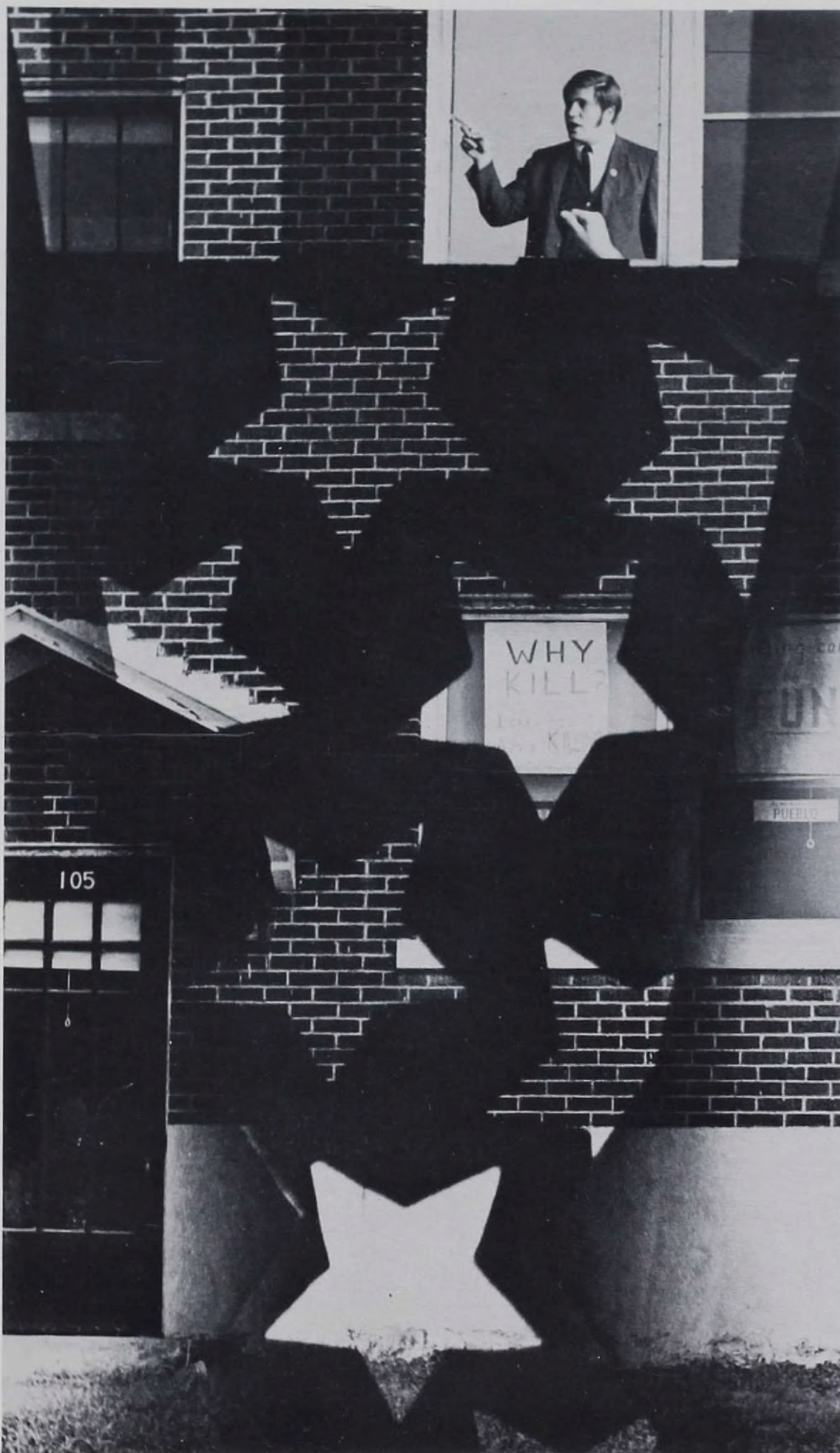
Dr. Louis Kesselman, acting chairman of the political science department, said, "YAF will be able to make their voice heard . . . primarily because there is no competition from an opposing side. But I don't think it will mean a great deal."

Just how YAF is planning to get its voice heard is one of the things with which Forsythe is very much concerned. This year he and Jeff Woodward (A&S, '71), the State Chairman of YAF, plan to put the liberals, "on the defensive."

Last year YAF made its presence known and voice heard by reacting to issues brought up by some other organizations, an observation which led the president of the Young Democrats, Jim Wetherton, to remark that "all I ever see is that they are for the repeal of this, or the repeal of that."

In an attempt to get a radical's view of the importance and influence of YAF on U of L's campus, the Black Student Union was consulted. The interview did not last long however, for the very mention of YAF's name produced groans of disgust and several four-letter words from the six members who were present.

In the effort to "put them on the defensive," Forsythe is planning to initiate



certain actions on his own rather than to just wait for other political groups to produce material to which YAF could react.

YAF plans to work for a local "conservative congressional candidate" in the upcoming elections. One of the goals of this program is to "show members of YAF what politics is like," as well as alert the public to the fact that YAF exists.

The chapter will also start a film series which is designed to better inform the members about "Communist subversion and socialist activities in America."

The films will treat such subjects as the war on poverty, the Watts riot, and the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

There are also plans to start YAF chapters in several local high schools around

the Louisville area. This program is already under way and Forsythe indicated that several schools are interested in obtaining charters.

While all of these activities will promote YAF's point of view and expose more and more people to its basic orientation to political issues, the charge in YAF which will be most noticeable to the U of L student will be an expansion of *The Thinker*, the official publication of YAF. "We hope to expand *The Thinker* to a four-page sheet which will appear monthly," said Woodward. *The Thinker*, currently appears weekly as a mimeographed sheet.

When *The Thinker* was established last year it dealt primarily with local issues. This year *The Thinker* is going to delve into the "philosophy of Conservatism" as well as explore issues which are of national importance, Forsythe said.

Last year's editor of *The Thinker*, Evans, was able to reach a lot of people because of his style of writing which included cryptic humor, Buckleysque language, and personal attacks on *The Cardinal*.

Forsythe said that *The Thinker* will still be widely read this year even though the writing style has been changed, and that "you will get the people who are really serious about it reading *The Thinker* this year."

Evans was also a rather dynamic personality who was able to rally a large group of people in support of several campaigns which he led last year. The importance he played in spreading the conservative philosophy of YAF cannot be denied. Forsythe said that his loss left a large hole in YAF which this year's co-chairmen may have trouble filling. Forsythe later retracted this statement and said "We can carry on quite well without him."

Dr. Howe, in speaking about the loss of Evans, said, "Most organizations manage to function even without great leadership."

Hicks described this year's leaders of YAF by saying, "these youngsters are a very bright, dedicated, unpretentious, creative group of boys who are acutely aware of the need to make themselves heard."

Although Evans will be missed, it is the general feeling in YAF that the organization will be able to carry on without him.

Outside YAF, the feeling is that YAF is not likely to play a very great part in the political life at U of L. This is due partially to the fact that, as even Hicks observed, "U of L is a street-car college," and partially to the fact that there are, as Kesselman said, "large bodies of students who have been active in the past, who couldn't care less about politics now." □



Psalm to Autumn

The air is crisp and chill here among
the trees. Leaves crimson as the dawn
crunch beneath my step. It is right
to walk
a woodland path these days of
slow decay and be alone, reaping silent
pleasures.

No organ swell can turn the mind
from prayer
here among the trees. I kindly shun
that company of men who unrelenting
parse
the seasons, the birds migrating,
the trees,

for metaphors of God, some promise
of permanence among decaying things.
It is full

for me to be content with verdure,
the scent
of pines, the rich moist smell of autumn
at her labors. I can't dissect the beauty
of the actual, peer beyond the matter
of it
without a remorseful conscience.
I would be black indeed with perjury
to call trees fingerprints of God.

They are mere trees, the pine, the ash,
the oak.

Let them be, grow their leaves and
decay.

The eye turns humbly to the autumn sky.
I fear the fate of Lot's wife who turning
turned to salt. We who slumber must
awake

and call dreams dreams. In delusion
there is no profit but alms for oblivion.
Air that's felt and not drawn to the lung
becomes fetid. I shall not be in death
a fool.

I make and choose an honest way.
If his rhetoric is trees and herbage
then he's much too subtle for me,
my dull self unable to probe and see
beyond the thing the meaning of it,
the density
of growth and decay. I find no deeper
pleasure
than the posture of the mind in calm
repose
and kinship with the bickering squirrel
dashing about to stock his larder
before the snows.

Tomorrow is a haggard beggar whom
I shun

upon this woodland path today.

Sparrows
take wing and chase in vain the
falling sun.

But here I find anchorage and rejoice
for breath,

the piercing autumn air, crisp, chill,
and nature's vary wherein I may adven-
ture,

always the discoverer. I toss acorns
to the squirrels, and marvel at the
wisdom

of the wind and sky, the seasons and
the falling sun.

— Jack Hettinger

autumn

Crisp browns blanket tired grass
squirrels lag on gray branches
a waning wind whispers
dank dusk
and the birdless sky squats pale.

— Tom Brady



A "liberal" white intellectual philosophy professor with sympathy for student rebellion

but a real concern for violence and its results, Charles Breslin is a man. . .

caught in the middle

How many University of Louisville professors are sympathetic with the black students who took over administrative offices last spring?

A majority, one professor said recently — "even if they disagree with their aims and tactics."

His equivocal answer indicates the conflict which student revolution arouses in the minds of professors who believe, as do most in theory, that the university is a place of free inquiry. Since free inquiry demands questioning minds, such a professor welcomes students' increasingly confident refusal to accept old ways

without question. At the same time, since violence is the antithesis of rational debate, he disapproves of the expression of dissent through force.

How can a professor resolve the conflict? What can he do to maintain a living relationship with students whose attitude he applauds but whose actions he cannot condone? Where is the common ground between the professor who wants students to think and the students who want to act?

Few professors could be more qualified to answer these questions than Charles Breslin who, after fifteen years as an



executive in the construction business, turned to teaching and is now instructor of humanities and philosophy courses.

Breslin vigorously opposes what he calls "Academic Cartesianism" — a division between "the student body and the faculty mind. The university, by definition, is a community of scholars," he says, and by scholars he means both students and teachers. He dislikes the "attitude that regards students as existing in a condition of darkness and their teachers as the embodiment of reasonableness." Scholarship is a profession, not a condition, and "students and teachers engage in that process reciprocally."

Breslin practices what he preaches. Anyone who wants a conversation can usually find him — a sandy-haired, well-dressed man of forty — sitting in the SUB, strolling across campus, chatting in the corridors of Gardiner Hall, or even working in his office on Brandeis. If student revolution were to open an uncrossable gulf between professors and students, Breslin would be among the first to know.

Yet Breslin shares with many of his colleagues a divided mind toward student activists. Believing so strongly in dialogue — with both students and professors listening — he doubts that disruption by force is a justifiable form of expression. But if any of the black students expelled last spring had been in his classes, Breslin would have signed the petition to reinstate them without loss of spring semester credits. "None of us have to be reminded of the kind of deprivations that have existed for centuries. Who can quarrel with the kind of impatience that comes with that — and urgency?" he asks. "Given their context of action their demands are understandable."

With this statement, Breslin offers a clue to one of the reasons student revolution need not mean faculty alienation. Many professors, although they are not revolutionaries themselves, do understand why students revolt and why their revolt sometimes takes extra-legal forms. Breslin, a widely-read man, is familiar with standard revolutionary formulas set forth by such writers as Eric Hoffer, Hannah Arendt and Crane Brinton. He knows that revolution has traditionally required dramatic acts to bring attention to problems, an obvious achievement of last spring's takeovers. He knows, too, that revolutionary demands must be totally unequivocal, so much so that the unsympathetic listener calls them "simplistic" or "unrealistic." Breslin prefers the word "singular" and says, "One must be narrow and sharp to pierce."

Recognizing the immediate practical reasons for student takeovers and ultimatums, Breslin is still uncertain of the legitimacy of extra-legal action — and,

finally, of its long-run effectiveness.

He suggests what he considers a more effective and legitimate avenue of change. "You can bring pressure without its being so disruptive," he says, "a gradual, persistent pressure at critical points." He attributes to such non-violent pressure the increased student participation in faculty and administrative matters at the University. For example, students are now members of all faculty committees in the College of Arts and Sciences and other schools. (However, Breslin thinks students can have a greater impact on the faculty through competent student evaluations than through votes in the personnel committee.) "Non-violent pressure may be this year's successor to last year's takeovers," he says — especially since he foresees an administrative crack-down. "If methods deemed excessive are employed by students, excessive reaction can be expected."

Whatever methods students use to effect change — however well professors understand, and however much they sympathize with student action — few professors are active participants. Is the professor, then, no more than a bystander who nods or shakes his head occasionally?

Not necessarily. When Breslin talks to student activists, he does not discuss how they should achieve their goals — whether they should submit a petition or invade the president's office. Instead, he discusses the goals themselves and their validity. "I try to make them aware of the complexities in the most general way that I can, without dictating. They must fully assess the complexity of their position." He wants students — not only activists — to be aware of their own values, instead of holding a conviction "without understanding why it's valid as a course of action. Values don't exist in a vacuum. I would do practically anything to make them conscious that their values must be worked out from conscious experience." Breslin does not wish to tell them what to think. "I like to help people work things out in their way," he says.

Breslin could not be more pleased that students are increasingly willing to work things out their way. In comparison with the "generational confidence" of today's young people, his own college years, the late 1940s at Notre Dame, were "an entirely different world." In the 1950s, what he calls "the drab age," Breslin could "never have foreseen that students would ever attain this self-confidence." Although the improvement is striking, he admits that students at the University of Louisville are not yet as willing to speak up — or talk back — as are students at some other universities. "For the most part, it's still inertia, still acquiescence."

But times have changed considerably,

and as student self-consciousness continues to increase, the challenge for the professor grows. "If young people are to say — as they have — 'We have to find our own way' — professors have to offer them alternatives." Breslin holds a dim view of professors who choose to withdraw in the face of student challenge. "When we — teachers — are cynical, misanthropic, haunted by fears of stagnation or failure — we can perpetuate knowledge in our field but I don't know what we can do for its vitality."

The professor's alternative to such withdrawal can be willingness to face students' questions with sympathy and understanding and to reply with questions of his own. Such dialogue will not solve all problems — it is only a step in the chain of solution. Nor will it dissolve the difference between professors and students, who belong to different generations. As Breslin says, "Generational differences are inevitable — that's what generates dialogue."

And dialogue will keep the university a place of free inquiry, where the individual can shape his own world, instead of an armed camp with students and professors manning opposing barricades. □

A black community leader who would prefer black control of their educational system, but has

advice for everyone involved in the black struggle on the white campus, Morris F. X. Jeff is. . .

caught in the middle

"There's really no future for the Black Student Union on a white campus," Morris F. X. Jeff would tell a dissatisfied black student, though he has no difficulty in giving the University of Louisville BSU some advice about how to better achieve its aims.

And though he says there is no way that a white institution "can relate their program to the reality of the black community," he does not hesitate to offer suggestions that will make the black studies program at U of L "more relevant" to black students.

Jeff's contradictions reflect the difference between his ideal and a practical situation that he sees in this community. As the Executive Director of the Plymouth Settlement House, a Presbyterian social agency in Louisville's West End, Jeff is one of the most established kinds of leaders in the black community—the local churches and service institutions have been the main vehicles of black leadership for years.

Jeff was one of several black community leaders who were consulted by President Woodrow Strickler and later by the Louisville-Jefferson County Human Relations Commission, concerning the BSU action last spring.

That vantage point has helped form for Jeff interesting positions regarding the current black student rebellion on American college campuses, particularly the way in which that revolt has taken shape in Louisville.

Jeff speaks with the passion of an evangelist. An updated Martin Luther King Jr., he mixes the fate of the country, of his people, with a spiritual message. He delivers a kind of hip gospel that combines street-language, articulate oratory, and Christianity.

Jeff's "ideal" would be black control of the institutions that help black men form their own self-image: primarily the educational institutions. He links many of the problems—and their solutions—to this ideal. For this reason he doesn't

see much sense for blacks to "push for these white schools to be nice toward you," since blacks seldom gain real control.

In Louisville, blacks do not control any part of these institutions. The University of Louisville, for instance, "has always been viewed as a white school geared to the enhancement of white people," says Jeff. "A few choice black people have been able to go there. The average black student in Louisville goes to Kentucky State, or maybe to Western or Eastern."

The institutions in America—and in Louisville—are controlled by a coalition of religious-political power-bases, which, over the years, has developed structures to perpetuate itself, its goals, and its own values, says Jeff—all to the exclusion of the black man.

"I think that black people must go through the same kind of evolutionary development that the Jews, the Protestants, and the Catholics have gone through. If you look at them, they are cultural and nationalistic groups that have been separatist by nature, with some cultural unity between these three groups, the Protestants in the majority. They have federated . . . and education is all about perpetuating their very existence . . . People talk about separation of church and state—it's bullshit—there has never been any such separation. The three religious groups are political entities within themselves . . . Outside of their own ethos they have developed a federation which has the right to do anything, and that is the United States, with its defense budget, and the whole bit. The problem is that black people have helped develop the system, but have never been a part of it . . . We've always been begging that system: 'Please let us in . . . When are you going to do right by us?' The answer is 'Never, man!'"

"We just gotta have our own," says Jeff. "You can call it what you want . . . but until such time as we control the educational institution, that instrument which gives us 85 per cent of the emotional content—patriotism, if you will—about us

and our struggles, and our goals, and where we're going, then the white campus will always be in the kind of struggle that it's in. The black student will always be bitchin', dissatisfied and hostile, as he is now."

Jeff recommends the black college or university as a large part of the solution to the black man's situation. He received his undergraduate degree from Xavier University in New Orleans and received his master of social work degree from Atlanta University—both Negro schools.

"There has to be an educational complex so that people from all over the country come to Louisville, Ky." And about 20 per cent of the black students, he said, would stay in Louisville. As it is, there isn't much to attract young blacks to Louisville, and a lot to draw them elsewhere — other cities keep discovering large numbers of educated young blacks "with a whole cultural view about who we are and where we are going . . . emanating from the black colleges."

"In my opinion," said Jeff, "the most drastic mistake ever made in Louisville, at least for the black community, was the disappearance of the Louisville Municipal College." The school, in what is now known as the Manly Area of Louisville, was a publicly supported segregated facility which for many years served as the black counterpart to U. of L.'s College of Arts and Sciences. In the early fifties it was dissolved—most of the students and a few of the faculty integrating into U. of L.

In Louisville there "really isn't a concerted black thing happening," primarily because, Jeff thinks, this is a city made up of "hometown folks." The leaders of the various movements, organizations, and agencies around town are almost exclusively Louisvillians.

Jeff sees a clear relationship between the campus and the community. "The black community has to get to a point that it says to U. of L. that you come forth with a relevant program for black students, because those black students will



feed back into our black community and they will need the tools that are necessary to deal with the realities that we black people must deal with every day."

"The federated white community has excluded, damn near completely, the black community. If the black community is going to be included, the white community is going to have to do something about it. I believe strongly in compensatory programs, and if you want to call it reparations, I believe in reparations. The answer is simple. Either we come forth with compensatory programming initiated by those who have benefited by the system, or blacks are going to initiate it . . . and then you lose the power of control."

The Black Student Union made the first move of this sort in Louisville last year—but the results don't much please Jeff. "It's Jim Crowism. That's the same old bag that black people have been going through for years, you know. We come up with the programs and then whites take it and make money off it. The university has taken their (the BSU) program and put the guys out who wrote it. They won't let (Robert) Martin or Blaine (Hudson) back in, and they played a helluva role in the reforming—that's all it was—it wasn't a revolutionary project, it was simply a reform project . . . despite what they may have said themselves."

Jeff views the BSU building take-over in the same proportion as the early civil-rights agitation. "That was a non-violent demonstration, and to me it was no different than walking into Woolworths in 1960—they said it was against the law to do so then. But the public relations used said that here are the students, doing what they did in Cornell, walking in with guns, and they were treated as though they were Cornell students. They were never treated for the acts that they performed."

According to Jeff, the administration "dictated" the tactics of the BSU. "Frequently in achieving goals, particularly as they relate to changing structures, the tactics do not usually come from you . . . they are dictated by that structure." When the

BSU presented their program in March—and Jeff emphasized that it was a very specific and well-defined program, not a set of threatening or vague "demands"—"the administration could have taken that program and in good faith implemented that program. . . . They tried to give the impression that they were doing something, but in the final analysis, they never did come forth."

Jeff doesn't have criticism for the administration alone. The BSU has made its mistakes. He listed two major ones: poor planning and tactics, and lack of community support. "After they presented their program they said to the administration that if you don't do something we are going to have thousands of people here from the community at such and such a date to make demands. That was a real mistake. What you are dealing with, and I think the black community has to deal with, is an abstract kind of invisible power—spiritual if you may. They could have used the assumed power that they had."

"But the real reason that they didn't come through was that they did not have the community support. They tried to treat the black community as they treated the administration, which was a very bad tactical mistake." He says that the established leaders who would have liked to help them were not consulted until late, and when they were, they were "treated like Strickler. After all, the students were really at the mercy of the community, I suppose."

He has some concrete "advice" to both the administration and the BSU. The problem, as he sees it, is that the BSU has "a helluva lot of program, but they don't have anyone in there to help them implement their program. Even with (Black Affairs Coordinator) Stafford in there, they still need someone. The more I read his material, the more I see an alignment with the administration . . . He views himself as an administrator . . . and I still don't see anyone advocating for the student."

Jeff proposes that the administration hire

another individual—an "executive director for black student affairs" to be an advocate of black-student proposals. "Many times," he said, "the students were pitching a bitch about things because of their own inadequacies. They just didn't have the time to do the things they needed to do, in many instances they didn't have the support. When it came down to failings, many times the administration was used as the reason why it failed." Jeff says black students need someone to negotiate for them, someone who can talk "man-to-man" instead of in an "authoritative-subordinate" relationship.

What if the administration says they don't have the money? "Bullshit," replies Jeff. "If they can pay my man (Stafford) \$22,000 for that job—and I understand that's what he gets—they can pay some guy 10 or 12 thousand . . ."

To the black students Jeff offers two points: "Be in touch with the black community, because if they're going to call on the black community for support, they damn well better let them know what's happening prior to it."

Second, U of L black students must "simply join hands—make a concerted effort to begin to have some dialogue with one another—to get away from the bit of criticizing another cat for his own realities."

"The University cannot afford not to have black students on campus, and that's the power that we have." □

It's alright, ma it's only clover

"Whut're Ya Dewin'?"

I was sitting on the lawn behind the Catskill Mountain home of my Art Students League instructor, slightly away from the action of the party, being 17, in a blue funk, waiting for the promised arrival of my love, our folk hero, the protest poet idol and . . .

"Makin' a bumblebee clover necklace."

And my eyes leaned out a bit to two pointy, dusty black-leather skinny boots, up two skinny black-pantslegs, got hung up on the zipper pocket of a dirty black-leather jacket, 'cause I knew it was Him, but I couldn't look, cause if I should look He'd know I was 17 and like a million other teeny-boppers who loved Him, and besides, I couldn't control my eyelids.

"Could ah havvit?"

"Well . . ." I looked *right at Him*, sputtering. "It's pretty expensive," I actually said. His nose was kinda strange, round a little, and red. He smiled right at me. His teeth were mouldy.

"How much izzit?"

"Uh — fivethousanddollars." I felt stupid.

"Hit's pritty steep, but ah think ah kin handle it."

His eyes kept almost closing. He kinda leaned back on his crazy big heels, looking like he was strung up—or out. I kept looking up at his nose; he didn't notice. Finally I was on my feet, almost eye level with him—he was short. I tied the last flower onto the necklace, closed the ends and placed it over his head.

"Thanks." He couldn't pay me right now, but he'd write me an IOU. I tried hard not to trip over myself rushing to collect a pen, some ink, and my little tiny "I-have-no-confidence" sketch pad. He was waiting.

He scratched out something fast and strode high, sort of rocking, back to his wine and two "bodyguard" buddies named Victor and somebody, who couldn't have guarded anyone, they were so wasted. I watched him for a while, feeling slightly older now. I looked down at the note: "PAID WHEN CAUGHT."

The message inside was upside down. I turned it around, shaking.

IOU
five thousand
bumble string
of necks
for the kind
dollars you
have strung
together for me —
See you in
art class
wearing it all
the timely yours,
Bob Dylan

He never came to art class, but for several mornings after that I saw him speed by the Woodstock village green on his motorcycle. The first time I yelled, "Hey — where's my bumble strings?" He didn't even notice, and after that I just watched him go fast up the mountain and out of sight. □

IOU
five thousand
bumble string
of necks
for the kind
dollars you
have strung
together for me —
See you in
art class
wearing it all
the timely yours,
Bob Dylan

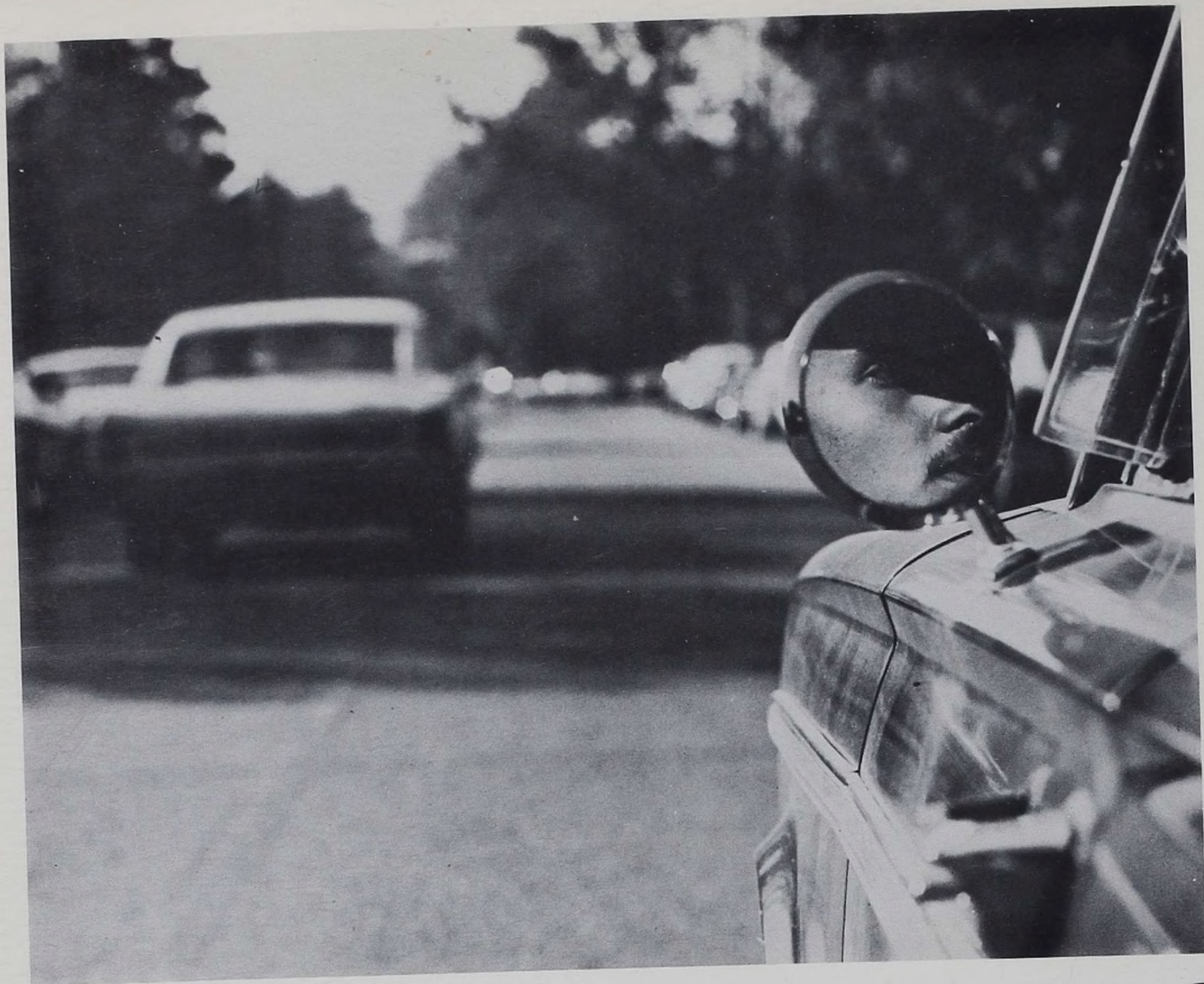
The "streetcar college" may have changed to the "expressway college" in Louisville, but the point is still the same. Commuters still comprise nearly 70 percent of the student body at U. of L. The triumph of the auto-society has produced some nerve-gnawing problems that the old streetcar riders never even dreamed of. A photo story by Bill Renda.

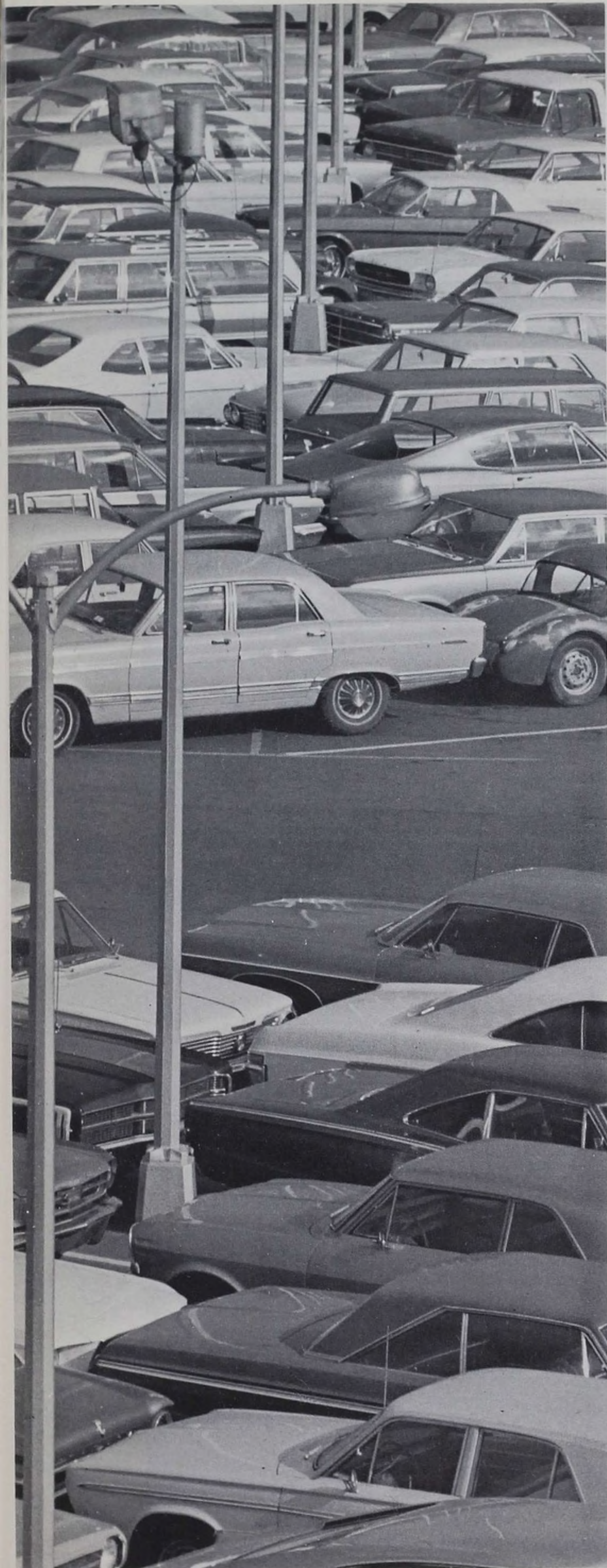
The auto-manic commuter routine













**An Open Letter to
Florence Nightingale
Somewhere In the Crimea**

the children
are still
crying
here
in London

— Chet Bell

near she was

near she was and
her it was I touched — and
if there any justice was
in this world (which of course
there is not) guitars for her
intricate patterns would sing —
to me opened she, and
no rose to sun ever fuller
opened than she to me did — and
if there any freedom was
in this world (which of course
there cannot be) suns for her
regrets would bleach and
shadows cast apart —
she gave me tears, shining
blue glass droplets from
her cheeks, she taught me scorn
was not enough but enough
to keep a soul alive — and
if could survive any love
in this world (which of course
i dare not say) the moon
does she carry in her pocket
a trinket for her laughter, a feast
for her wise eyes, to me
the music of her opening — and
if there any meaning was
in this world (which of course
pretend we do) mine
to me she gave

— John Filiatreau

poem at 5:30 a.m.

I

we spent all night entreating
a solitary second to freeze itself
now we laugh we got trapped in
eternity

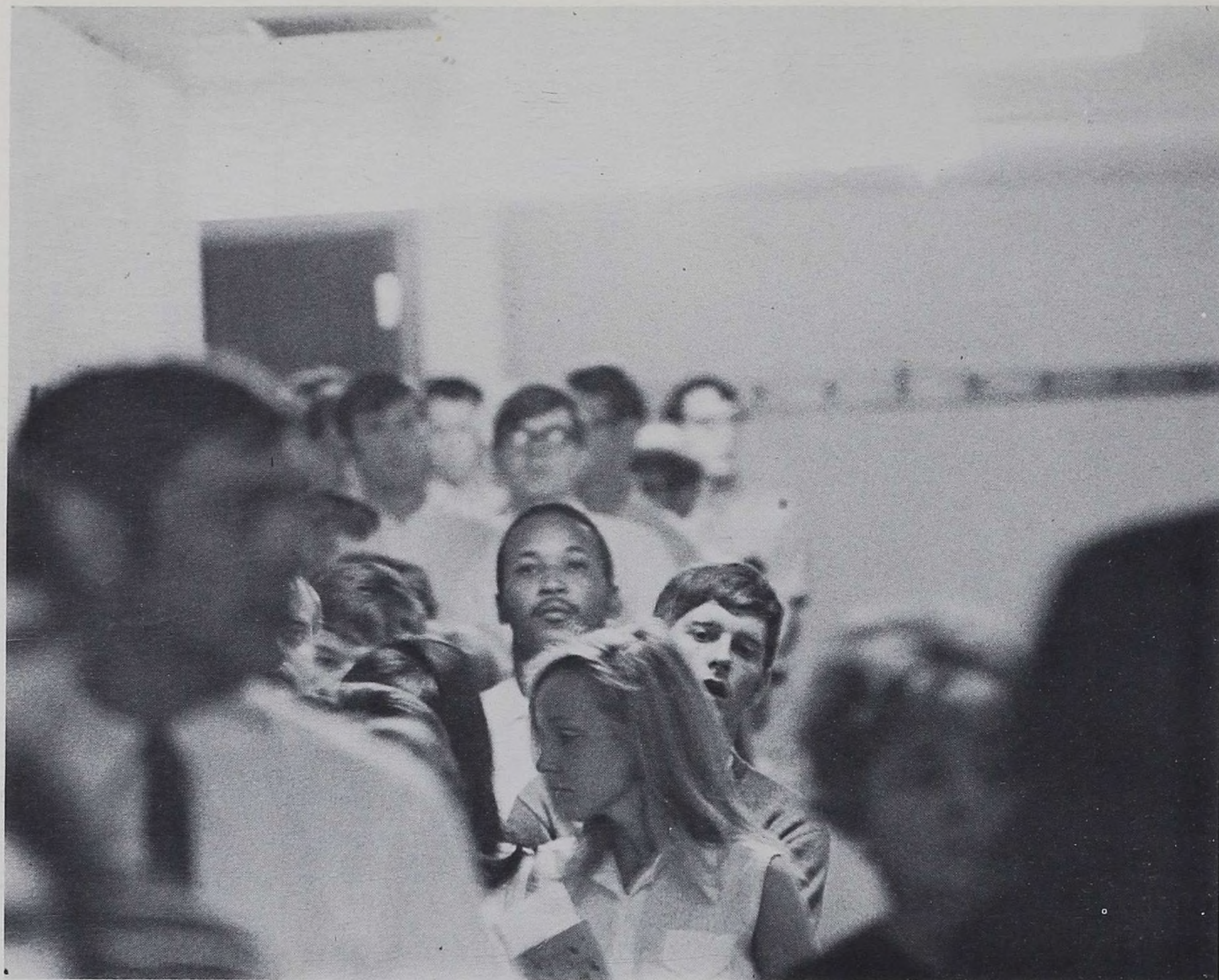
II

I smoke a cigarette
sending voids of thought
climbing at the sky
into the sky
there is no such
thing as sky

III

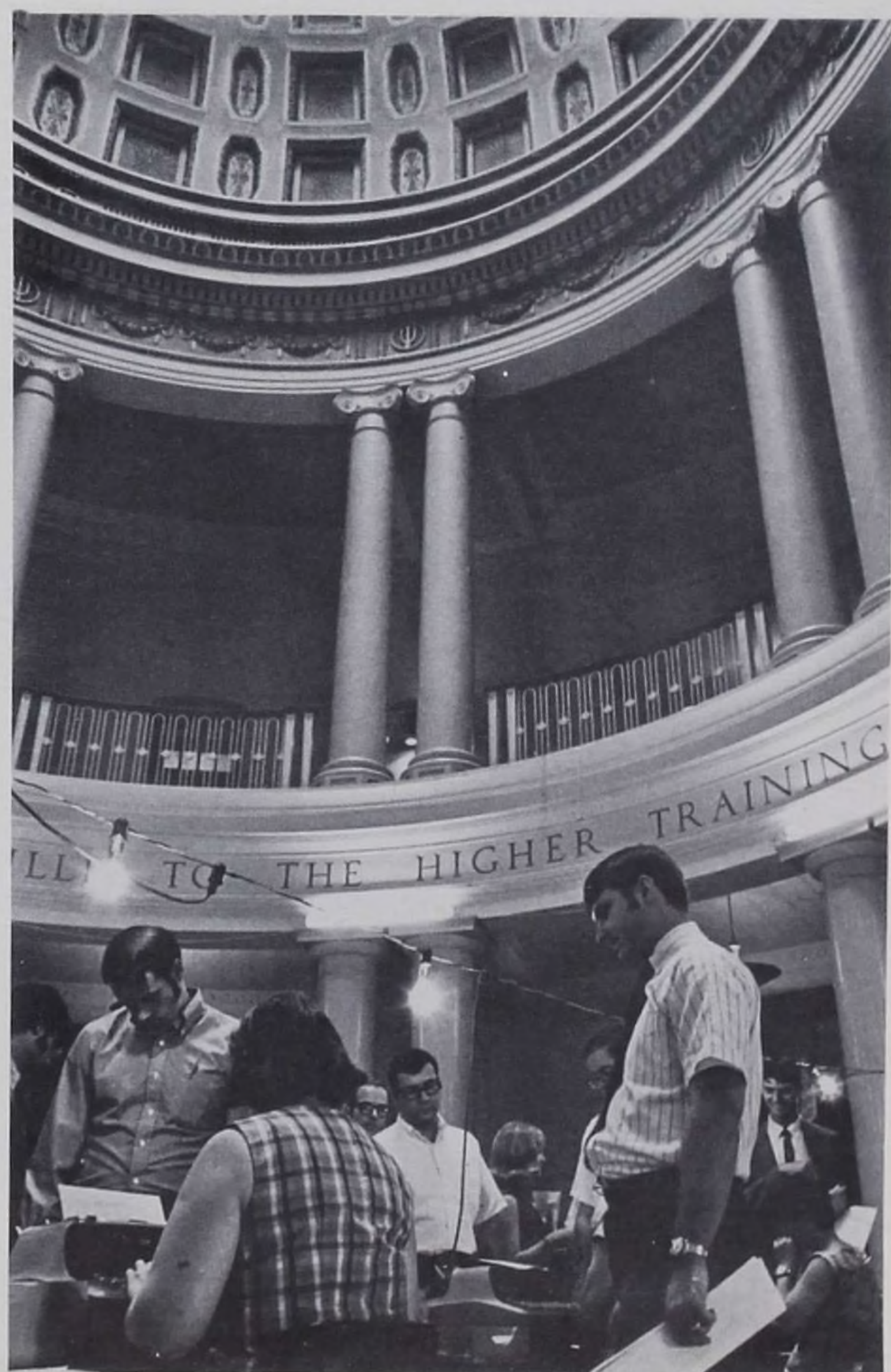
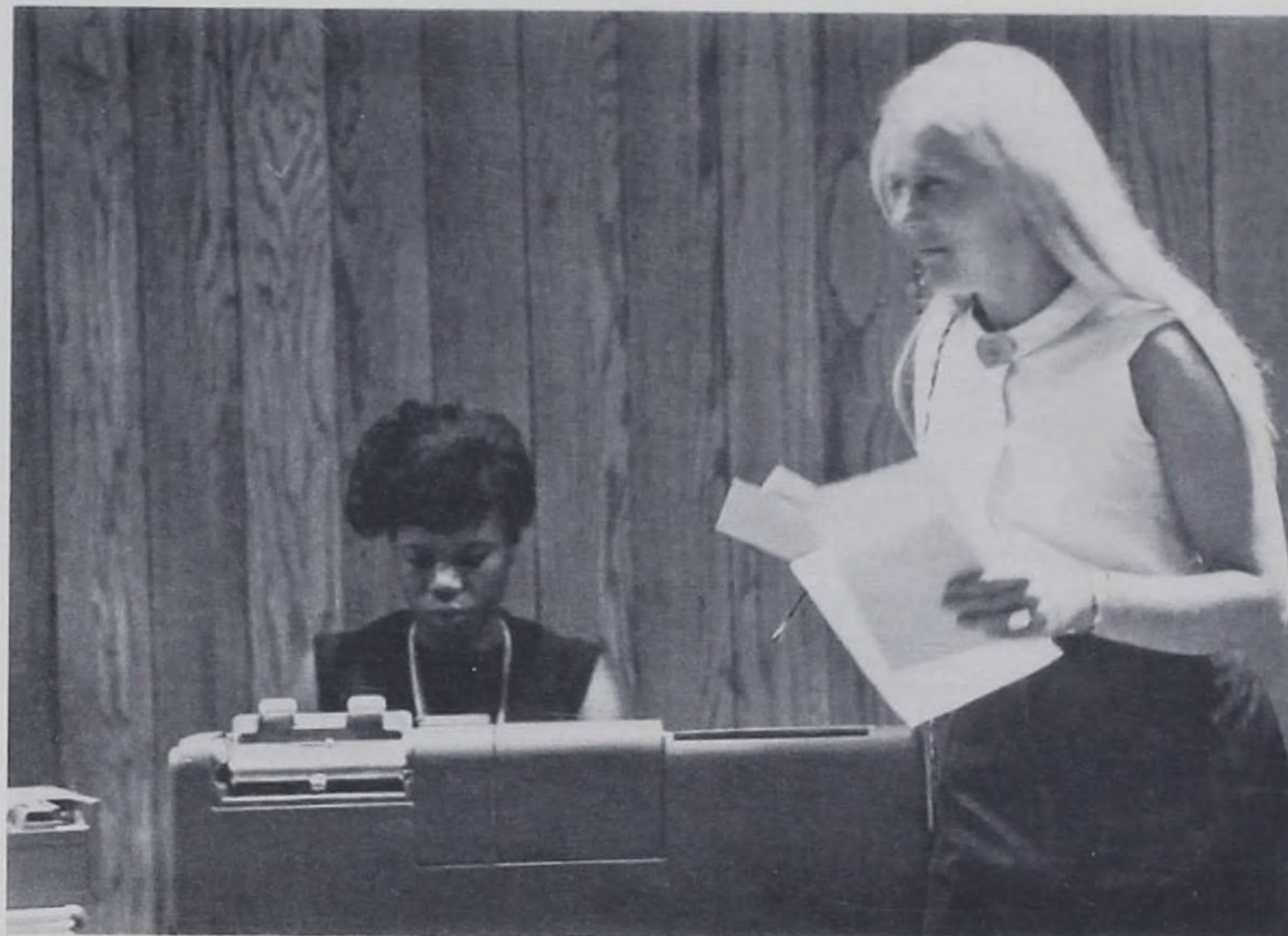
beneath your eyes sleep
like a wind heard in
darkness
moves toward morning

— Dan Rifenburgh



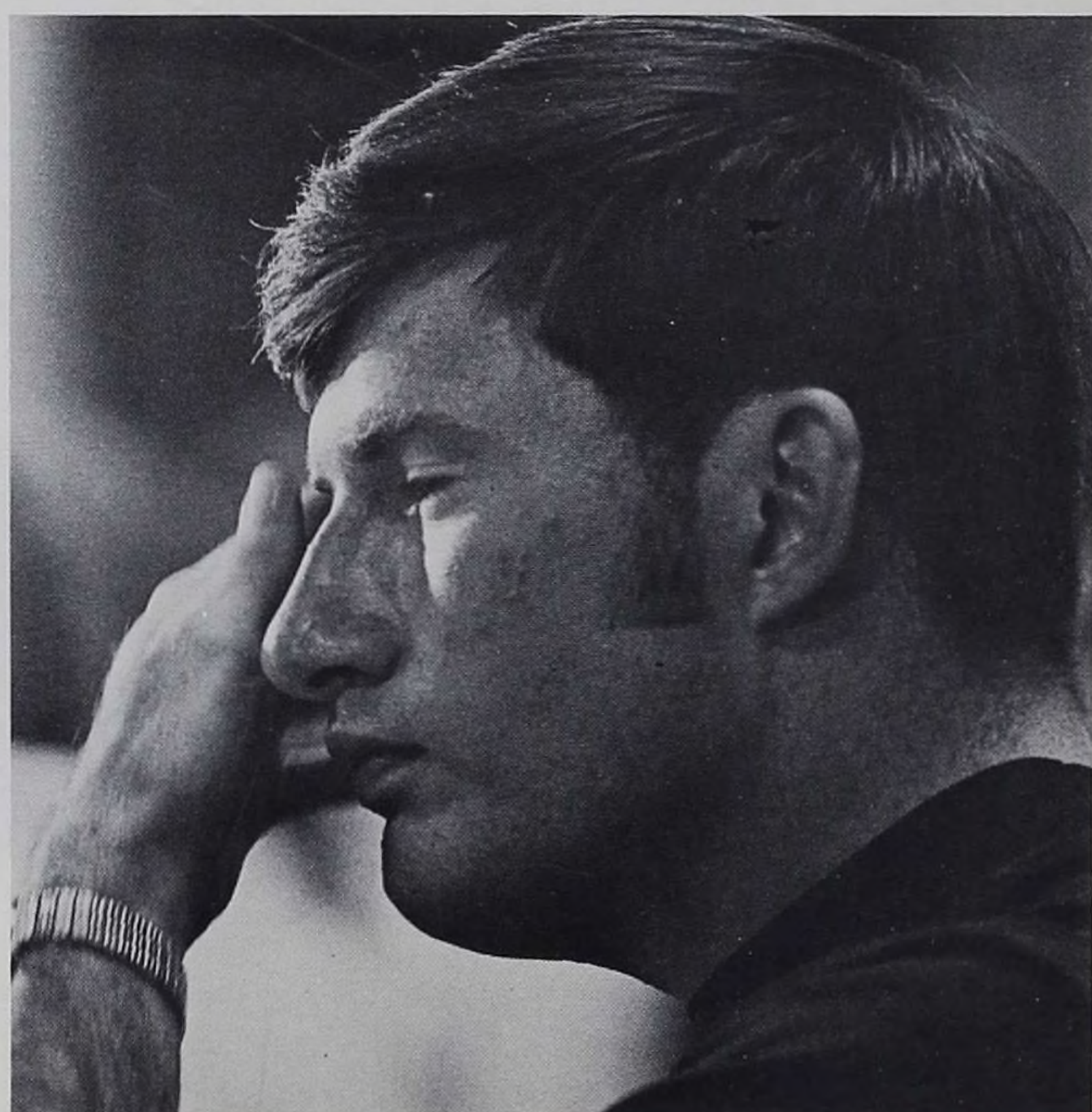
Registration ...

Shuffling from table to table and line to line, the tedium that marks registration at the University of Louisville, is a necessary evil. This shuffling plots the course that will become the next scholastic semester. It is the beginning; this is where it all starts. Registration in the words of the carnival barker, "You pays your money and you takes your chance."





...shuffle





The immediate result of registration, of waiting in interminable lines, and shuffling from table to table is fatigue. The reality is that the guidelines for the next few months have been laid. But the fatigue is now.



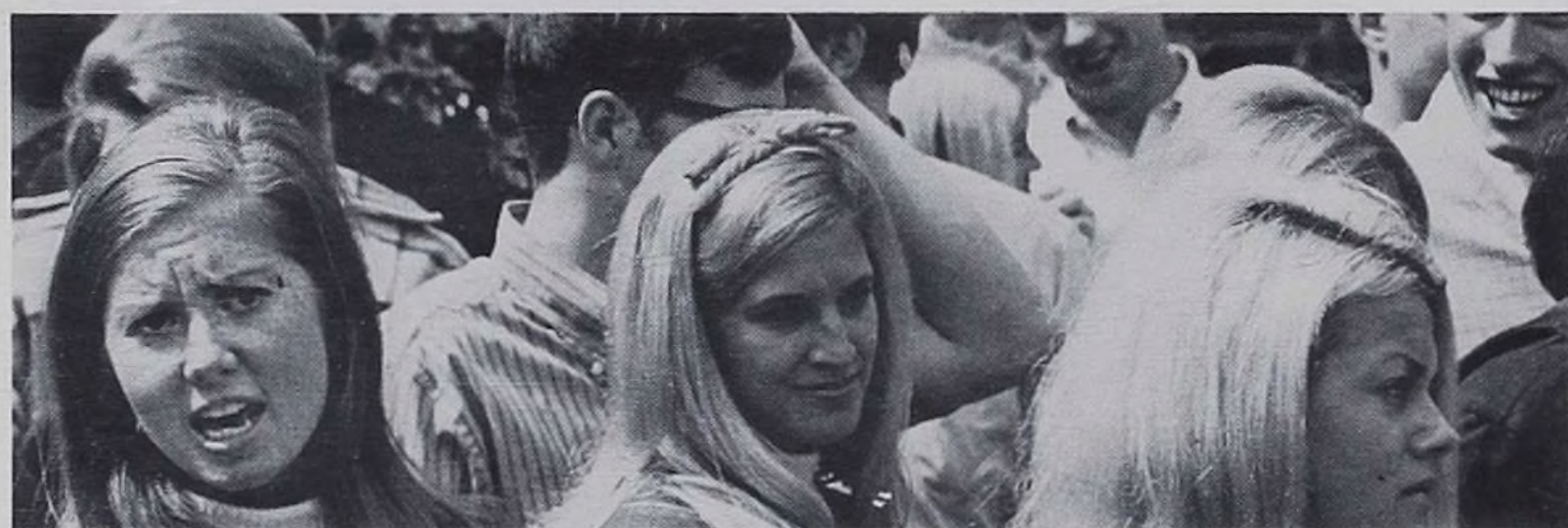
Between times



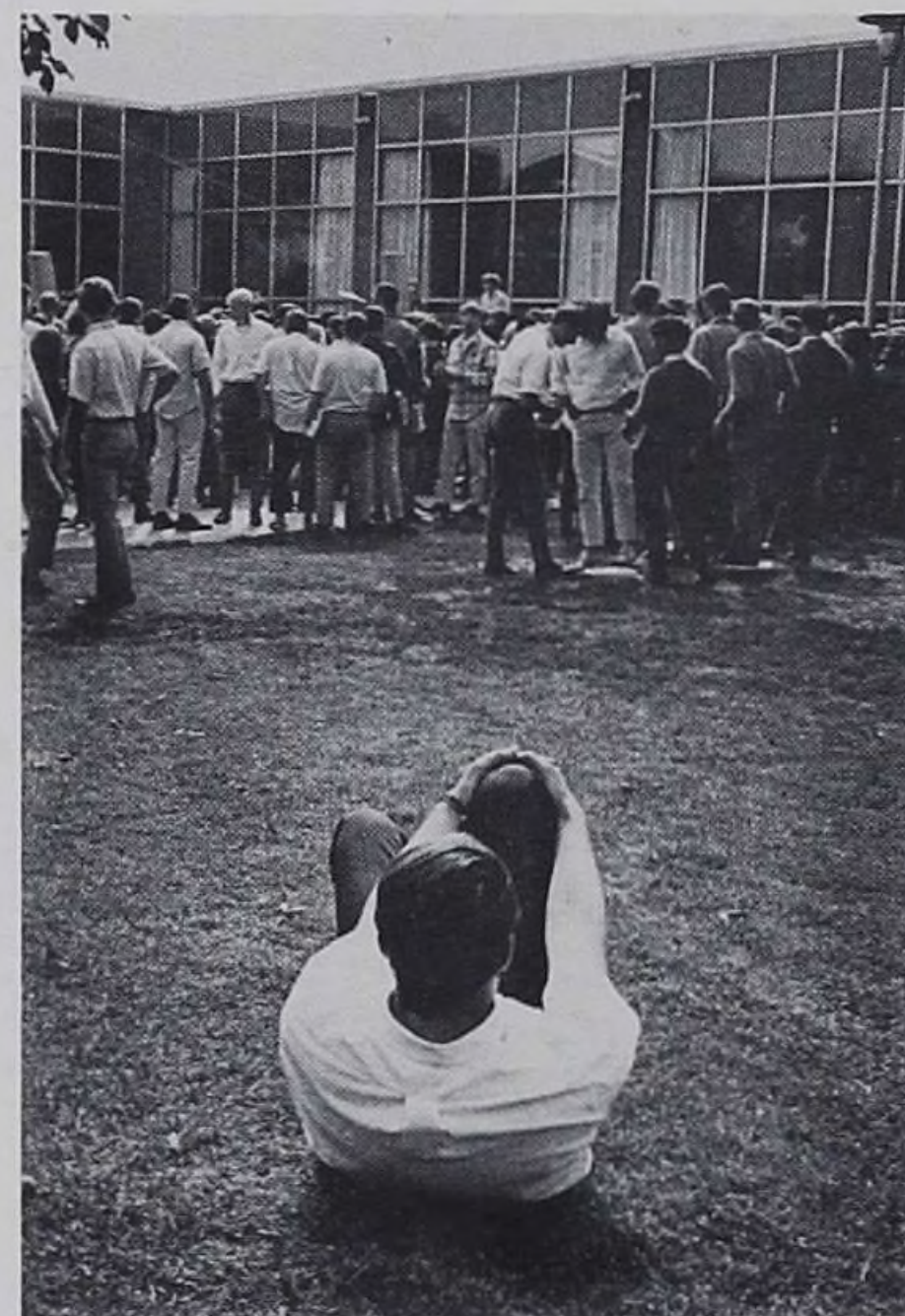
Student protestors of the War in Vietnam got an early start this year when someone planted a sign and crosses in the quadrangle.



The School of Music vacated its stately home at Gardencourt this past month. Its move was to the Kentucky Southern Campus, acquired by U of L in June. The Urban Studies Center is now occupying the second floor of the mansion and the first floor is used for faculty and conference centers.



U. of L. football fans kicked off the season by initiating the "Give a Damn" Week, a series of events designed to arouse student interest for support of the team. A jam session outside the UC Building drew a crowd.



As part of the festivities of the "Give a Damn" Week at U of L Bobbi Lyddy was elected Miss Student Body. The contest, sponsored by the Tri-Dorm Council and Delta Upsilon fraternity, drew over a dozen entrees.

Credits

PHOTOGRAPHS: 8-11 — Gavin Whitsett; 13 — Tim Franklin; 14-15 — Barb Cunningham; 16 — Ken Strothman; 20, 22, 23 — Mike Koepper; 21 (top) — Peter Schuyten, (bottom) — Koepper; 24 (top) — Skip McNeil, (bottom) — Koepper; 25 — Nick DeMartino; 18-19, 26-28 — John Beckman; 29 (all but lower l.) — McNeil, (lower l.) — Beckman; 30 — (top) Beckman, (bottom) McNeil; 31 (top l.) McNeil, (others) Beckman; 38-41 — Beckman; 43 — University of Louisville Photographic Archives; 46-47 — Beckman; 48, 51, 53-57 — Bill Renda; 60-64 — Beckman.

ILLUSTRATIONS: 2 — John Michael Carter; 32 — Barbara Cunningham; 35, 37 — Chet Bell; 58 — Bobbi Watson.



Thoroughbred

Magazine

2



Special feature

Aaron Siskind 16 Ron Morris

Articles

Power in transition:		
The U of L Trustees in 1970	2	Nick DeMartino
Confessions of a stooge		
What a young person can learn from politics	22	Tom Lyons
Making it — in Europe	24	Michael Moore
Report from Gold Mountain	32	David Orr
The case for irrelevant art	34	Cathy Sutton
Posted: apartment-hunting students beware	42	Marcia Mann
Can U. S. movies move us?		
It's just a matter of coming together	64	Wayne Stengel

Photo-essays

Campus ritual orgy 1969	6	John Beckman
The real bench-warmers	12	Skip McNeil
Moratorium	26	
Dorm life is:	36	Bill Renda
What is college theater?	53	Gavin Whitsett
Learning to teach	59	Phil Cathcart

Creative writing

Flirtation, A poem		Adair Prewitt
(Untitled), A poem	44	Tom Brady
the god, A poem		Joan Green
(Untitled), A poem	45	Henry Plamp
Why the Seas are Blue, A play	46	Mark Milliner

Departments

Editor's note	1
Between times	69
The Record	72

Credits

PHOTOGRAPHS: 3 — Philip Cathcart; 7-11 — John Beckman; 12-15 — Skip McNeil; 23 — Bill Renda; 27-28 (bot. ctr.) — Willie Barham, Jr., (others) Beckman; 29-30 (low. l.) William W. Clark; (mid. l.) Beckman; (low. ctr.) Michael Koenig, (others) Michael Koepper; 33 — Ken Strothman; 36-41 — Renda; 42-43 Koenig; 53-58 — Gavin C. Whitsett; 59-63 — Cathcart; 67 (top) — Beckman, (bot.) — Jebb Harris; 68-69 — Beckman; 70 (top l.) — Koenig, (others) Beckman; 71 (top r.) Paul Carlisle, (bot.) Beckman; 72-73 — Strothman.
ILLUSTRATIONS: 24-25 — Jeri Spadie; 26, 31, 46, 48-49, 51 — Barbara Cunningham.



Orgy

p. 6



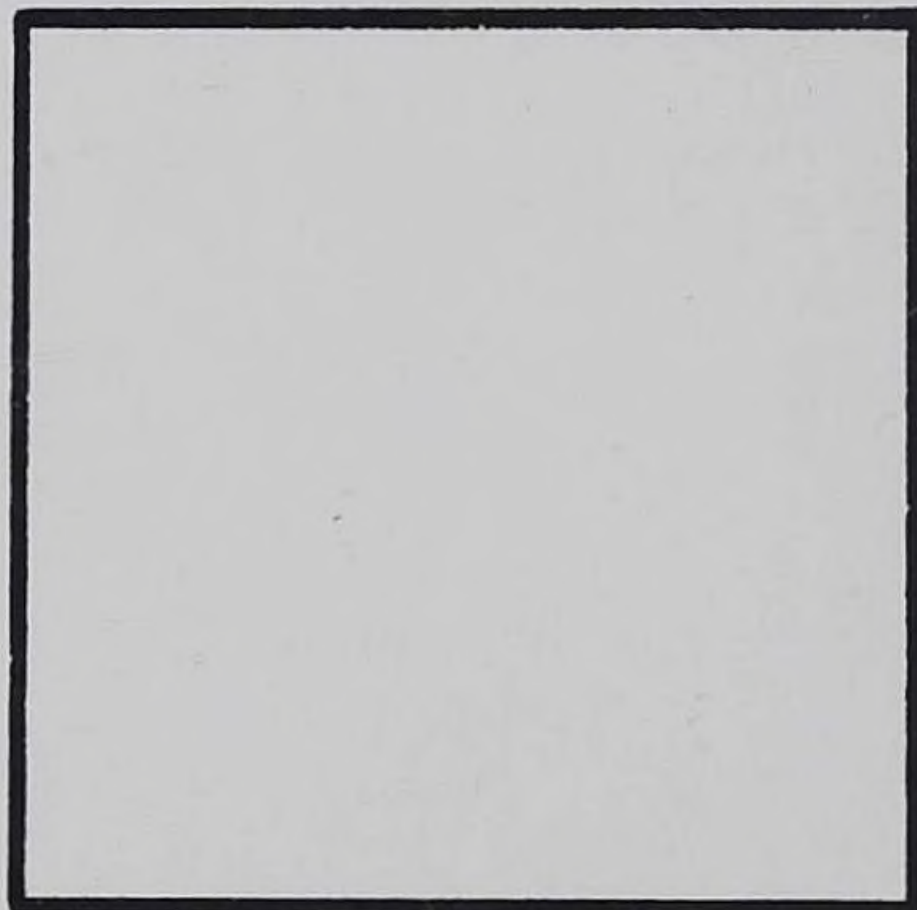
Siskind

p. 16



Moratorium

p. 26



Relevance

p. 32-35

Staff

Editor	Nick DeMartino
Managing Editor	Tom Lyons
Articles Editor	Gary Mullinax
Photography Editor	Ron Morris
Art Director	Barbara Cunningham
Literary Editor	Marcia Mann
Photography Director	John Beckman
Staff Editor	Rick Kaestner
Contributing Editors	Cathy Sutton Michael Moore Carolyn Yetter
Business Manager	Mary Miller
Assistant Literary Editor	Dan Rifenburg
Assistant Art Director	Mike Koenig
Photographers	Gavin Whitsett Skip McNeil Ken Strothman Bill Renda
Editorial Assistants	Paul Carlise Emily Dillon Ellen Harrington Robert Keller Steve Kirk Ronnie McKulick Patsy Speevack
Research Assistants	Glenn Bossmeyer Barbara Bouser Chris Detzel Greg Ellenkamp Christie Maloney Lewis Rowe Missy Smith
Faculty advisor	Robert Doherty
Administrative advisor	Warren Jones
Design consultant	Julius Friedman Nathan Felde — Images

Editor's note

With this issue, a little belated, the *Thoroughbred Magazine* is initiating a new feature. **The Record**, which appears on pages 72-73, is a photographic documentation of some of the leaders on this campus. Early in the semester we sent out comprehensive questionnaires to all registered campus groups. We are now in the process of photographing the officers of these groups who responded to our questionnaires. Each month different kinds of organizations will be featured, until we have covered everyone on our list.

We regret that we cannot include everyone in the pictures. We feel, however, that space and design requirements force us to limit the documentation to officers only. Some groups who didn't return the questionnaires may complain about exclusion. Of course, some will not be able to make our photographer's schedule (as with the case of Phi Kappa Tau Fraternity, this issue).

All in all, we feel that **The Record** is a way to augment our picture-features, to expand our service, and to provide a useful reference tool for future years. As usual, we hope that our readers will respond by sending in their opinions, pro and con.

We had originally intended to use this space for letters to the editor. We got only three notes (all favorable), two from administrators, one unsigned. We also received many personal expressions of support, which are a little difficult to print. Hopefully in the future enough of our supporters — and detractors — will be sufficiently moved to make a letters column worthwhile.

The *Thoroughbred Magazine* is an official student publication of the University of Louisville, Belknap Campus, Louisville, Kentucky 40208. The work in this magazine represents the views of the staff and not that of the University. All inquiries, contributions, and communications should be sent to the Editor at the above address.

© *Thoroughbred Magazine* 1970

Power in transition: The U of L

The source of power at U of L now is the Board of Trustees, local, conservatively inclined civic leaders. Their role has

The headlines out of Frankfort in January said that the Governor was allotting the University of Louisville a skimpy two million dollars more in state money this biennium. So the fight began behind the scenes to get more money for the state's newest and most impoverished university.

Whatever the outcome for the short-term, the long-term results of U of L's entry into the state system of higher education won't really be certain for a while.

Central to U of L's future picture is the role of the Board of Trustees, the governing body of the University. This article is an attempt to describe the people and the powers that control U of L, and to explore some of the alternatives that may result from state affiliation, the most fundamental power shift that has ever been instituted at this University.

When (or if) the University officially becomes a fully funded state school, the composition and source of the Board will change, the tuition and faculty salaries will be altered (eventually, if not immediately) and the orientation of the University will be toward Frankfort, not Sixth and Jefferson Streets.

What affect all of this will have on the character and power of the University is hard to predict. But a tradition which has been building for over 100 years will be severed in July. Whether or not the working parts of the old machine will still function as they have is a matter of speculation.

A look at what has made the Board what it is may give us some clues as to whether or not the University's basic power structures will be affected by the forthcoming changes.

Certainly, U of L is a very "local" type university. It prides itself on being "the oldest municipal university in America," even though only a tenth of the annual budget comes from local sources. Eighty percent of the enrollment comes from Jefferson County, most of which stays in the state after graduation.

The Board itself is appointed by the Mayor and approved by the Board of Aldermen. By law they must be residents of Jefferson County. And, in the past, Trustees have been a part of the Louisville power oligarchy which runs the city. Although intensely partisan in elections, the "River Road crowd" runs the city on a bi-partisan basis, just like similar groups do around the country.

These Trustees tend to travel in the same social and business circles, they read the same newspapers, conduct business with each other, hear the same cocktail-party gossip, belong to the same clubs.

This is quite different than most universities, where the trustees may not know each other, and seldom live in the same city — certainly not the city in which the university is located.

The Trustees are the dominant power on this campus. Legally, the Trustees are the University. They were given absolute governing power by the Commonwealth of Kentucky in 1846, with specific rules setting down their rights and responsibilities. The charter has been amended since, and will be scrapped with the new legislation this year that will make U of L a state school.

In reality the ten laymen on the Board delegate to others the authority to operate the University. Traditionally, the faculty has been given authority over grades, admissions, curricula, tenure and academic personnel. Until recently, when students began to beg for a crust of the pie, the administration took care of all the rest.

But all decisions are subject to the approval of the Board. At many universities the university uses the board as a prestige bauble to wealthy donors. The rubber-stamp, ceremonial group — numbering as many as 100 members — meets once or twice a year and the real work is left to a Board committee or the administration. At other universities the faculty has gained enough power to make command decisions that carry much more weight than faculty recommendations do here (Harvard, for instance). At many state schools the university and the administration created to operate it has grown so massive that Trustees must put all their faith in the remote administrative decision.

At U of L the Trustees are still close enough to the campus to exert tangible influence. They don't know what goes on within the classrooms and committee meetings, but they do know more about what happens at the school which is in the same town where they live and work. And when something goes wrong out at Belknap Campus, the Trustees get deluged by phone calls from their "constituents."

Part of the U of L Trustees' power comes from the fact that nobody else is successfully demanding a share of power. Certainly the students have launched only a minimum of "student power" activity, especially compared to the more activist schools like Wisconsin, Berkeley, etc. And the faculty here, slower to become highly "professionalized" than their colleagues around the country, have not had many common causes around which to unite. The "publish or perish" dictum (which is gaining ground rapidly here, especially among

The Trustees, opposite page: (top, l. to r.) John Tarrant, Baylor Landrum, Woodford Porter, Archibald Cochran, Financial Vice-President Norbert Elbert, and President Woodrow Strickler; (second from top, l. to r.) Eli Brown III, Adele Brandeis, Edwin Middleton; (bottom r. corner, l. to r.) Middleton, Tarrant, Landrum, Porter; (l. ctr.) Cochran; (bottom l. ctr.) Charles Farnsley.

Trustees in 1970

been unique among governing boards, and, like the campus they govern, will change with the new relationship to the state.

younger faculty members) drives a teacher farther from the goals of the classroom as it moves him closer to the goals and standards of the professional scholar.

But professionalization has led to more "faculty power," because professors are seeking goals which are not always consistent with the goals of the administration and trustees. As faculty salaries are raised, more "professionalized" faculty members will be attracted.

The administration at U of L is tiny for a university. The school has been financially uncertain for so many years that it has operated on a shoestring administrative budget. Where the large university typically hires a battalion of vice presidents, U of L has two. While other universities are run by huge legions of educational bureaucrats, U of L makes it with a handful of top VPs, deans and directors who report directly to the President, who reports directly and almost daily to the Chairman of the Trustees. There is no administrative bureaucracy yet entrenched to seek its own separate goals at U of L.

The U of L Trustees increase their exposure to the campus because of their extraordinarily large number of meetings. They meet regularly every month, and those regular meetings alone are three times the national average.¹ That doesn't even include the frequent special meetings called because the Trustees all live within a quick drive to the campus. The Trustees meet not only for major emergencies like a building take-over or for state affiliation, but whenever they or the President feels their judgment is needed.

Frequent meetings mean that continuing subjects that take a long time to hash out can be brought up again and again until adjudicated.

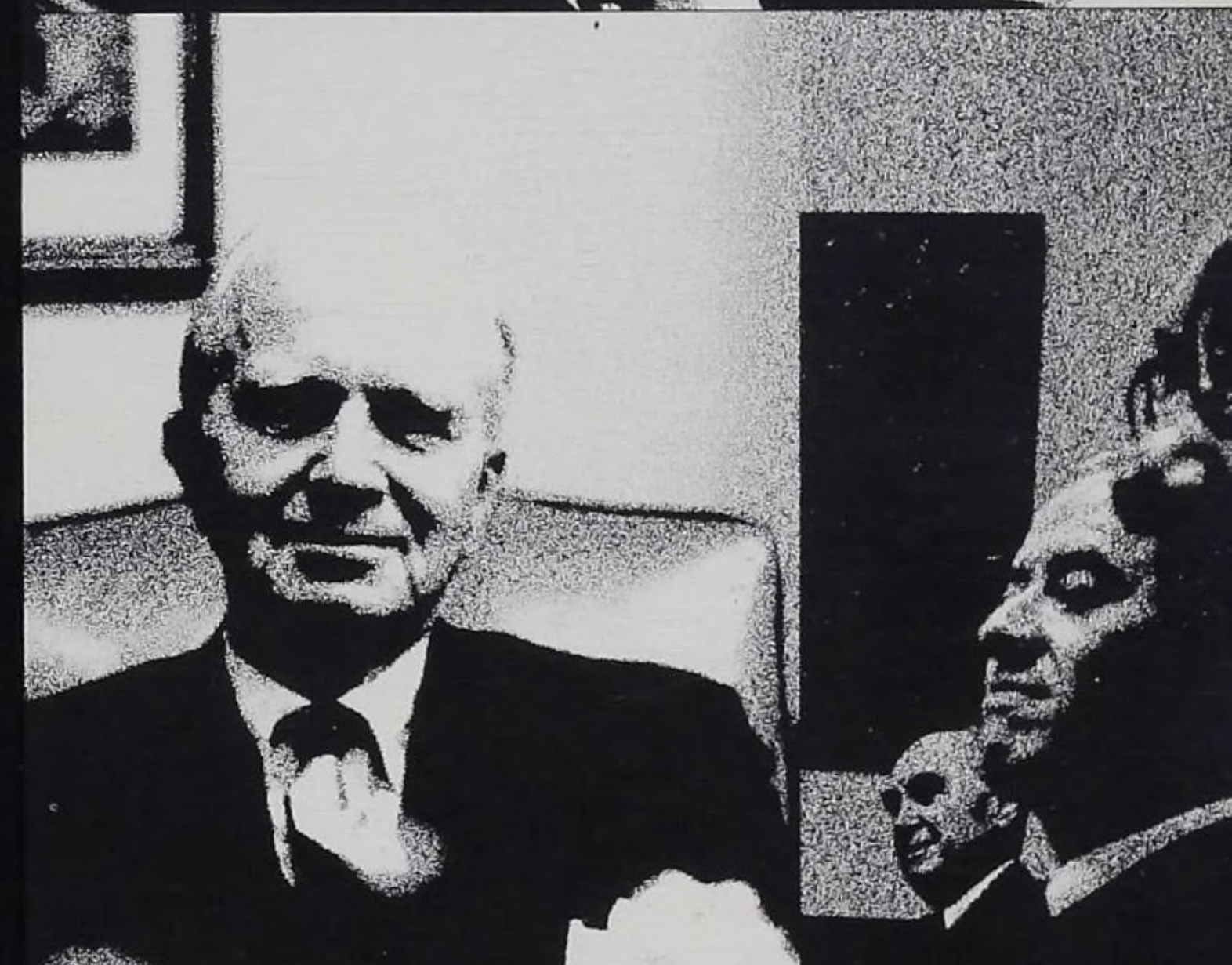
The U of L Board of Trustees is a conservative body, as well as being local and powerful. Nationally, boards are generally composed of the most conservative elements in the society — businessmen, bankers, lawyers, professional men.² U of L's Board is no different.

"The Board is more conservative in outlook than either the student body or the faculty," says Trustee Eli Brown III. "The office of Trustee at U of L has been considered a reward for service performed in business, in government, in the professions, as the culminating point of a career."

And a quick glance at the ten current Trustees will confirm the conservative image. Excluding two Trustees who will step down in March and one newly appointed member who has yet to

¹Rodney T. Hartnett, *College and University Trustees: Their Backgrounds, Roles, and Educational Attitudes* (Princeton, N. J.: Educational Testing Service, 1969).

²Ibid.



participate much, the current Board includes three corporation lawyers, a bank president, a retired industrialist, an insurance broker and a Negro mortician.

As a group they conform to the national prototype: male in their 50s (the median age at U of L is a little older: 65), white, wealthy, Protestant, politically moderate in their own estimation. "They occupy prestige occupations, frequently in medicine, law and education, but more often as business executives. As a group, they personify 'success' in the usual American sense of that word."³

Here is a brief sketch of the Board: **Adele Brandeis** and **Dr. Oscar O. Miller** will both end their second 10-year terms in March. Miss Brandeis, 84-year-old niece of the late U. S. Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis of Louisville, is a Democrat, an editorial writer for *The Courier-Journal*, and has a Jewish heritage. Dr. Miller, who hasn't attended a meeting in a year because of illness, was a well-known chest surgeon and one of the founders of the Waverly Hills Tuberculosis Hospital when he was appointed.

Baylor Landrum Jr. and **Archibald P. Cochran** were the first appointments of newly elected Republican William O. Cowger in 1962. During the eight-year GOP period, all but one of the confirmed appointments were Republicans.

Cochran is Chairman of the Board, a position he must feel comfortable in, since he is the Board's only cliché industrialist. He made his money by building his own firm, Cochran Foil, selling it to Anaconda Aluminum, and becoming President, later Board Chairman there. He retired in 1964 and became very active in civic affairs. He is currently chairman of the Riverfront Commission, the Medical Center Board, and serves on the board of the First National Bank, the Kentucky Trust Co., the First Kentucky Co., Louisville Cement Co., and Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.

"If you do well," says Cochran, "you owe it to me to give something back." He says he enjoys giving now, "and I enjoy making money, I think it's fun."

Landrum, 51, just finished up a term as president of the Louisville Area Chamber of Commerce. His firm, Vaughn and Landrum, handles general insurance. He was vice Chairman of the Board until last year, so he's been very active for U of L. He is a Republican, the 1969 prototype of a civic booster. He serves on several civic boards. "Somebody's got to select a president," says Landrum. "How else are you going to do it other than a group of concerned, theoretically intelligent people interested in the institution?"

Edwin G. Middleton is a Big Republican, and was appointed by Cowger as such. He is Republican National Committeeman, was formerly chairman of the Jefferson County Executive Committee, is a member of the GOP State Central Committee, and a senior partner in one of the state's largest law firms. He was a delegate to the 1964 GOP convention which nominated Barry Goldwater. He is probably one of the few men in local Republican politics who has connections with all wings of the feuding state party. Middleton became Vice Chairman of the Board last year.

If Cochran is the John D. Rockefeller of local industry, then **John D. Tarrant** is the J. P. Morgan. He is senior partner of Bullitt, Dawson, and Tarrant, one of the state's biggest corporate law firms. He is a prominent Republican and a campaign contributor who was appointed by Kenneth Schmied in 1966. Tarrant refused to meet with me for an interview and answered a questionnaire by referring me to *Who's Who* for the biographical data, and making two short replies to the rest of the nine-question form. He has been a director of the Citizens Fidelity Bank, the Louisville Investment Co., Louisville Transit Co., Louisville Central Area, Norton Infirmary. One U of L administrator characterized Tarrant as "the most conservative man I've met in my entire life."

Samuel Klein, 63, is another prominent Republican appointed by Schmied, a close personal friend. Klein is Jewish and president of the Bank of Louisville. A U of L alumnus and a trustee of Bellarmine-Ursuline College, he is a director of many civic organizations like the Louisville Fund, the Salvation Army, the Kosair Hospital, as well as the Kentucky Bankers Association and the Chamber of Commerce.

Woodford Porter Sr., 50, is the first Negro Trustee, one of few in the country. He owns A. D. Porter and Sons Funeral Home. He was formerly a member of the Louisville Board of Education, a prestige non-partisan position. He is on the Jefferson Community College Board.

Porter says that his most important contribution to the U of L Board has been "giving the black community a feeling that it has a strong and fair representative on the controlling body of an institution that it supports through taxation."

Eli H. Brown III, 62, has been a Board member off and on since 1948. He has been Chairman several times, and was Acting President in 1950-51 while the Board was looking for a new president. He was the center of controversy in 1968 when his appointment to the Board was taken to court. Republican Mayor Schmied had appointed a Republican, but the Democratic Board of Aldermen chose Brown. The case was dropped last November when the Democrats swept City Hall. Brown was appointed and confirmed in December.

He is a corporation lawyer and owns extensive real estate in the city. He is a Director of Liberty National Bank and President of the Committee for Kentucky Performing Arts. He was a Visitor at Harvard Law, his alma mater.

Charles Farnsley, 62, was Louisville mayor (1948-54), Third District U. S. Congressman (1964-66) and U of L Trustee (1946-48). He was appointed in December by old political chum Mayor Frank Burke to replace U. S. Senator Marlow Cook, who finally resigned his seat after missing a year of meetings. Burke, Cook and Farnsley were in the same law firm before Cook ran for County Judge in 1961.

Farnsley's major contribution in two months has been to oppose U of L's pending affiliation with the state, despite the law which says it will happen in July.

The characteristics I have described are accurate, I think, though certainly not 100 percent true. The Board as a whole is conservative, but it could be even more conservative. Probably contact with the campus, which is a more liberal segment of the society as a whole, has made the Board less conservative. And there has been very little even faintly radical action on the campus to provoke reaction from the Trustees. Certainly the influence of Strickler, who the Trustees have hired and whom they trust a great deal, has had an impact.

³Op. cit., p. 19.

And the fact that a black man was appointed to the Board has made a difference in their deliberations. While Woodford Porter is certainly an Establishment Negro, he is, nonetheless, the spokesman of the black people on the Board. And his vote and presence made the difference in the Trustees' treatment of the black students who occupied the Arts and Sciences Dean's Office last Spring, according to several members of the Board, and two administrators who are close to the Board.

The Trustees' position in the local power structure has proved useful to the University, as Strickler is quick to point out. "I could assemble a fascinating group of people who wouldn't do me a bit of good," he said. "Trustees are useful for what they can do for the University . . . You have to figure out how to use them and what to use them for." Are there too many businessmen on the Board? "Really, who else do you have that can do the job?" replied Strickler.

Former U of L Vice President William J. McGlothlin, now a professor of higher education in the School of Education, describes another function of the Trustee which is possible because of his position: "Public support doesn't come from all the people, it comes from the people who open the doors." In the past the Board has opened the doors to the city and county. Now they are needed to get to the state government.

Because there are so few administrators at U of L, the skills of the Trustees are also in greater demand. Strickler says that if it weren't for the financial and legal expertise and the time donated by the Trustees and their business firms, the University would have to hire an expensive group of consultants to work out the kind of problems that a university encounters.

So, from one point of view, what the businessman-trustee brings to the Board is far more necessary than any consideration of conservatism.

But, that also requires a certain image of what a university is supposed to do in society. If one assumes that the university is supposed to serve all the people who pay taxes and support the institution, then a significant number of groups have been completely left out — primarily the laboring and minority groups.

"If you're going to be the most effective Trustee you have to come with

the widest possible background in business, law or finance," said Eli Brown. "But that doesn't mean that the president of a labor union or the pastor of a large Negro church wouldn't be qualified." Brown says that two big requirements are time and interest.

The faculty and student body are under-represented, too. Since 1968 a non-voting student and faculty advisor have been sitting in on Trustee meetings. But they carry no power, and, according to Marlin Volz, the faculty representative, "do not participate except when . . . asked." They aren't on committees, they don't even sit at the same table. They really serve as information sources for the Trustees when they want another side.

The composition of the Board is a question that will be in the hands of the Governor after this session of the Legislature. It's unlikely that the Governor will be any more likely to appoint representatives of the poor or workingclass people, or that he will support enfranchisement of students and faculty members.

In fact, the *kind* of people the Governor appoints will probably be the same as the present Board. Business and professional men, with maybe a farmer or two, will continue to dominate U of L's Board, like they do the Boards of the other state schools.

The cleanest break with the past will probably be the local aspect. Unless the Governor and Legislature completely ignore the University of Louisville, in which case the school will shut down, some measure of political control will be designated to the state government in exchange for state money. Legislation which I have seen (and which may be introduced by the time this is printed) would make the Governor the Chairman of a 15-man Board. Ex-officio members would be the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the Commissioner of Commerce, the Mayor of Louisville and the Jefferson County Judge (or their

representatives). The Governor would appoint all the lay Trustees.

While nobody would dare try to second-guess Louie Nunn or future governors, it is conceivable that U of L Trustees would continue to be drawn largely from the region, for political reasons. But they would not *all* be Jefferson Countians, and they would owe their allegiance to the state machine, not the local one.

That, coupled with the fact that our bread would be buttered by the Governor, would mean that some of the decisions reached by the Board would reflect the new source of power.

Just as the characteristics have been interrelated in the past, so they will affect each other in the future. With political power flowing from the State Legislature and the Governor, chances are the Board will be less local, and more rather than less conservative.

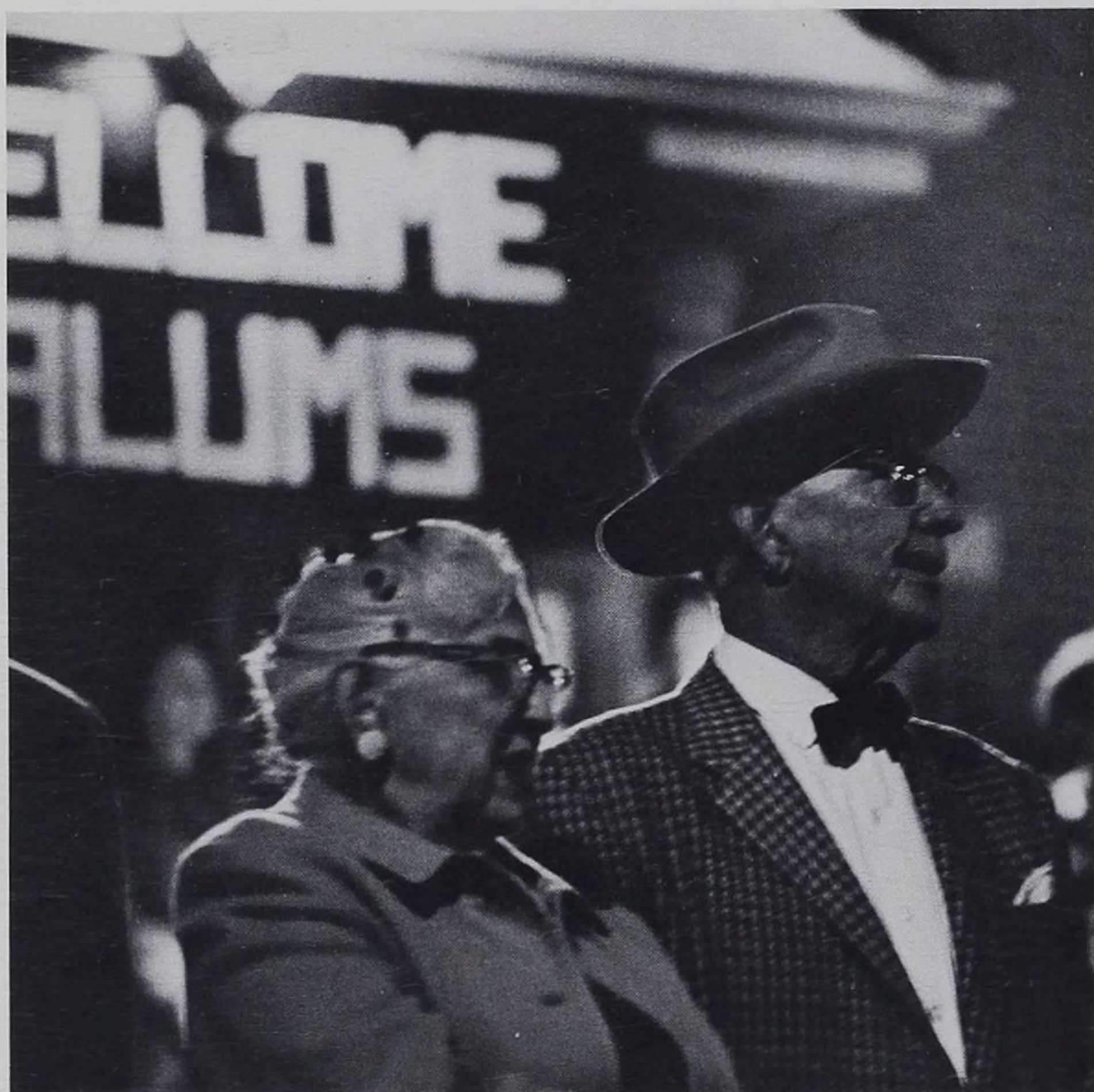
Meanwhile, the enrollment will increase wildly as the tuition falls. As the number of students increases, the percentage of commuters from Jefferson County will probably increase, since there are thousands of local college-aged kids who travel to Lexington and elsewhere and still save money over U of L's current rates.

But the larger enrollment would include a larger number, if not percentage of out-of-state students, who generally serve as a liberalizing agent on the campus, and from which student radicals are often drawn. And Kentuckians from outside the county who live on campus would certainly tend to be less conservative than their fellow Kentuckians who still live under their parents' watchful eyes.

As the size and the state influence increase, and local flavor and allegiance of the University are liable to be diminished.

But, as the money begins to roll in (which it must at some point, unless U of L is grossly mistreated) faculty salaries will rise and more money will be available for administrative and academic costs. The likelihood is that a larger and more autonomous central administration and a more "professionalized" faculty will develop as they have across the country. This, in combination with the diminished local character, a more remote Board and a potentially more activist student body, may lead to a considerably different apportionment of power on the campus. The Trustees, who are now pre-eminent, are the only ones who could, and should, lose control. □

Campus ritual orgy 1969





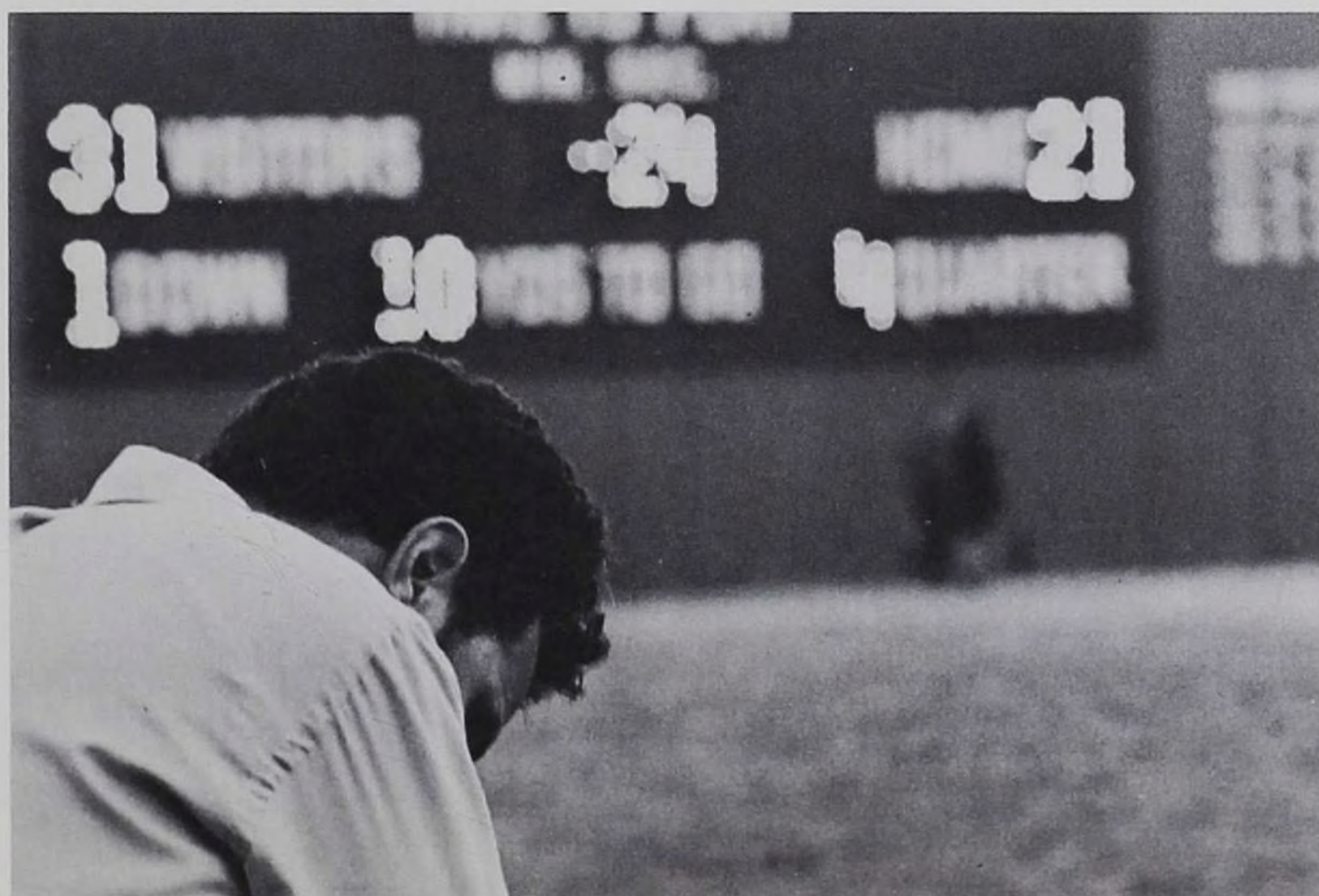
Mount Olympus on Crittenden Drive. The ritual rites of the fall festival. The true believer, eyes ablaze with a fervent hope. The ancestors, lauded, come back to see what the gods hath wrought. The athletes, primed for months, look to the Herculean tasks they will face in the arena. The citizens gather as spectators to share the joys of comedy, the purge of tragedy. If the Big College Football Weekend isn't the modern recurrence of some ancient sports and religious rite, it certainly takes on the same external features.

No Aristophanes, he, comedian Bill Cosby, entertained a crowd of nearly 7,000 at Freedom Hall with his gentle and rollicking nostalgia. The weekend was Nov. 6-8.



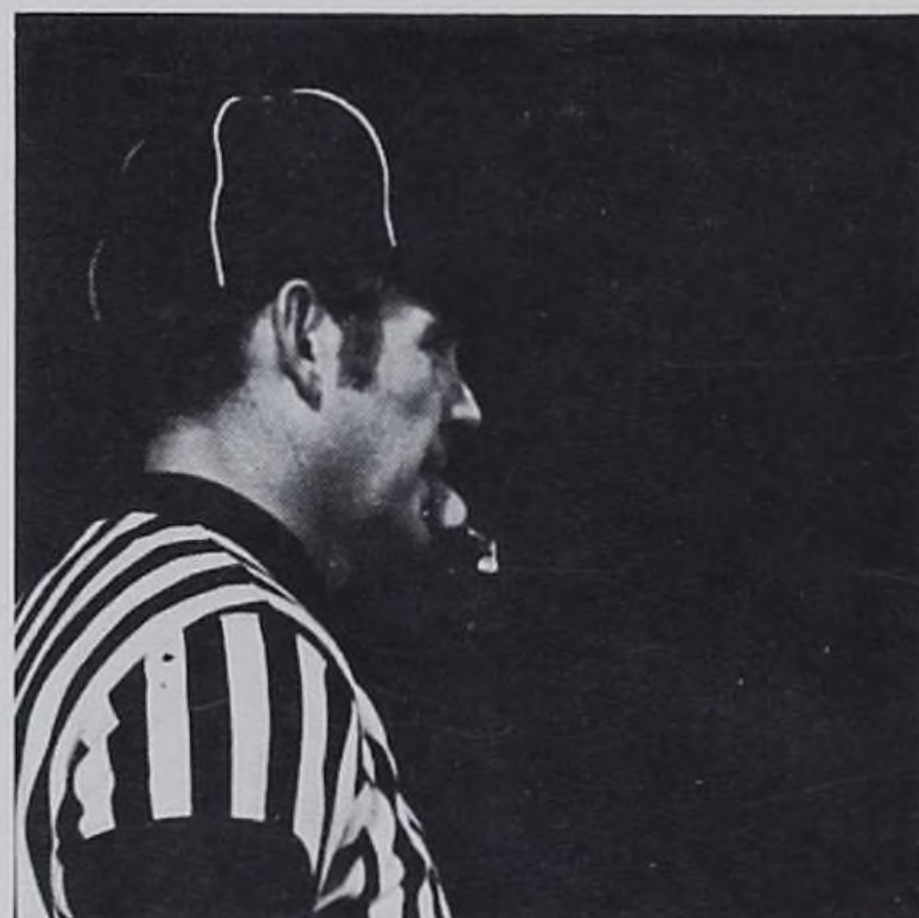






For many spectators, the actual football game is only an excuse to participate in the ritual. Chanting choruses of mask-faced young women pay homage to the reigning beauty (Bobby Lyddy this year). Fruit of the wine flows. But, for the men on the field the game is pretty important . . . especially for the new head coach, Lee Corso, losing to Cincinnati, 31-21, was tragic. □

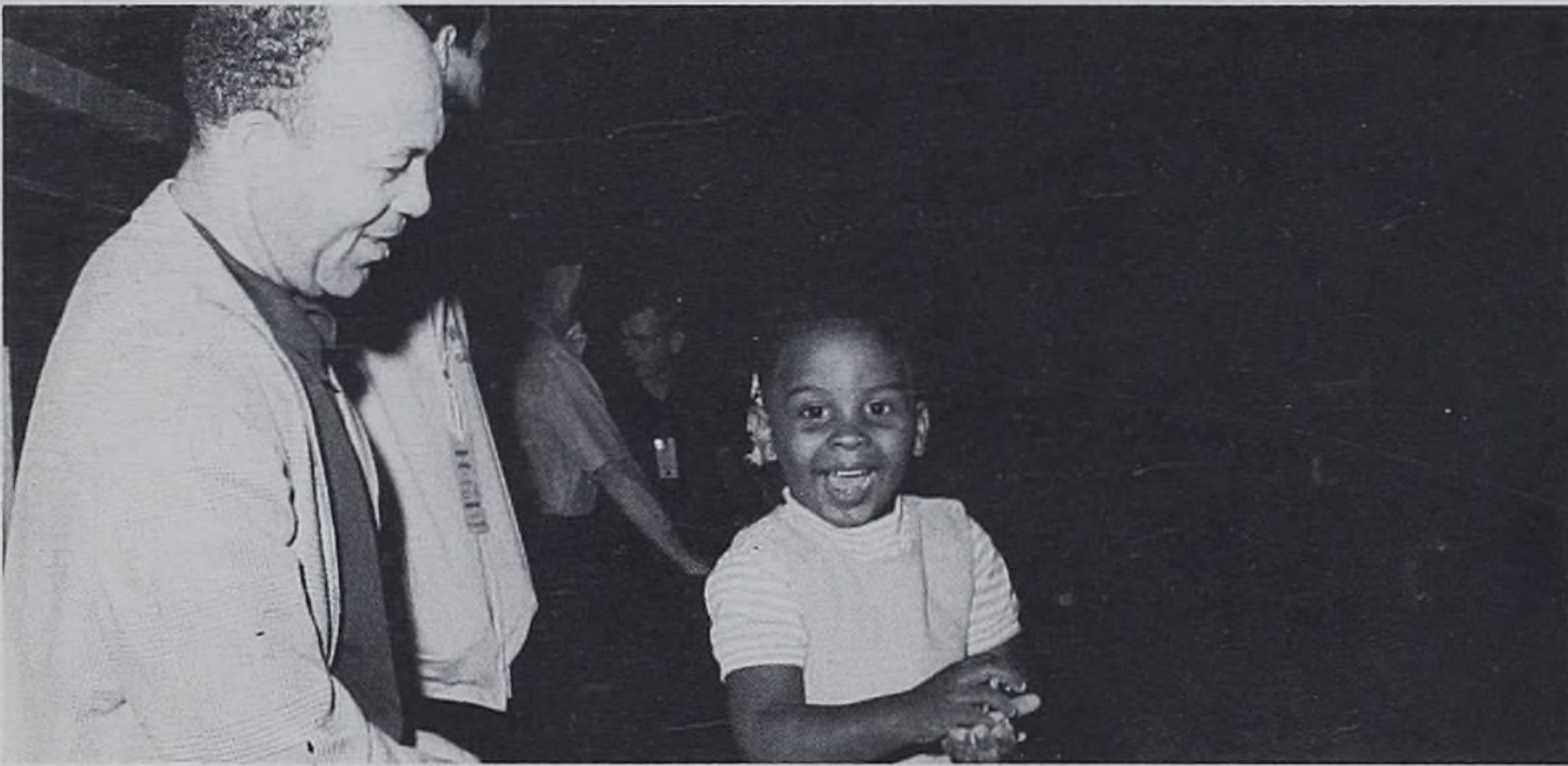
The real bench- warmers





Football is not just football. Most of us who go to U of L games are not only interested in what happens on the field, but in the other activities as well. For the fans, football means huddling together to keep warm, a sore throat from too much cheering, booing the referees, or eating and drinking; for others, like cheerleaders, baton twirlers, doctors, or photographers, it means something else. After all, who says you have to like football to go to a football game.







Aaron Siskind

No anthology of contemporary photographs is without Aaron Siskind's work, but it would be hasty to assume that he is important for this reason alone.

Siskind, Chairman of the Photography Department at the Institute of Design in Chicago, has been chosen Bingham Professor of the Humanities for this Spring semester. Besides his artistic accomplishments, he is outstanding as a teacher and leader in the field of photographic education.

Historically, Siskind is important because of his relation to the straight trend that photography has taken during the past century. Straight photography is generally considered to be characterized by use of a large camera, with a tripod, continuous tonality of print quality, and lack of manipulation of the negative (retouching, double printing, or combinations with other media, for example). Behind all this there is a basic belief in the natural integrity and beauty of the photographic image, and an emphasis on the inherent qualities which are unique to the photograph.

This idea was conceptualized by Alfred Stieglitz, who is regarded as the father of twentieth-century creative photography. He rigorously promoted the straight or purely photographic image in reaction to the salon style popular at the time. Pictorialism, as this was called, sought to legitimize photography by imitating paintings, etchings and prints. This style was not only technically bastardized by its ersatz techniques, but by its motives as well. Pictorialism is further characterized by sentimentalism, traditional and highly stifled composition, literary and romanticized feelings. In reality it had no relation to anything in the twentieth century, and what's worse was ill suited to the nature of photography.

Today Siskind, in his sixties, stands as one of the most significant heirs to the tradition begun by Stieglitz, not simply because he stands within it, but because he has carried it further in light of recent developments.

The opposing strain after the death of pictorialism has been another sort of manipulative photography. Although its history is as old as photography, it was not ripe for widespread use until recently, when corresponding movements matured in the other arts. Cubism, abstraction, surrealism and dadaism played an essential role in its appearance. Artists like Maholy-Nagy and Man Ray experimented with some manipulative techniques, but their success was short-lived, like much of the dadaist work, it was more fad and fireworks than lasting art. Yet today, most young photographers are more attuned to a movement away from traditional approaches. Photographers like Jerry Uelsmann are more imitated than those such as Edward Weston, whose name is synonymous with straight photography. The ways of manipulation are infinite: out of focus or blurred images, multiple printing, hand coloring, reversal, grease prints, non-camera prints; there is no limit. It is no exaggeration or revelation to state that straight photography is not practiced by most new photographers.



From *Pleasures and Terrors of Levitations* 99, 1961

"Vision and Expression," an exhibit recently sponsored by the George Eastman House contained relatively few straight prints. The cliché question immediately comes to mind: is straight photography dead? Certainly not. In spite of all this, photographers like Siskind, or Paul Caponigro have been able to create new and meaningful images for the sixties by limiting themselves to the straight photograph.

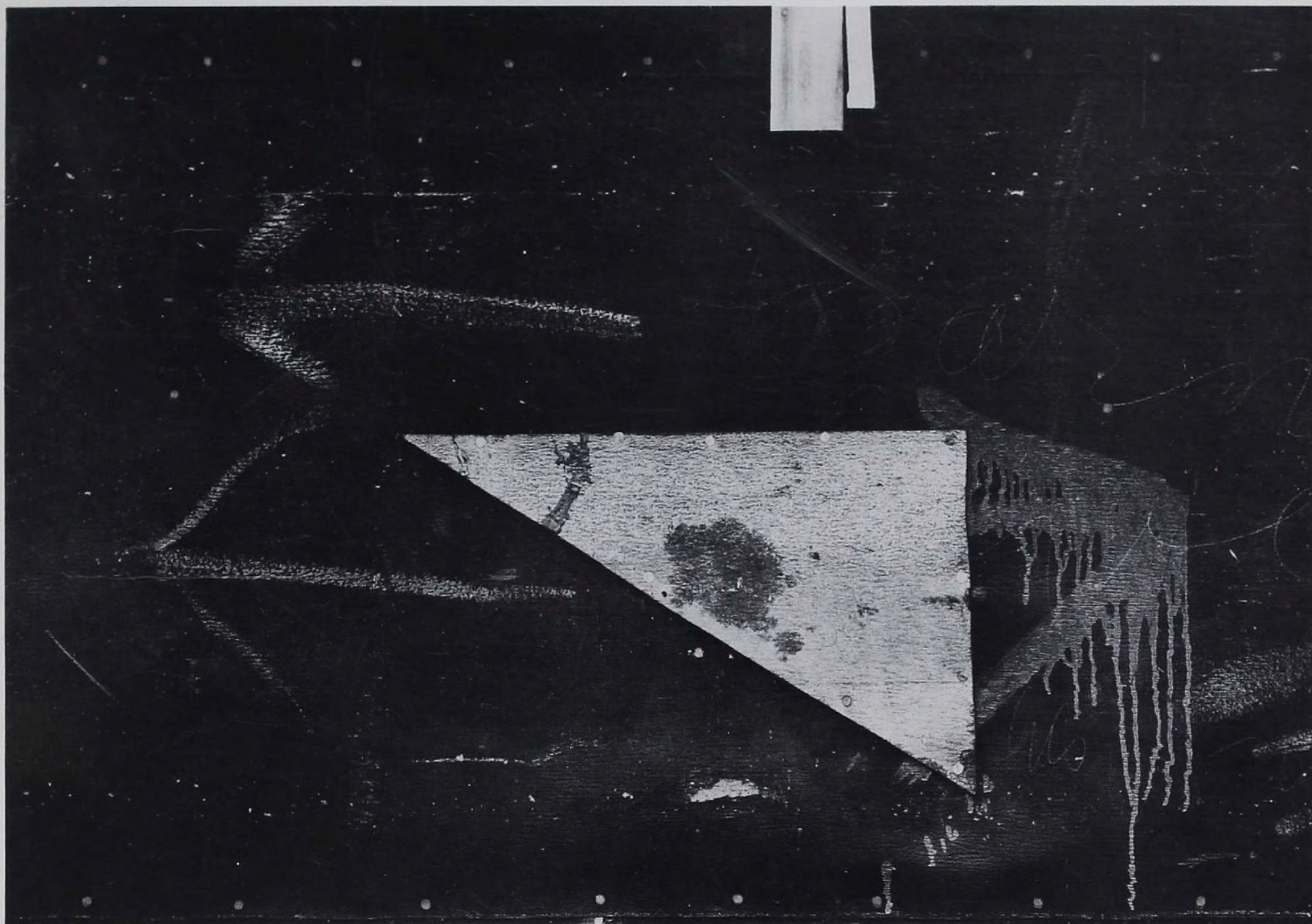
Siskind has created a Rorschach-type test in his planmetric images of organic and inorganic forms. He has found meaning in fragments of lettering, paint peeling from walls, or seaweed in sand, ordinary objects which assume new meanings. They are statements about time and decay, the gradual disintegration, change, and chance meanings we may discover in the condition of process, when we choose at one particular moment to record this evolution. His work has a feel for the fortuitous because no one point in these processes will ever be the same. They are unique in their timeliness. This strange mixture of the aleatory in nature and the imagination of Siskind's perspective reveal a search for significance where there seems to be none. And it is this task which has been the unifying factor in the tradition of straight photography. Stieglitz began when he sought to photograph clouds to express "equivalents" of his profoundest thoughts. After all, he said, the clouds are available to all of us. He refused to rely on the unusual or the exotic.

Straight photography as Stieglitz and others like Siskind practice it is a reaffirmation of the basicness of the meaning of life, a return to simplicity, beauty and nature. There is a great sense of "being-ness" which fills their work, a reverence for the "is-ness" of other objects which are worthwhile simply because they *are* or because they can help us to better know ourselves. □

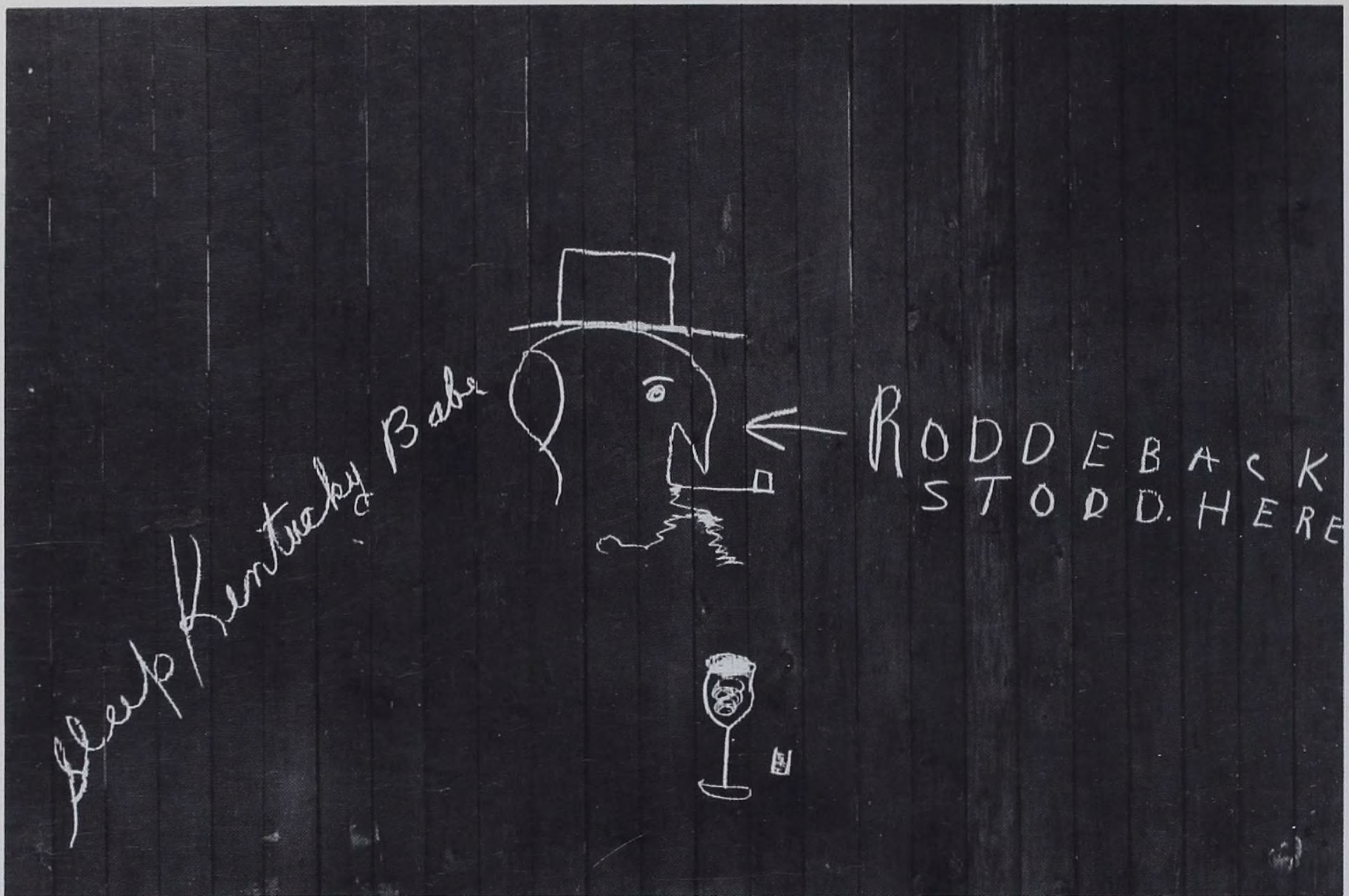
From *Pleasures and Terrors of Levitations* 94, 1961



From *Pleasures and Terrors of Levitations* 37, 1954



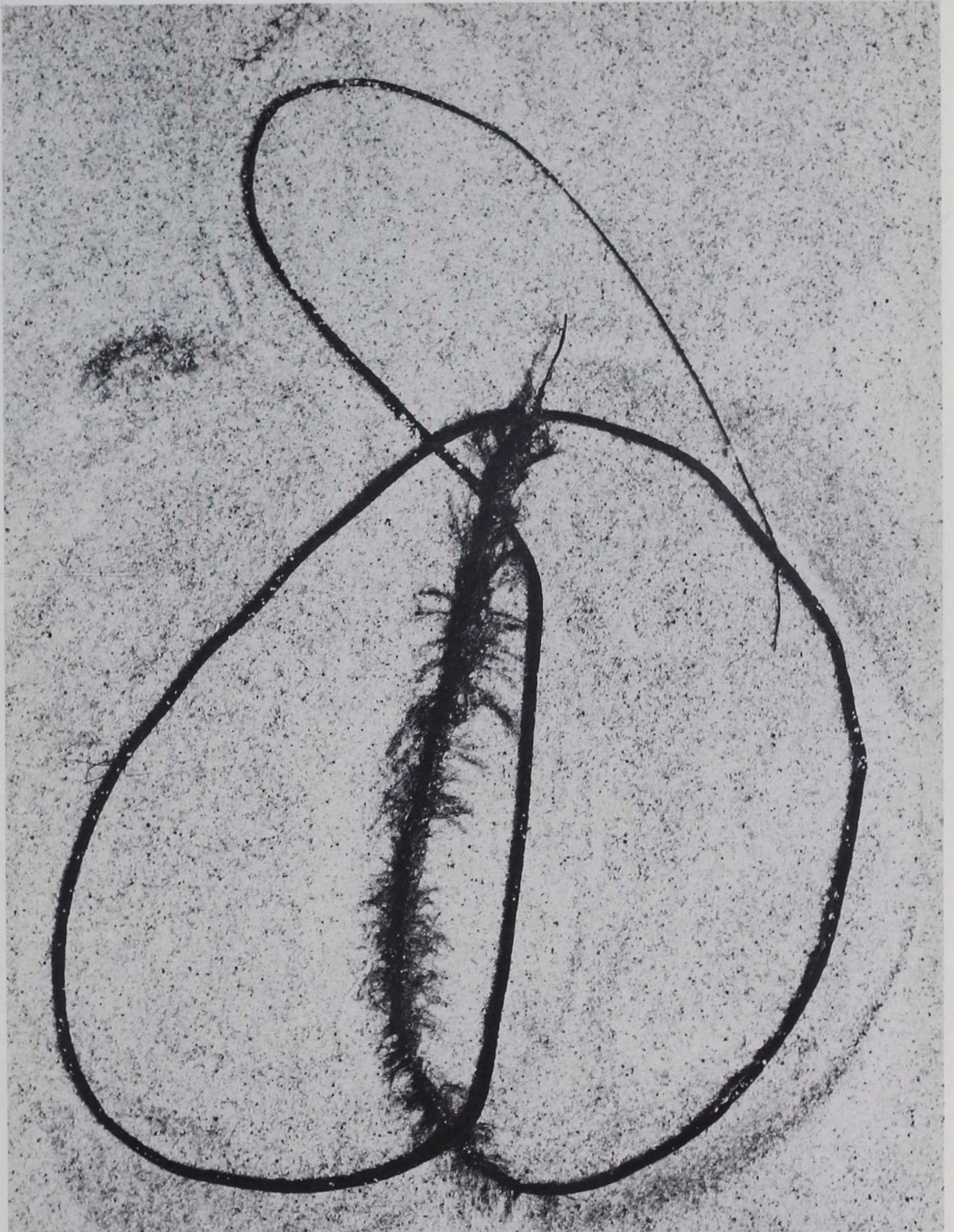
Gloucester, 1943



1948



Appia Antica (Rome) 9, 1967



Martha's Vineyard 6, 1948

A 21-year-old precinct captain describes an anachronistic chain of election-day events in the West End, and suggests that today's media-influenced middle-class elections are only the first step in a new evolution of American politics.

There used to be this bar in my neighborhood. Not that bars were a novelty or anything, but a real nice bar, the kind that made you wish you could go in and stand around and talk loud.

This was the place where all the people in politics went to talk. Now when I say "in politics" about somebody in my neighborhood in Portland, I don't mean no senator. I mean real politicians like precinct captains or ward bosses. None of this socio-economic-military-industrial-systems-analysis stuff.

When I was a kid I always wanted to be a politician so I could make friends and influence people and walk in the hallways of power and talk loud in that bar. All I had to do was be intelligent enough and exert leadership and explain the issues and everybody would see things my way. Except of course for the worthy opposition who were no doubt as intellectually dedicated to their point of view as I was to mine.

So, a few years later when they asked me to be the Democratic precinct captain in my neighborhood, I still had enough of the aforementioned ideology in my head to accept. Meanwhile they'd closed that bar and now they only sold package liquor and beer to go.

So I began making this goddamn set of index cards for all the voters. Then I polled the precinct. At this point I started to be apprehensive because nobody understood what I was doing and I was losing all this time with these 20-minute explanations of the nature of the two-party system that nobody understood. Besides I had this mustache and everybody kind of thought I was a Communist or civil-rights worker or some kind of poverty worker or some kind of poverty worker.

The president of the North End Democratic Club, George Lucas, took me aside and told me they understood my problems and that I had the worst producing precinct (for the Democrats anyway) in the whole club. The club takes in the 14 white precincts in the Portland area, next to the canal and the river. In the old days, this was a major stronghold of the Democratic machine and Lucas and my "group man" Dick Lanham still by-passed the district chairman, Mrs. Maude M. Benhoe (a Negro), and reported straight to "Johnny" (by whom I assume they meant Mr. Crimmins but they always said "Johnny" with such finality that I didn't dare ask for clarification).

The night before the election they called me up to the club and gave me my envelope and some checks and a beer. All they had was Falls City and Sterling and these both taste like soap

Confessions of a stooge

What a young person can learn from politics

suds to me but I took a Falls City with gusto (and drank it with bitter remorse) as we talked about religion and how nobody cared about religion, even though everybody seemed to want to talk about it. The bar in the back room of the North End Club was nifty like the bar I used to like and that night it seemed alive in the dark light even though there were only four people in there. But I liked it more than two weeks before when the candidates came and they served hotdogs and you bought your beer. That was really artificial, an attempt to summon up ghosts of the past,

We stood around and talked for about an hour. The conversation was interesting and I even joined it occasionally, without much success. This was part of my problem in the political world because I found it much easier to talk politics with some authority among lawyer types and downtown volunteers than with these people. Also, I quite frankly suspected that they did not fully trust me at the club. After all, they had been in this business for years, and I had only been on their scene for a couple of months.

One thing I thought had gone a long way toward giving me a good reputation was my job on the purge. The Republican captain and I purged over 60 voters off the list of about 550. Almost all of them were Republicans.

The reason for this purge of Republican voters is quite simple. A certain very zealous Republican who lives in the precinct is constantly taking people downtown and registering them, even though many of these people are or will be ineligible to vote by election day because of the high turnover in the tenants of rented property. She doesn't intend to vote these ineligible voters. She just wants to be able to say she registers x-number of new Republicans every year. Thus, we purged over 15 Republican names listed for this one very small house alone. Then there

were these houses that had been torn down over a year ago for the expressway, but they still had voters listed as living in them. And lots of people move out or die in my neighborhood.

Anyhow it finally was time for me to leave and I went home and slept till 4 a.m., when I got up and went over to the Fire House (Engine Company 6, 2425 Portland) with a friend of mine who shared my intellectual dedication to getting the vote out. We hung up all these ineffective signs headquarters had given us, and then we made some more signs of our own with magic marker and poster board. These were at least as ineffective as the others, but I figure they made it look like we really cared.

Other people started arriving about 5:30 a.m., but we already had all of the good poster space. Big deal. The Republican workers really cared. They figured this would probably be my biggest success of the day. They knew a little more than I did. Since they had 360 registered voters in this precinct and the Democrats had only 130, they weren't worried about posters or much of anything else.

And then at one minute before six as we finished setting up the voting machine, in walked Manley Feinburg, attorney at law and Special Democratic Challenger. Special Challengers are sent by the party headquarters to help the precinct captains in areas where there may be some trouble, or where the party is doing poorly and headquarters suspects that everything is not being run above board. The 1st of the 10th qualified on both counts.

Feinburg described the events which occurred in the following twelve hours as being "like something straight out of Mississippi, the kind of stuff you think only goes on in isolated little Southern towns."

Things started popping about 10 o'clock when Mrs. Beasley, the former



Republican precinct captain, came in to vote with her husband. She was the "former" precinct captain because she had apparently been removed by the Republican organization. The speculation was that she had opposed Marlow Cook's primary campaigns for the governor's nomination, and then for the senate seat that he eventually won.

One thing led to another as a conversation erupted and she allowed as how she thought the Republican captain and poll workers that had replaced here were trying to throw the election in violation of her constitutional rights. She then threatened that she was going straight "downtown" to swear out Federal warrants for all of us, and the Democrats in particular.

This didn't worry us much, certainly not as much as the gang standing around outside the polls. Aside from suggestions they periodically advanced about it not being healthy for us to stay around, especially the Communist with a mustache (me), some of the boys were following the neighborhood housewives who had volunteered to canvass the Democratic voters for me, a critical function for getting the vote out in my neighborhood.

This worried me, as did the open harassment of the women and two high school girls trying to pass out sample ballots in front of the polls. One of the girls came inside crying. She said she wasn't really scared. Her girlfriend told us Mrs. Beasley had threatened to have her daughter Gail (a tough-enough looking member of the gauntlet committee outside) "gouge your eyes out" if she didn't leave. Feinberg went outside and had a minor showdown, but they mostly ignored him except for some hecklers who "accused" him of being Jewish in tones which suggested that this in itself was a hanging offense.

As the day dragged on the turnout was moderate in general, but proportionately more of the Democrats

were coming out than Republicans. This was confirmed by the results at the end of the day which showed only a small Republican victory. The gang outside the polls continued to make obscene gestures and remarks. One guy showed such a steadfast attachment to raising one of his fingers that I felt like asking if he suffered from some sort of birth defect. I didn't ask since he was carrying a pipe wrench in his sleeve and I had no real desire to take my teeth home in a sack.

Throughout the afternoon Mrs. Beasley would open the door of the fire house and shove some hapless person in and shout "Here's another one, Linda," to the Republican election judge. "Be sure he votes right," she would add occasionally.

You can get very philosophically outraged over this kind of stuff, but then after a while you realize that it's not really much worse than the "advertising-media" approach used to sell candidates like soap. The ad men are just a little more sophisticated (and expensive).

As conditions around the polls continued to deteriorate in late afternoon, I sent everyone home but the inside workers and a few of my buddies who volunteered to stay. They were outnumbered three or four to one and were armed with just sample ballots. About 4 o'clock I started to call the police as the intensity of the gang outside increased and trouble seemed inevitable.

I called and after explaining everything to the first person I talked to, I was put on "hold"; then somebody else came on the line and asked me to go through the whole thing again, so I did, and he told me to wait a minute; then somebody else came on the line and asked me to repeat everything again. Between the police and the gang facing my friends outside, I was unnerved. The last man gave a non-committal response about

sending someone.

I called the North End Club and explained the situation to them and they promised to call someone who could get the police to come. It's always a terrifying experience when organized social institutions you're supposed to rely on abandon you.

As I finished at the phone I looked out to the front of the firehouse just in time to see a fight start. It was mostly swinging and invectives, but as I reached the outside someone was shouting "get 'em, boys." But fortunately the "boys" were mostly retreating down the street because they could see the police cars approaching from the other direction. The police broke up the crowd and two officers agreed after some discussion to stay and see that the groups standing on the corner now let everyone leave in one piece.

The aftermath of the whole affair consisted of a dozen line the next day in the *Courier-Journal* buried in a bigger news story on an inside page. None of the candidates or party functionaries care about the whole mess now. This whole level of the political process has no meaning to them in the day-to-day running of government. It only counts in the immediate reality of the election, and nowadays as political scientists devise ways to scientifically "predict" the behavior of men in political situations, even this fragile linkage between those who govern and those whom they govern is becoming a hodgepodge of formalities.

As the traditional political process — the time-honored ways of influencing the institutions that run more and more of our lives — becomes completely outmoded (the "Politics of Protest" is more than a right-wing cliché). It will be the task of our generation to develop the new alternative to totalitarianism and anarchy. □

Making it ---

in Europe

The days of the grand European tour may be over, but even today a young man can learn something over there, and it's getting easier all the time.

Gregory Richards shuffled nervously along in the line waiting to clear customs at Kennedy Airport in New York City. He methodically patted his pockets to ensure that he had on his person the items essential to any world traveller. Passport, phrase-book, motion-sickness tablets, Kaopectate. Yes, he was ready. Gregory was off to Europe for the summer.

Two years ago Gregory had decided that he was going to Europe and he began then to send to anyone and everyone who offered one a program of European travel. Very soon he realized that he was just going to have to decide what he wanted to achieve in Europe. If he wanted to further his education in Montpellier, France, or work there, then the International Center at the University of Louisville had just the program. If he wished to attend the University of Heidelberg for a year the National Student Association could help. If he wanted to tour Europe on a bike then Roy Prichard's Alpine Motorcycle Tours would do. What Gregory finally decided, after looking at his grade average and his pocketbook,

was to go it alone after graduation and shun the packaged tours.

Digging through the mountain of material gathered as a result of his rather indiscriminate requests for information Gregory found that the actual cost of a ride to Europe is about the same as comparable domestic travel. Starting in New York and proceeding in opposite directions one can pay as little as \$17 more in tourist fare to go to Europe than to Los Angeles. Icelandic Airlines offers flights daily from New York to Luxembourg for under \$170, while Alitalia offers a round-trip ticket to Rome for less than \$300. There are three major discounts in standard fares: off-season rates, student discounts, and charter flights. The Organization of English and American Students Abroad, for instance, offers charter flights from New York to London for \$99.

Gregory also found that if he didn't wish to fly there are several student ships making the trip from the U. S. to Europe. If one has the time, there are several advantages to this mode of travel. Travelling by ship allows time to prepare for the difference between the United States and anyplace else. Stepping onto a plane in New York and off in a large European city results in no small amount of cultural shock. Just

adjusting to the difference in time zones takes a little time. Holland/American Lines such a period-of-adjustment passage from New York to Southampton, G. B., for under \$250.

After arriving in Europe Gregory decided that he would accept the challenge of communicating with the natives on their own ground. He was surprised, however, at the number of people who spoke English, especially in areas vital to the tourist, and at his own agility at picking up the basics of the foreign language. Gregory's only real difficulty was in the shops. Once, as Gregory was paging madly through his phrase book in search of a particular word, an English student happened by and bailed him out. In the conversation that followed the successful completion of Gregory's purchase the English student indicated that perhaps Gregory was using the wrong approach.

"In the year that I have spent on the continent I have never had a real language hassle," he said. "You can communicate, it seems, with a minimum of words.

"If you are dealing with something concrete and if there is no apparent way to communicate by using words then all you have to do is start gesticulating wildly—you know, the old point-and-grunt

method. When I was travelling with an artist for a period of time we used to supplement our pantomime with drawings on napkins and decals. If I run into any real problems in dealing with abstracts I just look around for the ubiquitous multi-lingual Canadian student and solicit aid."

Gregory dismissed renting a car because it was too expensive (\$5 to \$15 a day plus a mileage charge) and air travel was out of the question for the short hops he was planning to make. European trains are both economical and dependable. One can reach just about anyplace in Europe by train with a minimum of train-changing. Gregory also decided against the purchase of one of the available rail passes — he found that if he were to stay in one location for any length of time he would lose money on the deal.

Streetcars or trolleys were elected for Gregory's intra-city transport. He learned very quickly to avoid local busses since the miasma of routes and scheduling is far beyond the average tourist's comprehension.

On good days, if he had no particular destination in mind, Gregory joined a large number of hitchhiking students. It was a good way to meet people and develop his command of the language. Many people, recognizing him as an American, would pick him up just to practice their English.

In Europe hitchhiking is the accepted manner of student travel, and there is little of the stigma attached to hitchhiking in the U. S. Gregory quickly found that the ideal way to hitchhike was to do so with a girl — people are much more willing to pick up a couple than a single man. Also the chances of a hassle for the girl are greatly reduced. In the interest of economy Gregory avoided anything that was geared to the American tourist, especially hotels and restaurants. The hotels are about as expensive as the ones in the United States (\$7 and up a night). Generally Gregory asked around when he arrived in a strange city in order to find an inexpensive place to stay. He found that the best bet was the *pension* (the small boarding hotel) that caters to the student trade in the area. In most cases there was a wash stand in the room and the bath was shared, but the rooms were clean and coffee and rolls in the morning were included in the bill. *Pensions* also provided an interesting first glimpse into the local customs. The cost for a small hotel room or a room in a *pension* usually ran from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a night.

When he was in a pinch or got into a

city late Gregory sometimes made use of the Youth Hostel card that he carried. They are the cheapest lodging that can be had in an area, but Gregory thought that they were a little constraining. In the hostel at Bern he talked to one Canadian girl who corroborated his opinion.

"There are a lot of things that they don't tell you about the hostel thing. Few of them are like anything that the American student is ready for. Most European students are willing to put up with more ascetic conditions than we are. They are traveling with very limited funds and are really not that far from home. If you are in a pinch or want a little information about a new locale then it is really worth staying in a hostel for a while. But the dormitory style of life really gets to you after a while, especially if you are travelling with a guy. They all have pretty restricting hours and the sanitation facilities are usually minimal. We just stayed in them until we could find an inexpensive *pension* or hotel or if we were only going to stay for one night in that area."

As Gregory traveled through Europe he thought that maybe the next time he came he would like to live with the people there a little more closely. There are several programs, such as the Experiment in International Living, which arrange for the students' lodging with a family or a series of families in different countries. These programs allow an intense involvement in the culture of the country. For the serious student of European culture these programs are essential; but for others, like one Midwestern American girl, they are added confusion:

"You know like I went to France to dig the French," the girl said. "Maybe to immerse myself in the nitty gritty of French provincial life. After all I was to be living with a French family and actively participating in the family, right? Not a chance, man. The room that the agency had secured for me was with a German family . . . there was zero communication. The only time I even saw my landlady was when she told me that the water was hot for my weekly bath."

There are effects of a European tour that are more lasting than the sights and sounds of the cities and the countryside. When Gregory returned, he brought back something besides the postcards and the funny stories about life in Europe.

"I don't think that I realized the most important aspect of my European stay until after I returned and found that I was able to see more clearly what was

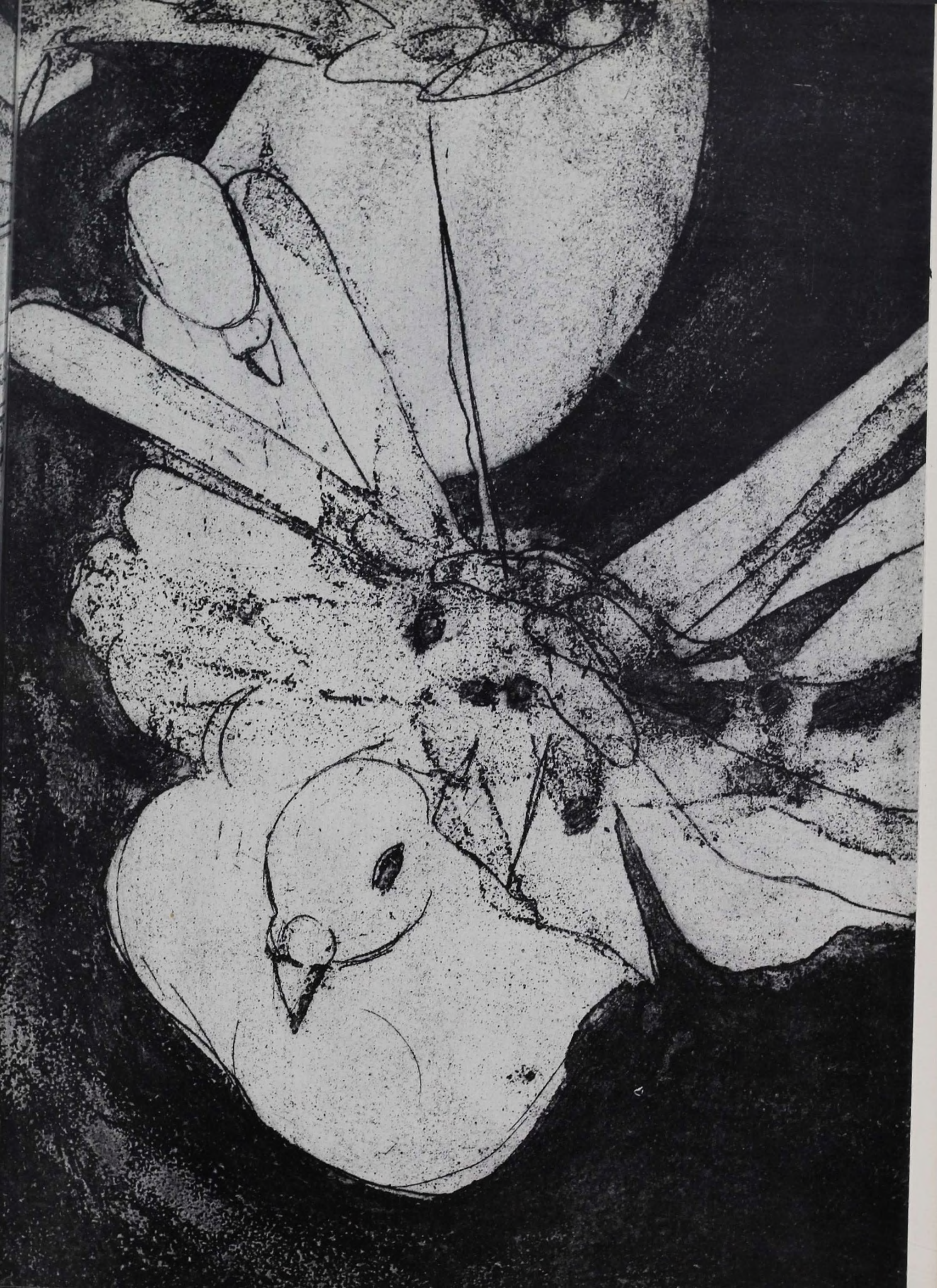
happening around me. Like the American way of life is a real thing, but until I had experienced the German way and the Spanish it was just a catchy phrase. With nothing to compare to it, the American way is simply the way. I don't know but I guess that it is true about the forest and the trees. I got over there and discovered that there is more than one set of values.

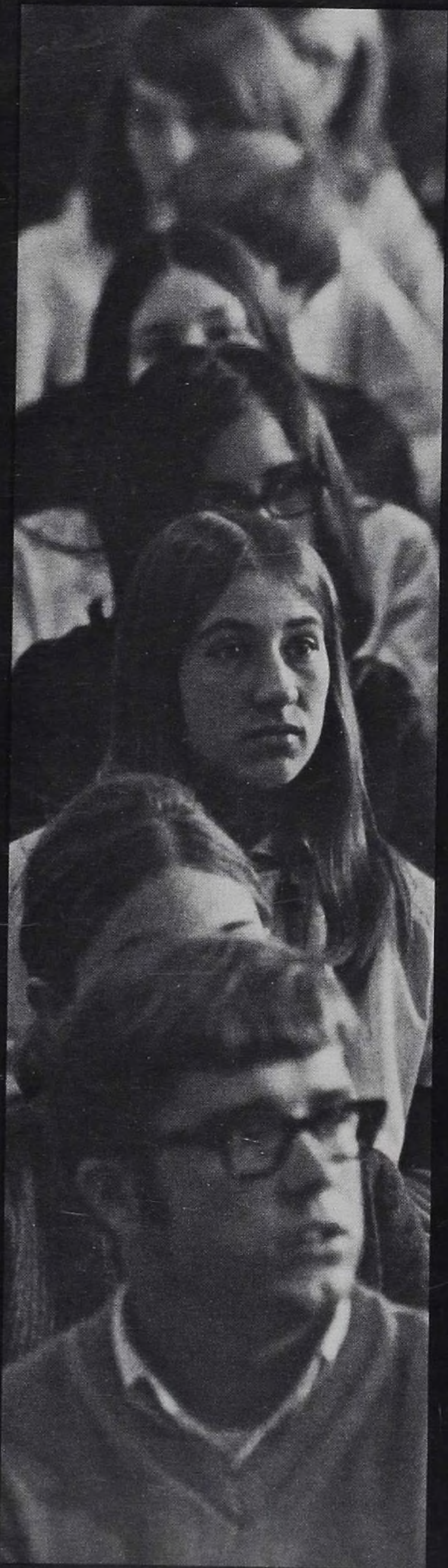
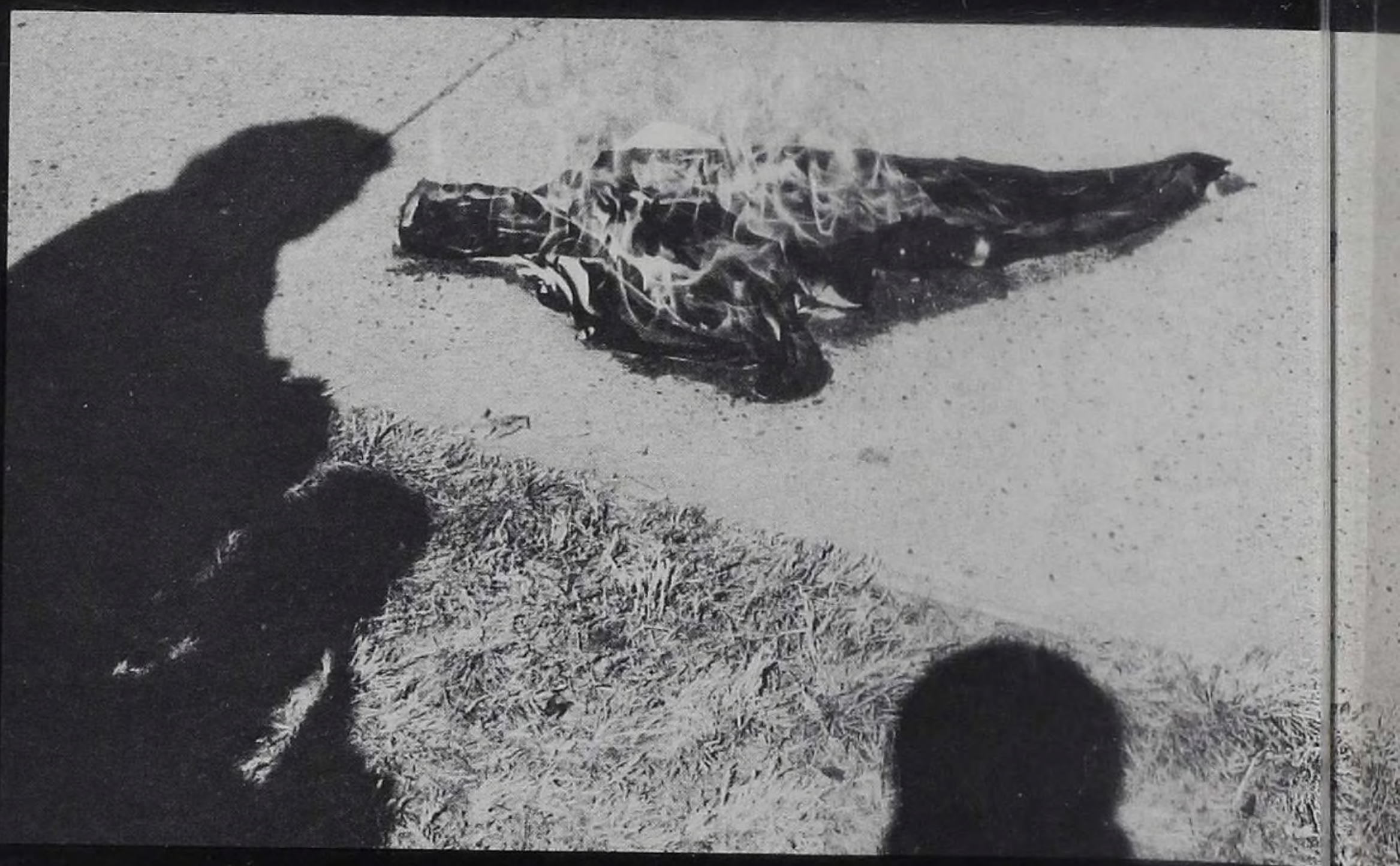
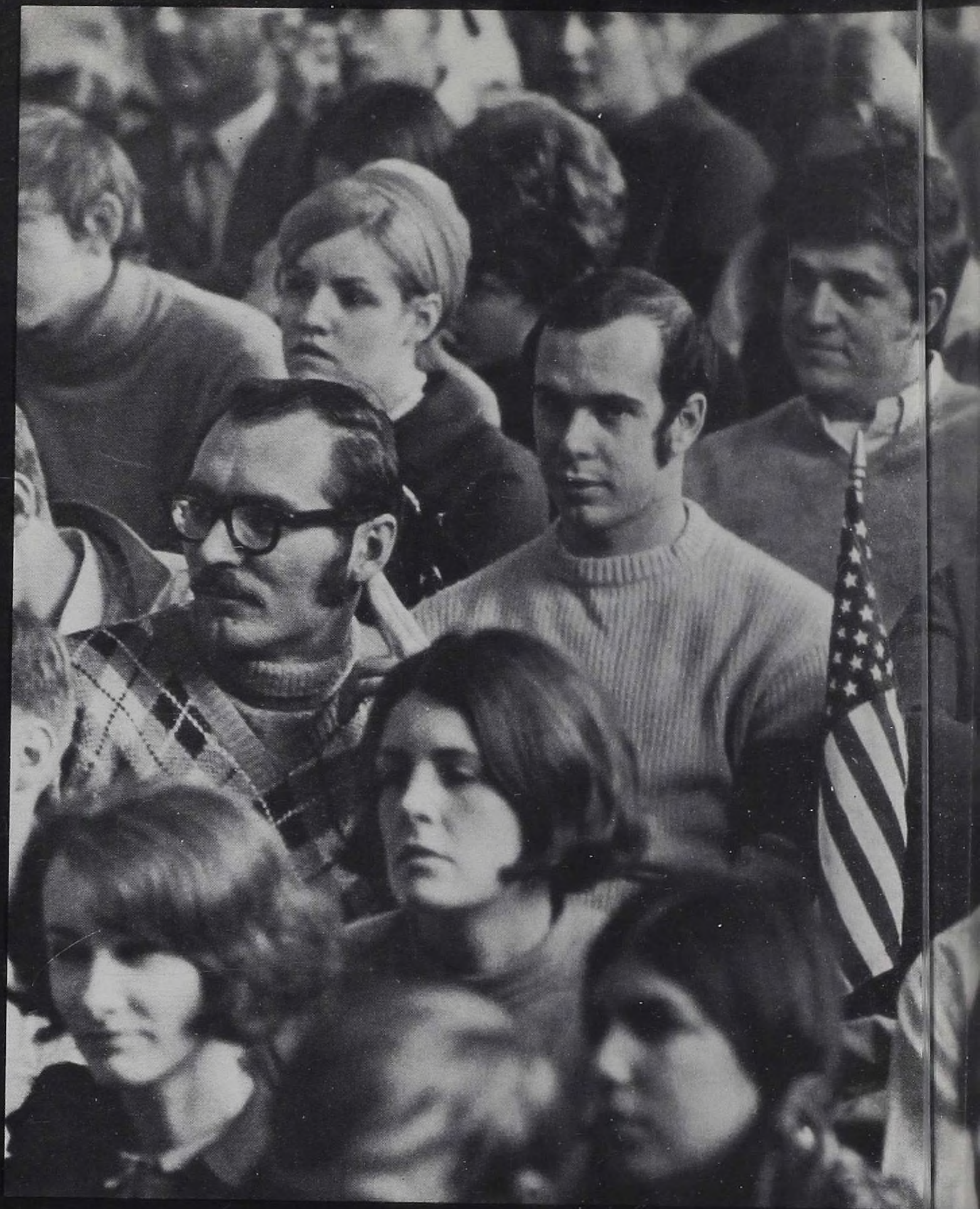
"Maybe most Americans just negate that set of values because they don't jibe with their own; or, more probably, they just don't realize their existence. If you go over there with an open mind and accept the European system as a valid system then I really don't see how you can help but gain insight about the way things are here. You see things there that you like and you begin to assimilate them into your own system of values; so when you return your system is in contrast to the American lifestyle. You just see better and understand better, that's all."

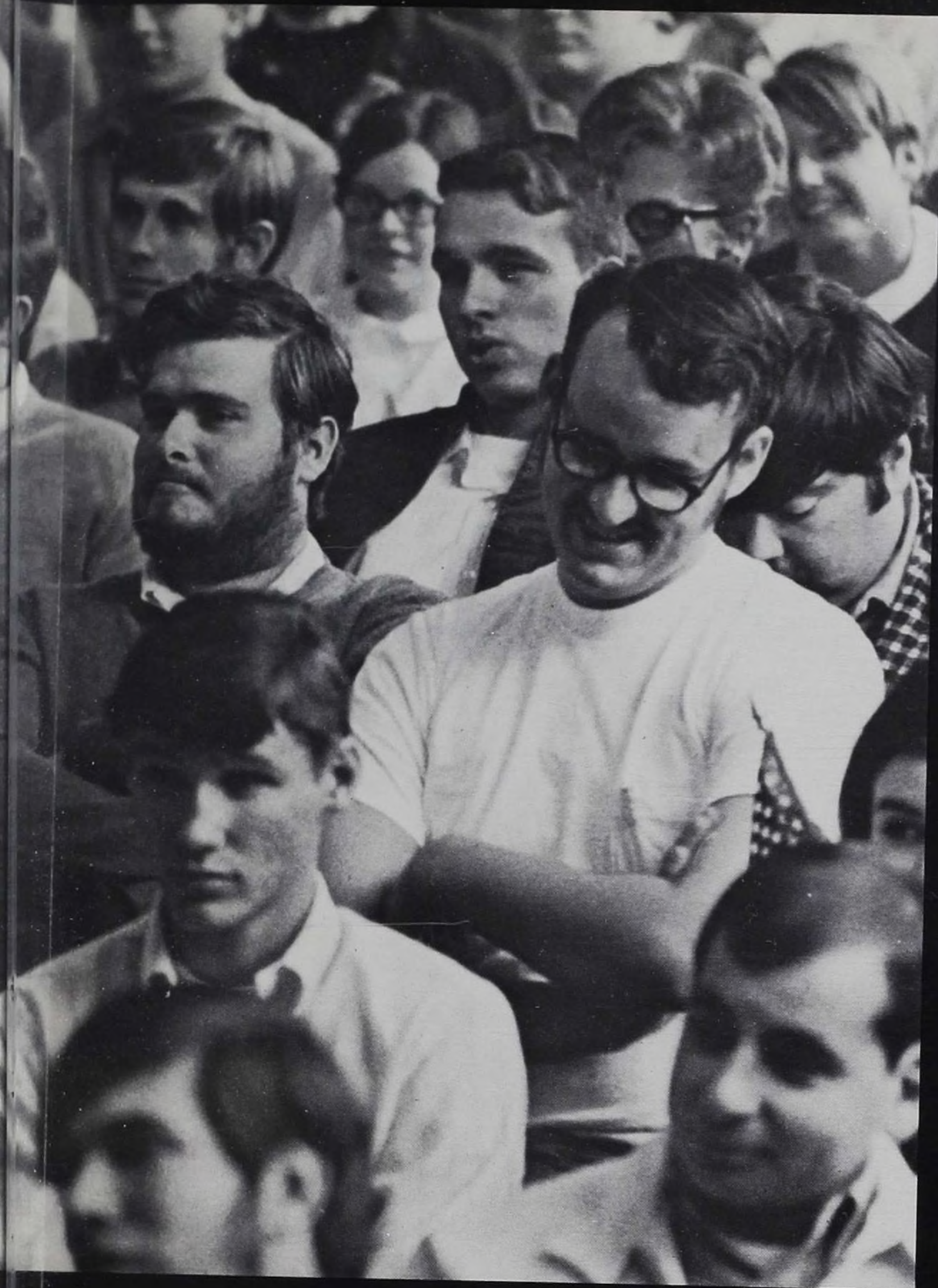
Gregory's trip to Europe is an indication that it is now financially and culturally reasonable to visit the Old World. Next year the expenses and the difficulties involved in visiting Europe will be even less. When the writer left Europe in the Spring American Express had a program for military dependents in which the fare from Frankfurt, FRG, to New York was \$75, from Frankfurt to Los Angeles \$99. With the increasing flow of Americans and the advent of the 747 airplane these fares will be available to an increasing number of people. So, get your passport, inform your draft board if you must, and go. You might even learn something. □



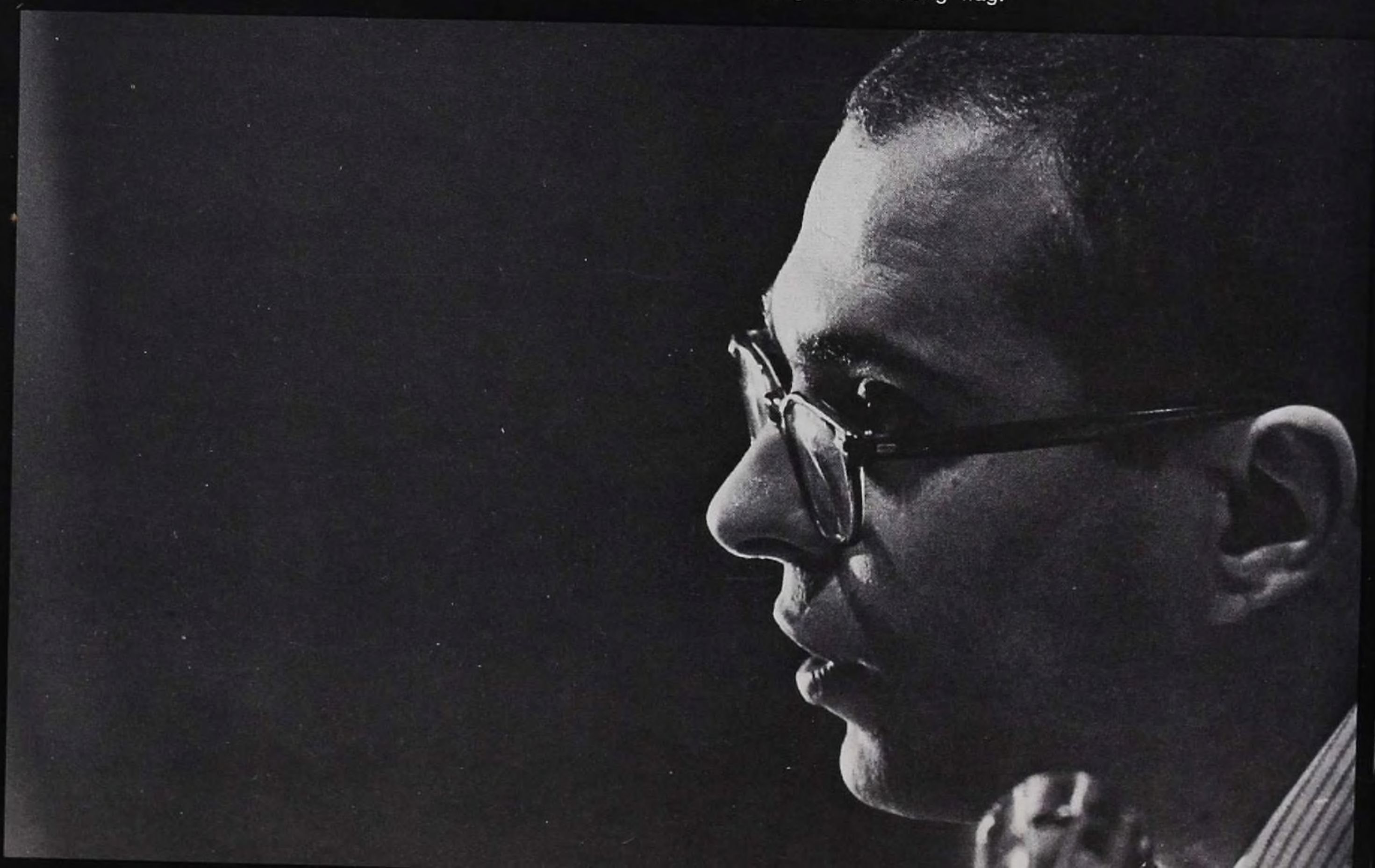
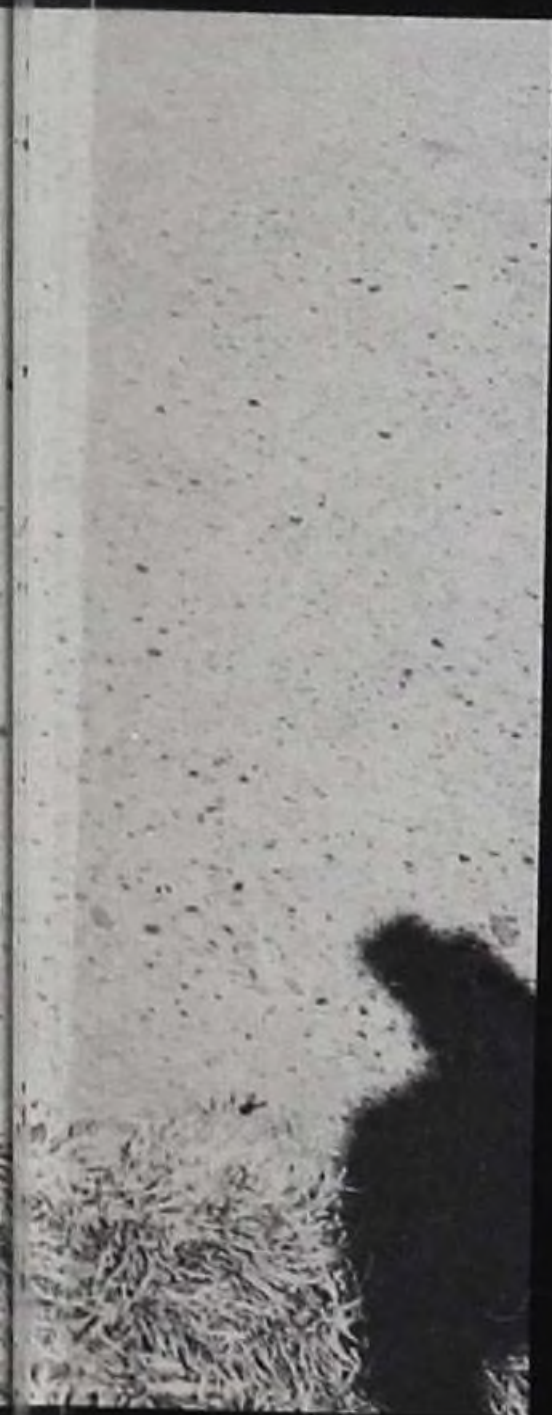






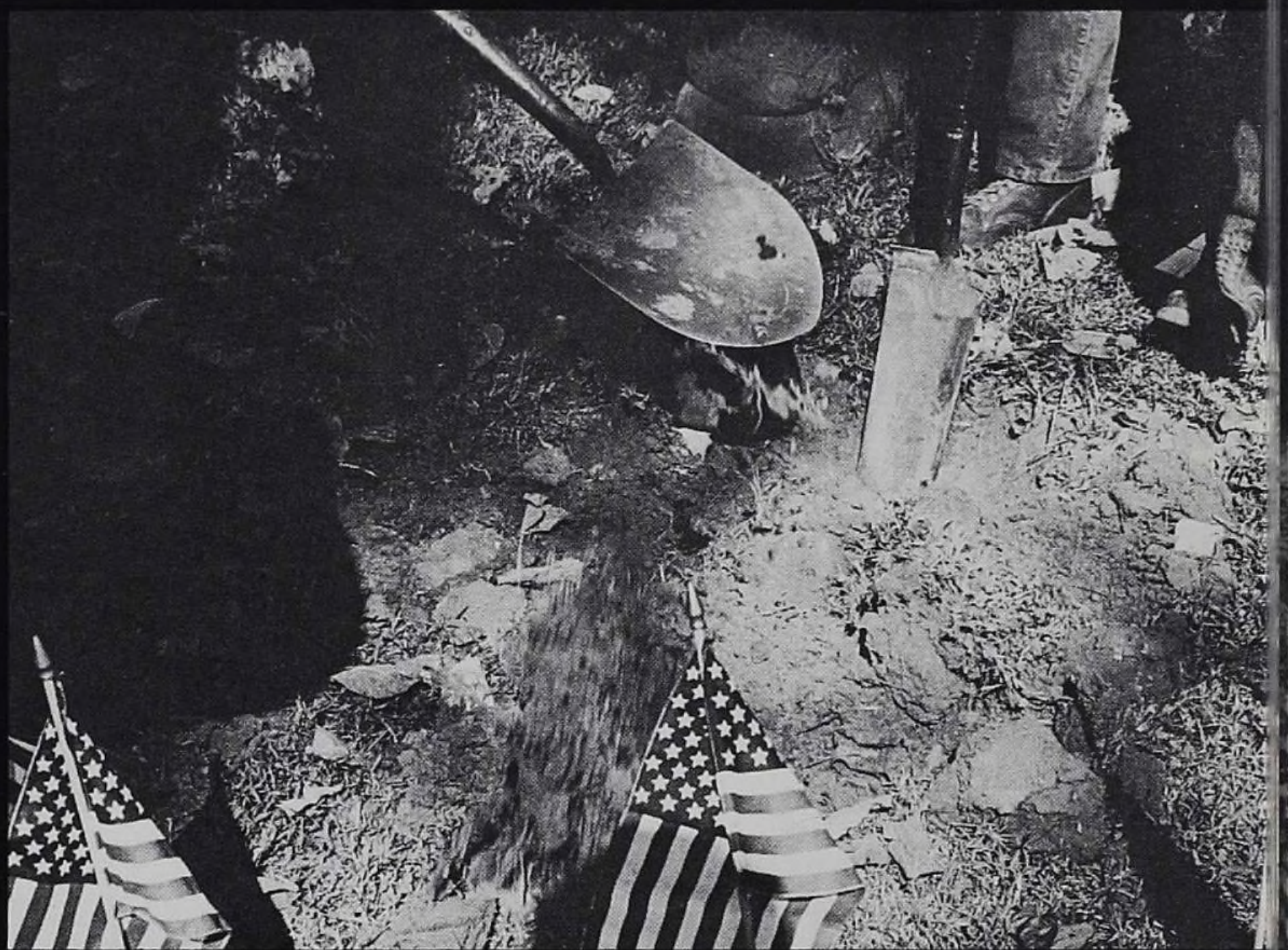
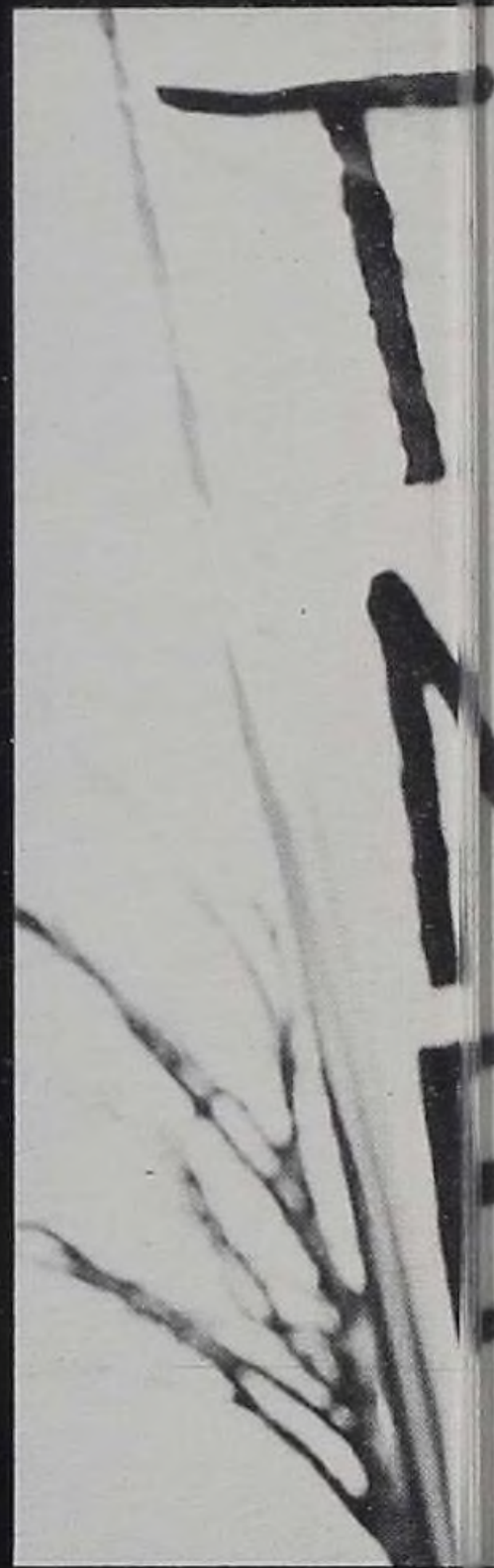


On October 15, members of the U of L Moratorium Committee read names of Kentucky war victims, noting "for every one American, 10 Vietnamese have died." At an official convocation, Hawk Lawrence Howe vied with Dove William Berman (lower right). A panel discussion followed. In the afternoon, pro-peace, non-administration activities were held. A march around the campus by nearly 1,000 students and faculty members ended at a site near the Ad Building, where a tree of peace was planted, accepted by President Strickler. A slate of anti-war speakers, including the Rev. R. G. Sampson (right) ended the day. The Young Americans for Freedom supported peace and understanding by burning a Viet Cong flag.



Moratorium 1969

The Moratorium didn't end the war, you know. As if anyone really thought it would. Exhilarated after taking some positive action, millions of students and anti-war demonstrators somehow felt that they had influenced the wielders of power. How could they ignore us? they asked. They weren't ignored, not those impudent and effete snobs. As Spiro Agnew moved from below to discredit the peaceful demonstrators, the President moved to pull the rug out from under the protest movement. A draft lottery. A handful of troops withdrawn. Commitments to peace. By January, no successful demonstration was mustered. Millions of Americans were placated by the golden word of the President, even though Nixon told them that he doesn't intend to go down in history as the first president to lose a war. Meanwhile, the war has become Nixonized. The President plays his off-year-election games, and the war goes on. The killing hasn't stopped. We have not yet admitted that Vietnam was a colossal and inhuman blunder. And until the American people want and demand that from Nixon, the war will continue indefinitely. Without pressure for peace, there will be war. Without threats, Nixon will not change. Complacency is a killer.





The largest political demonstration of the century, maybe ever, was held in Washington in mid-November. Several U of L students made the trek to the capital city. There they carried signs inscribed with the names of dead Kentuckians who fought in the Vietnam War. They worked with 250,000 to 850,000 people (depending upon who you believe) in a March Against Death and a massive rally-march down Pennsylvania Avenue.

HERE IS
NO REALITY
EXCEPT IN
ACTION!



Report from gold

schizophrenic university, gold watches and imported cigars rapping about the life of the mind, ticket taker on the gravy-train bridge out down the line. has to practice what it preaches, give up its job as the ladder to social & economic success or give up its ideals. ideals which demand it shoulder the task of radical, visionary, or even revolutionary social change.

it's integrity or it's paycheck, one or the other. top-heavy administrations induce the same abdication of interest, concern & responsibility that has stripped the people, "street people" & "silent majority" alike, of any voice in the direction of the american dive bomber. academic standards lowered to let the middle class be socially & economically mobile are suddenly sacrosanct when black people want a seat on the gravy train. physical & social scientists work without asking what their contracts cost in lives & the quality of life. experts trained to work for the highest bidder without asking if the work's obscene. "objectivity" in the social sciences treats social criticism as "subjective" or "unscientific," "objectivity" in the humanities insulates a dull, dead, ugly world from the shock of art, & everywhere faceless teaching machines lobotomize the future rather than heal their own neuroses. will the frog jump? which way should it jump? first a look at the ponds.

the university as cop out

expansion, rationalization & modernization of the present social role of the university. academe as ideologue for the status quo & prime agent of social & economic mobility, fat research contracts & industry grants. decision-making. expansion of the present top-down decision-making procedures for greater efficiency. the administration & preservation of the illusion of democracy by farming out all the unimportant decisions, encouraging participation in faculty senates & student governments that have no say about the structure or social role of the university.

david orr was usually born. educated by rivers & mountains & grasses, he now matriculates regularly, usually in the privacy of his own home. he is the founder of the buddhist-anarchist heat-death floating eyeball press, which publishes his work as well as that of his wife, daughter & friends. his favorite animals are the owl & the bear. his wife's favorite animal is the lion. his daughter is a cedar waxwing. someday she will grow wings & fly among white clouds.

mountain

acquiescence, status consciousness, submissiveness, fear & a lack of concern will be encouraged at all levels of university life.

student affairs. the university will expand its operations into all areas of student life. placement examinations will test social skills, family background & wealth as well as technical skills. candor, concern, curiosity & a demand for real human relationships will be penalized. the examination scores will determine a student's initial place in a hierarchy of privilege that mirrors that of the society. thus the entering student will receive shabby housing, unfashionable clothes,

poor food & shoddy recreation. as he demonstrates social & technical skills he will receive more & more fashionable & sophisticated clothing, quarters & recreation. industriousness & acquiescence pave the way from hot dogs in a tenement to gourmet dinners in a penthouse. the university will also place greater emphasis on sex as a social control so that school success will entitle the student to an ever widening variety of sexual practices with ever more sophisticated & elegant partners.

the university as drop out

the university with clean hands & good dreams. a haven of real freedom, real dissent, non-repressive pleasure, critical social theory, sane technology & the vision of a beautiful planet rather than a pretty museum. a social outcast, "building the new society in the shell of the old."

decision-making. a total decentralized particularly democracy. everyone affected by a decision has a voice in making it, whether faculty, student, or university employee. steady eradication of our fear to take responsibility for our own lives & to let others be responsible for theirs. a refusal to hide behind our "roles," or to let others hide behind theirs. a rebirth of satisfaction through an increased realization that there are damn few jobs so important that it's worth maiming everyone to get them done.

academic reform. students & faculty share jointly in all decisions about standards & curriculum. this probably means an end to all grades, compulsory attendance, required courses & almost total overhaul of the curriculum so that students can learn what they want the way they want to. black studies to let black people do what they want, whether it's becoming white middle-class americans or african visionaries. decent wages for university employees. an end to the neurotic arrogance that pretends students have no culture of their own & need academic missionaries to give them one. technical schools & the sciences are harder, but it seems clear someone's got to drop a wrench in the war machine. an end to academic solemnity, less work & more play.

student affairs. total freedom of students to do what they want, when they want, the way they want to do it. protection when they decide to do it "in the road." new generations without fear or repression, an "altered consciousness" with an unknown destiny. beyond that who knows — who can see the figures dancing on The Other Shore.

which way will the frog jump? which pond seems tastiest? fat old frog loves flies & lily pads. tickle his conscience? twist his leg? blow his mind? get ready to jump when he goes.

Glittering Scales of the Golden
Catfish Society for the Rebirth
of the Azure Wave

david orr, eyelid



The case for irrelevant art

Ralph E. Shikes in his latest book, *The Indignant Eye*, states that "anger and social consciousness have been re-legitimized in art." In his attempt to catalogue art from the fifteenth century through Picasso as a chronicle of social criticism, Shikes aligns himself with an aesthetic point of view upheld (in various forms) by both students and professors — judging art by its ability to relate to man's social or moral situation, or, as usually voiced, a demand for a "relevant art."

The phenomenon, though difficult to specifically illustrate, exists in every U of L English 102 and Humanities 201 class. The aesthetic outlook that wishes art to correspond to life is, I believe, so pervasive on this campus that one can outline a "hypothetical student" who upholds such an opinion. Though some of the relevance seekers, as part of the New Left, profess their artistic creed to be an outgrowth of their political and social beliefs, the artistic theories they hold and those of many students who are middle-of-the-road politically do not differ greatly.

Students who wish to reduce art to social relevance usually exhibit an astute social awareness and a craving for the "current" in art. However, absorbed by their social and philosophical concerns, they unfortunately require that art enhance their understanding of how these concerns correspond to reality.

Thus, all experience (especially the artistic) must consist of some reference to their lives. For example, such students regard Kafka as little more than a crusader against bureaucracy, Malraux simply as a defender of revolution, and pop artists as merely satirists of American commercialism. The student who seeks "relevant art" believes that it should "hold the mirror up to nature" and specifically relate to life as a means of establishing one's position in the world.

I do not suggest that all students of art should be strict formalists analyzing the metaphor under a microscopic lens. I only request that the contemporary critic keep in mind the means by which one work of art must separate itself from all others. If we only concern ourselves with art as a "criticism of life," we pervert the work and our understanding of it.

Herbert Marcuse, the Marxist theoritician, in his essay, "Reality and Ideology," presents one of the more sophisticated views in support of relevance in the arts. "Soviet realism," he believes, for example, "goes beyond the artistic implementation of political norms by accepting the established social reality as the final framework for the artistic content, transcending it neither in style nor in substance." Unlike the Marxist critics who approach Charles Dickens as an anti-capitalist or send Romeo and Juliet off to the virgin lands with a new tractor, Marcuse, in some nebulous sense, requires that the forms of art correspond to social structures. But in his request for a style of "social reality," Marcuse forgets that every artist from the decorators of the pyramids to novelist Alain Robbe-Grillet believes that his work conveys "reality." Without a specific context, the term lacks meaning.

In a popularized version of the argument for "relevance," a recent *Newsweek* article quotes essayist Benjamin DeMott, who asked his Shakespeare class

to reconstruct how an author's character thinks and feels. How does Mercutio feel when he sees Romeo and Juliet loving it up? How do you feel when you see a friend and his girl displaying affection in public? How is this play relevant to your life? Within seconds, DeMott has the class involved.

Of course he does, but meanwhile, I ask, what has happened to the play, to Shakespeare, or even to Mercutio?

The evidence, in both its popular and esoteric forms, supports a uniformly dangerous position; current aesthetic values, as exemplified by Shikes, Marcuse, DeMott and a large number of college students, judge art in reference to social, philosophical and political relevance.

Does not the relevance rhetoric indicate a psychological desire to mold the external world into that which only represents ourselves, a self-endorsement that belies a stable perspective? If we consider education's ultimate goal as the awakening of the individual to the plenium of human potential, then an attempt to make the materials of that education into a mirror of ourselves perverts the entire process of learning

A poem should not mean but be, said the man; and neither should the other arts, according to this writer. So for crying out loud, quit trying to make art DO something.

and maturation. A desire for "relevance," in its current connotation, indicates that we only want to learn what we already know. Such an outlook is the negation of education.

The current cultural phenomenon recalls a similar aesthetic value system which provided the artistic Zeitgeist of the Victorian era. For the attitude toward the nature of art outlined above and the ideas of a group of Victorian critics and philosophers ironically parallel one another. The current critical outlook may appear avant-garde on the surface since it challenges academic standards, but the crusade for a relevant art actually follows the ground rules laid by the Victorians and demolished by World War I. Despite modern antipathy for the Victorians, the average modern college student and the Victorian sage share a similar perspective. Regarding art as a means of directly influencing life upholds the same aesthetic that failed over a century ago.

The pragmatic utilitarian society which emerged after the revolutionary romantic times of the first third of the nineteenth century was politically and socially stable. Utilitarianism had tremendous influence on the economic, social, and even the religious atmosphere of the time. Charles Dickens' Mr. Bumble is a good example of one who follows the Utilitarian ethic. He denies Oliver Twist a second bowl of gruel, not out of cruelty but because a second helping would violate the standardized workhouse theory which scientifically determined the exact amount of food necessary to sustain life.

In reaction to Utilitarian theory, which denounced poetry (and all art) as of no more worth than "push pin" since it failed to contribute instructions in how to live, the Victorian artists effected a compromise between art and society; the question of the age concerning the arts, therefore, centered on their "use."

Thomas Carlyle, a social, literary, and historical critic, initiated the compromise in the 1830s and '40s through his attempt to synthesize romantic introspection and Utilitarianism. The combination resulted in Carlyle's belief that the artist must serve as a sage and priest of an emerging social order. Carlyle's universe, the incarnation of a cosmic supernatural life, demanded that the poet simultaneously possess the transcendent vision of Shelley's "Mont Blanc" and the moral conscience of Dickens' *Bleak House*. Since religion had lost its ability to formulate patterns of society, the hero-poet must now accept such responsibility as a duty. In short, Carlyle, attempted to objectify the subjective, and, paradoxically, to give the romantic aesthetic a pragmatic function.

Jose Ortega y Gasset in his book, *Revolt of the Masses*, observes that the ideas of leaders take several generations for the populace to absorb. Ideas become popular only after they are out of date. I suggest, therefore, that 120 years later many students and even their leaders are accepting the Victorian compromise as an ideal. When DeMott argues that "we have to produce readers who think of art as a valuable resource for the exploration of life's problems," isn't he actually offering a popularized version of Carlyle's concept of art as the representation of a universalized Life Spirit? Likewise, when Marcuse argues that artistic forms must relate to the structure of society, doesn't he express the basis of Matthew Arnold's concept that the ordering process of art provides an abstract for the organization of an entire life style?

If I understand the contemporary crave for a relevant art correctly, the demands we place on the artist and the questions we ask of his art relate to the work itself as little as Carlyle's contention that the artist must double as a spiritual prophet. In his essay, Marcuse states:

It is precisely the catastrophic element inherent in the conflict between man's essence and his existence that has been the center toward which art has gravitated since its secession from ritual.

Marcuse's statement, fine as historical observation, lacks any validity when applied directly to a work of art. For the quotation refers to every good artist from Sophocles to Sartre. Extracting "The Grand Inquisitor" from *The Brothers Karamazov* and demonstrating Dostoyevsky's conception of man as both a spiritual and social being may be terribly relevant, but such a critical response fails to indicate the means by which the experience of the novel differs from the experience of the New Testament. Unless we recognize the ways in which one work establishes its own artistic foundation, we follow the course of aesthetic suicide outlined by Marcuse.

Though I agree with DeMott that Americans display an almost universal lack of empathy with one another, I ask him and those who think like him to consider the consequences of solving the problem directly through art. First, his critical approach requires ignoring the work totally; art is not a springboard from which we dive into reality, but an artifact, an entity that formalizes and

organizes reality with its own built-in reason for existence. But more important, is the plea for relevance an attempt to make art an ornamented psychic comforter? If the intelligent mind is one that discerns relevance in anything, have we become so dependent on seeking explanations of ourselves that we have sacrificed such intelligence?

The usual charge leveled against the aesthetic I propose centers upon a supposed over-emphasis of artistic forms, structural unities, imagerial consistencies, etc., which imply an alleged dehumanization of art, the purging of all its importance. Though the extremes of New Criticism may legitimately provoke such a response, no one proposes that content should be ignored. Every reading of *Hamlet* frightens me in the realization that we all exist in the hero's situation — attempting to be unaffected by the evil we contest. However, the same statement also applies to Camus' *The Plague*, the movie *Last Summer*, and the whole cycle of Arthurian romances. And that is just the point. Spotting a "theme" fails to identify the work as a separate creation; all good art establishes its universality through specificity.

Though many agree with the synonymy of form and content, there are those who still refrain from accepting the dependence of content on form. Unless the critical approach concentrates on such things as language, line, perspective, and structure, it fails to separate the work from philosophy, history, sociology, or religion. Recognizing the essence of the work entails dealing with the processes which, for example, distinguish George Herbert's poetry from the Bible.

Besides, how much philosophic freight can a good work of art handle? What does a Dostoyevsky novel say except submit to the will of Christ through suffering; what does an E. E. Cummings or Dylan Thomas poem say except celebrate the life within you?

I propose no revolutionary theories; I concur neither with Susan Sontag, who considers content a "hindrance and nuisance," nor Hilton Kramer, who, in his lecture at U of L this Fall, attempted to interpret twentieth-century painting through ideologies of political revolutions. I only wish to remind the contemporary student of a very old idea: the experience of art and life are not synonymous; In fact, involvement in a work of art entails detaching oneself from the world. Students of the arts must acknowledge the essential otherness of art and welcome the slow, laborious work of explicating the processes by which the artifact establishes its own reality. □



697 men and women inhabit 766 bunks in three University of Louisville dormitories, Miller, Threlkeld and Stevenson Halls. The buildings, located in the center of what will someday become Belknap Campus' dormitory complex, are concrete and plastic structures designed primarily for sleeping and studying. A fourth undergraduate dorm, the off-again, on-again high-rise structure at the corner of First and Avery, doesn't look like it will be much more inviting whenever it's finished. Life in these collegiate beehives is pretty different from living at home or in an apartment. For one thing there are mass showers. And mass noise. Mass frolics. And mass boredom. Students spend a lot of time waiting . . . for a date, a friend, or a way out. Others make the best of it, which often means horsing around in the lounge, or searching around for a tete-a-tete.

Dorm life is:

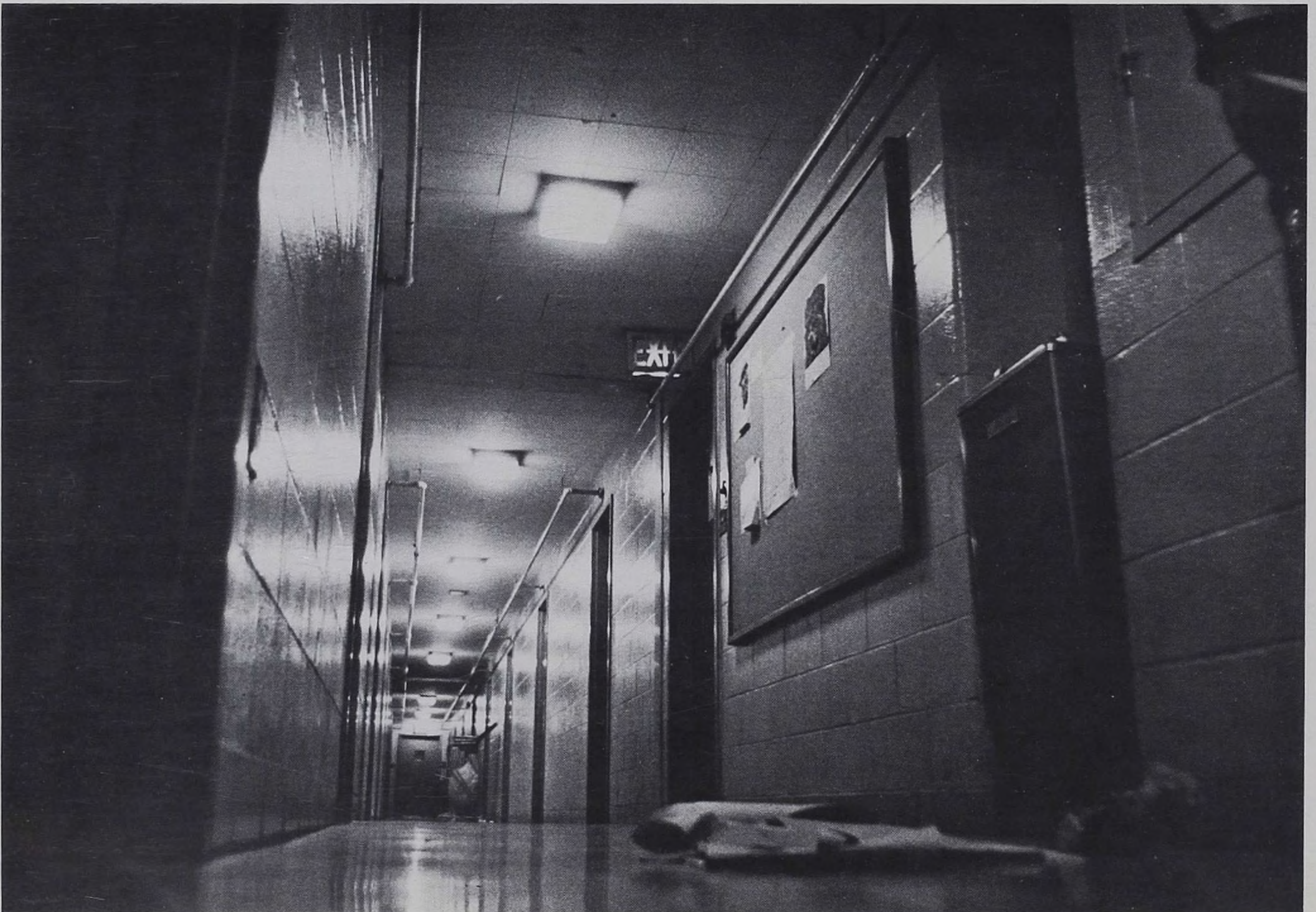
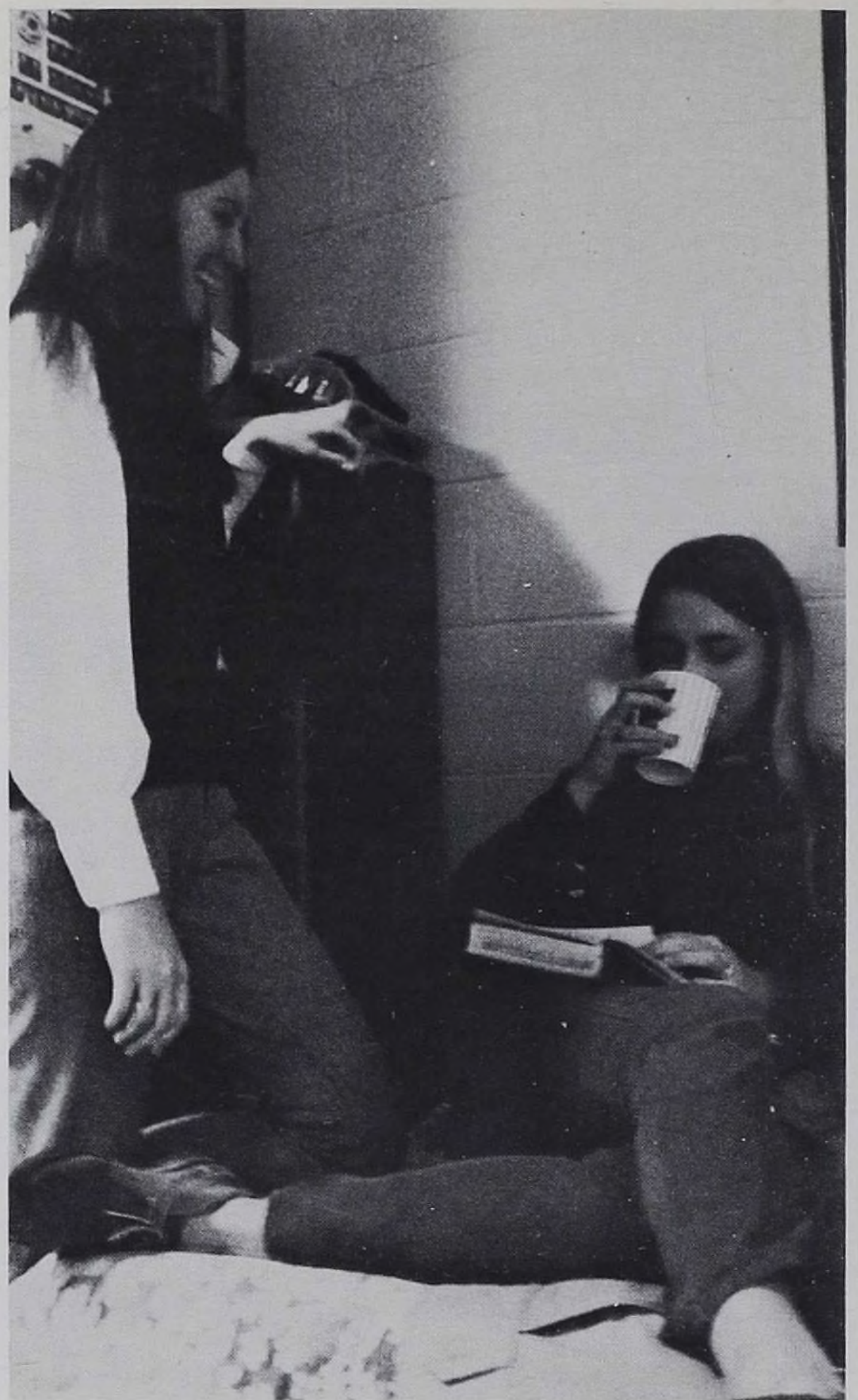
a. keen

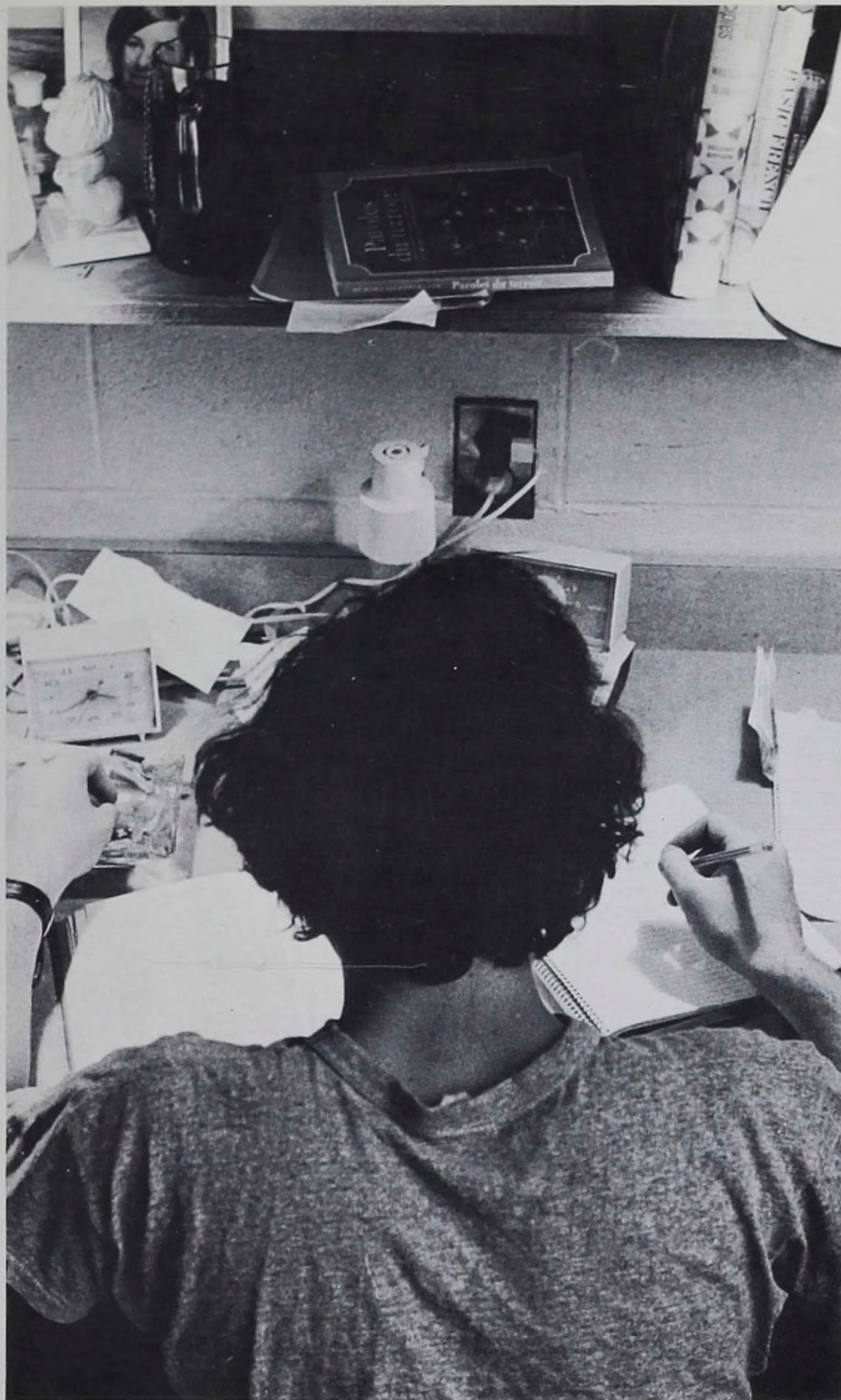
b. dismal

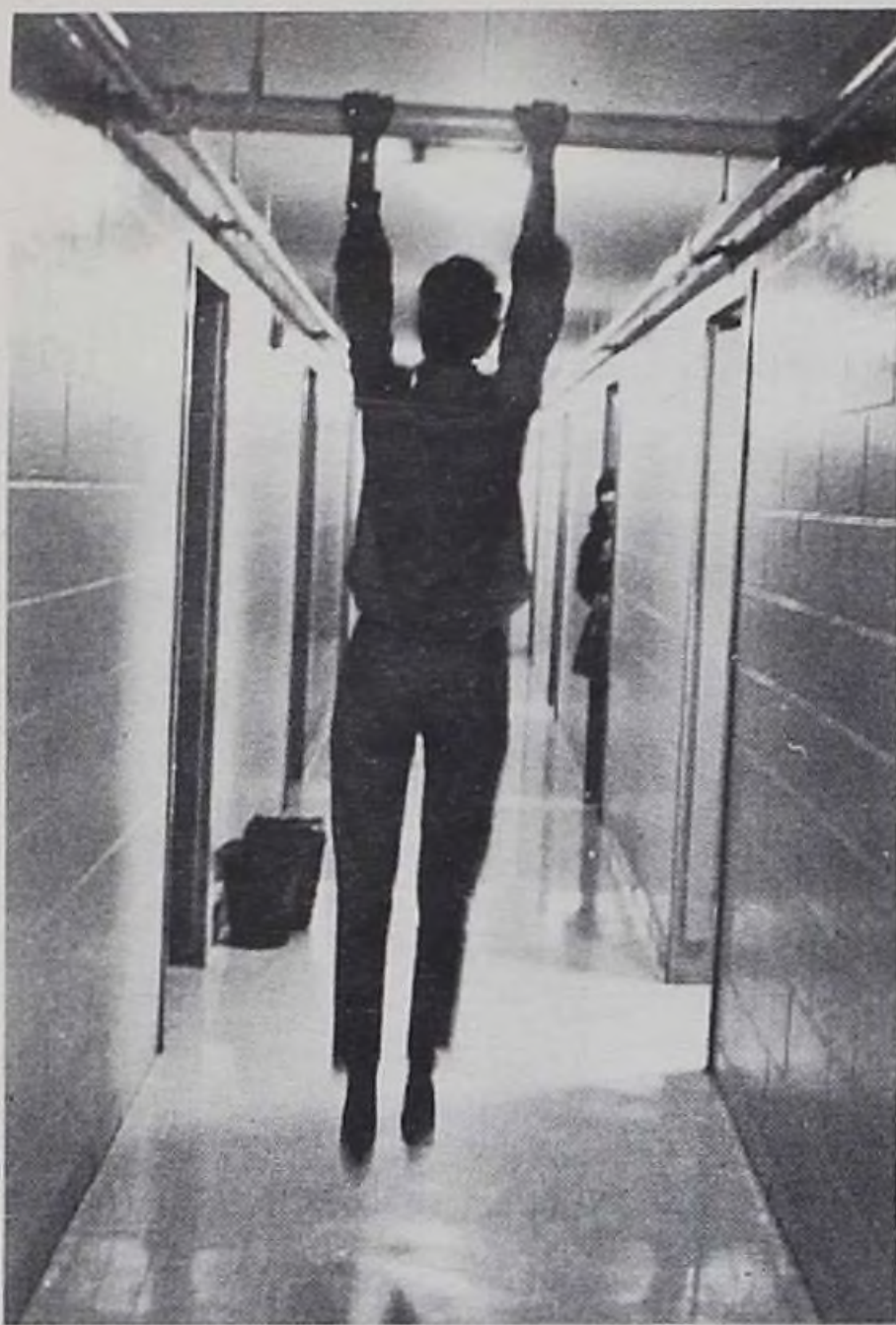
c. magenta



The trick is to keep yourself occupied so that you don't have to look at the four close walls — invite a friend over (only make sure the friend's of the same sex — dorms are segregated by flavor). Or spend that spare time thinking up ways to hide the concrete-and-asbestos-tile-decor. Or, if the halls become too bleak, resort to studying.







You learn a lot of things when you go away to school and live in a dorm. How to live with people you may not like. How to occupy yourself in a strange city that doesn't offer much to explore but the inside of your head. How to take care of yourself, how to do laundry. With any luck, it teaches you how to keep a sense of humor, as well. □

d. none of the above



Posted: apartment-hunting students beware

A homeowner in the city of Louisville may live in peace with any animal of his choice, except a billy goat, a sheep, or a pig,* providing the environment is sanitary, and barring, of course, complaints or subsequent warrants issued by his neighbors.

Apartment dwellers are not so lucky.

Neighbors, as a matter of fact, seem to be the main reason for difficulties involved in even securing an apartment in Louisville, if you happen to be black, or hairy, or married with children, or not married and female, unmarried and living with someone of the opposite sex, or a pet-owner.

The Civil Rights Act of 1966 and the Fair Housing Law of 1968 made it illegal to discriminate in housing for reasons of "race, color, religion, or national origin." And, working with the Council on Religion and Race, the State Human Rights Commission helps relocate low-income families by "watching the papers," maintaining contacts with realtors, and receiving calls concerning new vacancies from people about to move.

Unfortunately, the civil rights laws do not cover discrimination practiced for reasons other than those stipulated in the precise wording, or discrimination other than that practiced against the indigent. The various non-profit agencies, therefore, offer little help to the remaining apartment-hunting minority.

Of the two commercial referral agencies in the city, which are theoretically subject to the same Fair Housing Law, one claims success with "all kinds of people, as long as their references are favorable," while the other offered that "the only kind of people who have any trouble are people with five or more kinds." But when asked about renting to what the media call "hippie-types," the second agent replied, rather sharply, "If the hippies would take a bath, cut their hair, and stop all their stupidity, they wouldn't have trouble."

And while most of the major realtors comply with the specific law, many individuals manage to circumvent even that through various, devious means. It is nearly always impossible to prove discrimination in these cases, but concerned groups such as the Legal Aid Society and the Social Services Department of the Community Action Commission are working to organize against the remaining discriminatory forces.

Jerry Becker, a Reginald Heber Smith Fellow now with Legal Aid in the city, emphasizes that the problem is especially serious for "hippie-types" who are not covered specifically by civil rights laws, and blacks, who are. Becker pointed out that the request by realtors for "references" is often "a ploy to find out if you are white or black." The common practice in Louisville of "tenancy at will" (a month-to-month lease),

furthermore, gives the realtor the convenient option of evicting tenants with as little as 30-days notice.

"Students," says Becker, "are one of the most oppressed minorities in the area of tenant-realtor relations." Although most realtors completely disavow the color and hair line as reasons for their refusal to rent to certain minority groups, some absolutely refuse to rent to students. Most often the reasons tenants are refused or evicted, the realtors say, are complaints by neighbors, the *possibility* of complaints, or — in the case of children or pets — the *possibility* of destruction of property.

For some U of L students, a good solution to the problem might be to speak with Harold Adams, Director of Housing here. Throughout the year his office maintains a list of available places, mostly in the Lindsay Court, Bardstown Road, Preston Street, and Hikes Point areas — "wherever the large apartment complexes are." People call Adams, offering rooms and apartments, and "every year," says Adams, "the first of the year," two older women ask specifically for foreign students. But working with realtors, Adams says, "would be sticking the university's neck out." The office simply suggests names and places, and the students must "do their own choosing."

Adams says "we have a better bunch of kids here than most places," and indeed the limited choices — with regards to individual taste — seem to indicate that assistance comes to a more-or-less select group.

"Hip" students, blacks, pet owners, single girls and others may have to fend for themselves. They can first look for signs of vacancies posted in yards or in the front of buildings. Or they can check the classified ads, but verbal contracts made with realtors by phone do not ensure a place to live. More than one student has had that contract broken upon meeting a realtor in person. A recent U of L graduate, a photographer who is now working for a design firm, recently experienced such a situation. He arranged by phone to meet the agent at the first of two available apartments in a "few minutes." When the interested party arrived at the place (which was only a five-minute walk from where he worked), however, it took the landlady one superficial glance to reject him. Although she said, "both apartments have been rented," it appears rather obvious because of the time element that the reason was his "hip" appearance (he sports a trimmed beard and medium-length hair).

For the black student, "the apartment has just been rented," in an overwhelming number of cases. From June through the first part of August, a black Law School student says he met with discrimination until finally landing an apartment at a new complex

*Ordinance 505.3.

housing mostly whites, where he has had no trouble. Yet for weeks calling numbers from the classified ads brought merely false hopes. Either the place was rented two minutes earlier, or landlords turned "for rent" signs around as the student approached. This occurred "especially around First, Second and Third streets," said the student. Several times apartments that were "just rented" were curiously vacant again the next day. And more than once realtors agreed to meet the student and upon meeting him turned him away, against insisting, "It's just been rented."

When, in frustration, the student altered his strategy by first inquiring whether black people were acceptable as tenants, the answer was almost invariably "Oh, we rent to anyone, but the apartment has already been rented."

And a black graduate student in the School of Education experienced much discrimination manifested in discouraging words such as: "Oh, it's old, you wouldn't like it."

A few realtors and landladies have learned that an *a priori* evaluation of a tenant makes little difference. Damages to a Lexington Road apartment cost an East End realtor a substantial amount; on first appearance the workingman and his wife had seemed like favorable tenants, the kind landlords seem to want most of all.

And two separate realty companies rented entire houses to "hippie-types," one to a local rock group and the other to U of L students. Both realtors were satisfied with their tenants: one expressed appreciation for creative repairs made on his house. (The rock group, incidentally, sheltered several dogs whose owners were not allowed to keep pets in their city apartments.)

Attorney-realtor Louis Cohen, however, deemed it necessary to turn several people down after nearly renting by phone, because of "a general appearance and attitude — the person was obviously dirty." Cohen learned a lesson on renting "sight-seen" when he once found 2,000 empty beer cans in an apartment rented to a student.

Sadly — for both realtors and prospective tenants — another reason for student and "hippie" discrimination is sometimes a breach of faith. In an apartment on Fourth Street, a number of anonymous dwellers were discovered by the agent, though the place had originally been rented to a man and wife. Another time, according to realtor Cohen, a young man came to rent an apartment for himself, but, he says, "it was obvious to me there were four or five standing around," whom Cohen apparently assumed wished to move in also.

Don Lewis on two occasions rented to "young people" who soon sponsored "sleep-ins with 50 or more people on floors and in hallways." This kind of unfortunate occurrence brings complaints from neighbors, often giving realtors a reasonable excuse for discrimination, and, says Lewis, it "breaks our regulation with housing laws."

But housing regulations are also broken at times by

the realtors. Regulations were broken recently by one now-rather-infamous realty agent who turned off the heat and electricity in the apartment of a family unable to pay the rent. The mother was blind and the father was partially blind.

"Breach of faith" on the part of realtors occasionally takes perhaps an even more unethical form. Two young women — a U of L student and a secretary — renting a \$90-a-month St. James Court apartment, received two separate, unexpected visits from their realtor, who entered their home, unannounced, with his own key. On the second visit, moreover, he brought with him a prospective tenant, even though the women had no intention of moving.

A similar experience was a major reason forcing a newly married St. James Court couple to move. Several times when they had been out their landlady had obviously been "visiting" their apartment.

A U of L graduate student and his wife, newcomers to Louisville, suffered from the mistakes of other peoples' pets, and from the usual economical concerns of realtors. Owners of two large dogs, they inquired about a number of available apartments in the city, asking first whether pets were acceptable. The couple finally rented a new apartment at a cooperatively owned complex, whose managers apparently find pets no problem.

Cohen, however, agrees with Brown Realty. "Pets," he says, "leave a mess. People don't treat a rented apartment as home."

Single girls, says agent Cohen, are "worse housekeepers than boys," and their apartments are "where the boys go." But many realtors, oddly enough, worry that the single girl might marry; perhaps fearing two will attempt to live as cheaply as one.

Chambers Realty claims that in dealing with students, realtors "anticipate too much partying and not taking care of the property." Its spokesmen feel it is "better to have young people together in one specific area."

But at the Confederate Apartments, the U of L complex for married students where young people do live together, rent is extremely high and the lack of privacy is felt by some tenants. The dormitory-like atmosphere has earned it the name "married students dorm." For couples who rented an apartment there out of frustration, the living arrangement is less than satisfactory.

Perhaps there can be a viable way for students here to overcome their difficulty. Students in Ann Arbor organized over a year ago to combat such discriminatory practices in housing (including unreasonably high rent). Similar tenants' rights groups are appearing all across the country, composed of both students and low-income families. In Louisville, the new Tenants' Rights Council works with Legal Aid and people like Jerry Becker.

Harold Adams, we recall, is sure that "we have a better bunch of kids here," and some realtors are eager to rent to those among the "better bunch." Louis Cohen wishes to be counted among them, quipping, "some of my best friends are students." □

Flirtation

When you stare at me like that
pretending to absorb myself in a very dull
book
I wonder what you see.

Or
on my way to others
suddenly I turn
and find you tripping me
with a smile.

So
raising my eyes
if you turn slightly toward the light,
I see
your lashes
brush ever so softly
over eyes that dread
and welcome
my sight.

— Adair Prewitt

I swim in the memory
of a distant kiss
grab tomorrows that wilt
like fondled flowers

hug tomorrows
that melt between
warm sheets

between warm sheets
despair

— Tom Brady



70 Cunningham

Why the seas are blue

Characters

George Twenty-ish.

Jean George's wife, same age; has overbite.

Kruger Big, loud, thirty-ish.

Mary Alice Kruger's wife.

Reverend Stock In his fifties.

Mrs. Stock A wife.

Burt Nervous.

Scene: Living room, neat, ready for small party. Curtain rises, George wandering around, has on shirt and tie, but no trousers. He is looking for something.

Geo: *(Loudly, directed off-stage)* Jeanie! *(Pause)* Jeanie! I cannot find my pants.

Jean: *(From off-stage)* On the couch, and stop yelling; I am not deaf.

Geo: On the couch . . . *(He looks)* Are they pressed?

Jean: What?

Geo: I still cannot find them, why do you insist upon hiding my damned pants . . . hides everything . . . *(Louder)* Hey, don't you realize that this business of being dressed on time is . . . What if that smug preacher walked in?

Jean: *(Interrupts George)* Please keep your voice down; these walls are like paper. George, put your glasses on and look on the back of the only couch in our living room.

Geo: *(Looks on table)* Not here!

Jean: *(Loudly)* On the couch, George. On the couch.

Geo: No, the glasses. I can't find either one. *(He sits on couch, leans back against the pants)* Jeanie, do you know this all reminds me of being in about the seventh grade; yes, the seventh grade. Reminds me of not being able to spell a word. *(Jeanie enters, picks glasses off table, walks over to George. She has on colored slip)*

Jean: George, you are sitting on the pants I just pressed. *(Hands him glasses — he looks at pants)*

Geo: I thought you said they were pressed. Wrinkles. Look, wrinkles.

Jean: *(Disgusted)* I did, but you . . . *(Looks at audience)* George, you forgot to pull the blinds; we're putting on a show for the whole neighborhood. Go close them.

Geo: It's too late.

Jean: Please.

Geo: *(Laughs)* Hey, let's go outside and expose ourselves.

Jean: You, you're impossible.

Geo: Yes, I suppose I am.

Jean: Oh God, look at the time; we never will finish at this rate. *(Starts back off stage)*

Geo: Just a second; where was I when you gave me the glasses?

Jean: Eighth grade, spelling . . . *(She exits)*

Geo: Yes, yes . . . Jeanie, if I couldn't spell a word, do you know what I would do? I'd march up to the desk, look the teacher right in the back of her habit, and ask her how to spell the word. Any word, for instance . . . *(Pause)* Can't think of an appropriate one just now, but I'd ask her how to spell the word I can't think of. *(Pause)* Do you know what she always replied? *(He gets up on the couch and puts his pants on)* She'd say, "George Michael, go look it up in the dictionary."

Now how do you look up a word *(Pause)* in the dictionary if you can't . . . *(Jeanie enters, has on a dress)*

Jean: What?

Geo: About the dictionary.

Jean: Oh. Zip me up. *(George struggles with zipper)* I wish you hadn't invited them, not tonight anyway. A couple should spend their first anniversary together, alone. I had a full evening planned. Records, scrapbook, we could even show slides of the trip, and dance, just like the last time.

Geo: This damned zipper . . . They invited themselves; besides, it was our night.

Jean: *(Not paying attention)* Sure, I know their overbearing lot, invited themselves, now didn't they — boom — right over the top of little George.

Geo: No, I sent out formal invitations. *(Pause)* Still, this zipper is stuck. *(He rests)*

Jean: George, remember when we were dating, when daddy caught us in front of my house, my zipper was caught then. You tried to crawl under the seat. *(She laughs)*

Geo: I'm sorry, but it wasn't me; it must have been Burt.

Jean: It was you, George. We had been to a show, a musical; I've still got the ticket stubs in the scrapbook.

Geo: It wasn't me.

Jean: You, George. I do wish we were going to be alone.

Geo: Perhaps. *(He struggles with the zipper — it goes up)*

Jean: It was you.

Geo: *(Looks at audience)* Say, I've got a splendid idea.

Jean: No you don't; they'll be here any minute. *(She goes back to the bedroom)*

Geo: *(Walks around)* Now. *(Looks at door)* Now! *(Spins around)* Now. Now. *(Takes piece of paper, writes on it, drops it into one of the two fishbowls on the table)* . . . Now.

Jean: *(Off-stage)* Did you finish your book last night? How late did you stay up? I got up at three and you were lost to the world. What was the name of it? *(George sits listening)* Well, never mind; I saw the cover and I can imagine what it's about. George? George, answer me.

Geo: *(Pause)* Yes, three o'clock, *Diary of a Madman*, and . . .

Jean: What?

Geo: *(Louder)* I didn't say anything.

Jean: Ah, I'm sorry I didn't hear you the first time.

Geo: *(Loud)* It was a good book.

Jean: What?

Geo: Come in here if you want to talk to me.

Jean: *(Enters, dress unzipped again)* Now, what was that, George?

Geo: What was what?

Jean: You were saying.

Geo: I was saying 'what.'

Jean: Yes, I remember that part but what were you reading last night?

Geo: (*Disgusted*) I was looking for a phone number. It was the phone book.

Jean: For four hours?

Geo: Yes I didn't know the first name.

Jean: Oh. (*Pause*) George . . .

Geo: Huh?

Jean: Zip me up.

Geo: No dammit I know what you are up to and I will not zip it. If you get it down then by-God you get it back up. No repetition; not tonight.

Jean: From what you did in front of my house, I'd say you need the practice. Come on, remember dear, it's the little things that count. It's like the deodorant ad, the one we put in the scrapbook.

Geo: Which one?

Jean: You know, the one where the man is behind the girl, then looks at the mirror . . . Baby powder, it's baby powder, George. (*She picks up the scrapbook and searches through it*) It's not in here. Somebody . . .

Geo: Page ninety-one.

Jean: (*Looks*) No ninety-one.

Geo: Impossible, unless . . .

Jean: Kruger. Kruger stole it . . .

Geo: Yes, he always does.

Jean: No matter, the important thing is that you did know the page number. You've been studying again, huh George? Why?

Geo: I knew because . . . (*Doorbell rings*) Now.

(*Enter Rev. Stock and wife, and Burt and Mary Alice, who are supporting the intoxicated Kruger. They set Kruger in chair.*)

Jean: George, I believe you've met everyone except Mr. Stock. George? (*She looks*) George! This is the Reverend Stock and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Stock, my husband George. Apparently you have already met Kruger.

Rev. Stock: As a matter of fact, no. We came up the stairs together and assisted in bearing Kruger up the banister, but actually meet him, no. We do know Burt, who organized this little gathering.

Mrs. Stock: We sure did; I do believe Mr. Kruger has had one too many. He's stiff as a board, but as Herbert said, we haven't met Kruger officially.

Jean: Well, this is Kruger and his wife Mary Alice. Mary Alice — Kruger this is —

Kruger: (*Interrupting*) Oh hell, they know me. I met them last night. They know me, textbook introduction and all. Somebody get me a drink. (*Points to Jean*)

Kruger: Hey, your damned dress is unzipped. Georgie-boy, what have you been up to? Can't leave her alone, can you, you sex-maniac.

Geo: (*Zips dress up*) He's already started. It's only . . . (*Looks at watch*) He's already started.

Kruger: I want a drink; fix everybody a drink. Come on, wake up.

Mary A: Goodness I almost forgot.

Kruger: You did, my drink.

Mary A: No, the surprise. Burt, Rev. Stock . . . (*She points to door*) Now everyone sit down.

Jean: Wait, let me take the coats and purses into the bedroom. (*She gathers purses and coats; exits*)

Mary A: Hurry. (*Pause*)

Jean: (*Re-enters*) Okay.

Mary A: Sit down, please, on the couch, right beside George. Now close your eyes, both of you; we have a surprise for you.

Burt: Take his glasses; he always peeks.

Mary A: No. Now, is everyone ready?



Kruger: Oh hell, bring the chair in and let's get this party started. I'm tired.

Mary A: Open your eyes. Surprise!

Kruger: (*Aside*) Oh, hell.

Jean: It's just beautiful; we'll put it in the bedroom between the tables. Say something, George. (*Burt sets chair up; it falls*)

Rev. Stock: (*Points*) It is difficult, but . . . (*Pause*)

Mary A: Kruger, where's the other leg? It's useless without four legs. Why?

Kruger: Very special chair . . . but not useless; it's all a matter of balance. Stability and balance.

Mrs. Stock: George.

Geo: Yes, I know, say something. I am so over . . . (*Pause*) over . . . a . . . (*Pause*) over-climbed that I am lost for words. Perhaps you should not have done it. Really.

Rev. Stock: Why, of course, we wanted to. It is our little contribution to your home.

Kruger: Bull, don't believe them, George. I wanted to bring you a new set of chains for your car or at least an empty box, but not them. If you can't sit on it, then have it antiques and framed.

Burt: Why do that?

Kruger: To hang on the wall, put a trampoline between the beds and . . .

Mary A: Kruger, — 'couch.'

Kruger: What?

Mary A: Couch. C-O-U-C-H.

Kruger: Like last night.



Mary A: Not exactly. *(Pause)*

Burt: *(Points to fishbowls)* No fish.

(Jean and Mary Alice pour drinks and seat everyone; Burt, George and Jean on couch)

Burt: *(Points again to fishbowls)* What's with the fishbowls?

Geo: Games.

Rev. Stock: Ah, yes, charades. I thought so. As a young man studying for the ministry, we students would get together and pantomime passages from the Bible . . . my favorites were Old Testament stories.

Kruger: I can just see you and your pulpit cronies dancing through a silent re-enactment of the rape of the Sabine women . . .

Geo: Or Sodom and Gomorrah.

Mary A: Both of you shut-up.

Burt: Say, Mr. Stock, why the games with the Old Testament?

Rev. Stock: To help memorize the important ones. To a minister the Bible is more than a way of life; it's a book. So of course you better know the relevant passages.

Geo: Come on, we're in a hurry.

Mrs. Stock: A hurry, yes, and I think we should allow the host the honor of the first performance. George, please start us off, if you will.

Burt: I'll bet he prefers not to.

Geo: I prefer not to start, with Kruger and her *(Points to Jean)* in the game. It's ruined before we get to first base.

Mrs. Stock: He has got a point, Mr. Kruger.

Burt: Yes he does; remember last night.

Geo: Yes, remember last night. That settles it; Kruger you are forthwith banned from further competition.

Kruger: That's it, stick together; conspiracy! *(Waves hands)* And you, George . . . *(Kruger grabs stomach, slumps over in his chair, opens one eye)* Hey, George, wait till she's *(Points to Jean)* had about seven kids, fat, floppy, her cute little face wrinkled.

Geo: Oh, God.

Kruger: Remember that the next time your horns are showing.

Geo: Oh, my God.

Mrs. Stock: He does have a point, you know.

Kruger: Good, it's one to nothing.

Mrs. Stock: What?

Mary A: Everybody shut up, and you, Kruger, do not open your dirty mouth again until you have something worthwhile to contribute to this evening. *(Pause)*

Kruger: *(Raises hand)* Why do you blame me? I'll tell you, it justifies your own little domestic perversions. Blame me for not having anything to say; blame the walls *(Points to audience)* — no — blame that poor ass *(Points to George)* or that idiot *(Points to Burt)* or that . . . *(Points to Rev. Stock)*

Jean: Please let's try to get along tonight, for once. *(Stands)* We will have to move the furniture.

(Men except for Kruger rise and arrange couch on one side, chairs on the other. The three-legged chair and a box somewhere in-between.)

Burt: Okay. Let us start the game.

Jean: Right. Let me explain — we have two fishbowls on the table back here. In the left one are song titles, epigrams, and other directed soliloquies. In the one on the right are the names of animals. Burt will begin. *(He goes over and takes one from the left bowl)*

Burt: Ready?

(Everyone except Kruger says he is ready.)

Kruger: No, we can't start yet; have to select teams. It says so in the rule book, page ninety-one. *(He holds up scrapbook)*

Mrs. Stock: Yes, Mr. Kruger, you do have a point there.

Kruger: Good, that's two to nothing.

Geo: What's the use.

Kruger: What?

Burt: What's the use of having teams; we seldom get the right answers, and even when we do, Kruger will not keep score properly. Like last night.

Kruger: No pencil.

Burt: The night before that.

Kruger: No paper.

Burt: And the one before that.

Kruger: No score.

Geo: It's always something.

Kruger: Yes, it's in the rule book.

Mrs. Stock: I see; well, how do you propose to have even sides? There are one-two-three-four-five-six-seven of us. It seems hopeless.

Rev. Stock: Yes, hopeless.

Kruger: Yes, yes, hopeless — we will flip a coin. *(Stands, staggers)*

Rev. Stock: I do not understand what positive remedy that can offer.

Kruger: None, dammit, but somebody has to make something happen.

Rev. Stock: Your language, please.

Mary A: What about his language?

Rev. Stock: Well, the profanity; I certainly cannot encourage the sharing of his bitterness with the rest of the world.

Kruger: You selfish bastard.

Mary Alice and Jean: *(Together)* Here we go again. *(Pause)*.

Kruger: Call it, George. (*Flips an imaginary coin*)
Geo: Now!
Kruger: Now what sort of call is that; it has to be heads or tails.
Geo: Who says? (*Pause*)
Mrs. Stock: Yes, Mr. Kruger, he does have a point there.
Kruger: Two to one. Okay, George, you lose. Mary Alice, Stock and David (*Points to Burt*) on one team; Jeanie, Mrs. Stock and myself on the other.
Burt: The name is Burt, not David. He always calls me David, or Chuck, but never Burt.
Kruger: Same difference; you answer.
Geo: What about me?
Kruger: Exactly. You're on both teams. (*Sits down*)
Geo: Good. At least I cannot lose completely. You've trapped yourself, Kruger.
Jeanie: You cannot win, either.
Mrs. Stock: She has a point . . .
Kruger: (*Interrupting Mrs. Stock*) Three to one, my serve.
Geo: I quit. (*Everyone seats himself in proper position.*)
(Mary Alice whispers something to Burt, who stands, goes over to the fishbowl and draws paper from first bowl, putting original piece of paper back into the bowl. He reads the sheet and suddenly points to Mrs. Stock. Kruger dozes off.)
Mrs. Stock: Me. Me.
Rev. Stock: Wife. Spouse.
Geo: Mothers.
Mary A: (*To George*) It's not an animal.
Geo: Carrot.
Jean: She. Her . . . no, she.
(Burt shakes head yes, then acts like he's dribbling a ball.)
Mary A: Up.
Jean: Down.
Geo: Pet. She pets a . . .
(Burt waves off clue; he rolls himself up in a ball on the floor.)
Mary A: Pain . . . is it pain?
Rev. Stock: Agony . . . she agony . . . That does not make sense.
Kruger: (*Wakes*) That's it; roll up in a ball, you little flit.
(Burt nods head yes) Protect yourself. They can't get to you now, can they? Just look at him, like a pregnant armadillo. You're repulsive.
Mrs. Stock: What was the word?
Mary A: Ball. She balls.
Jean: This isn't dirty, is it?
(Burt points to his eyes.)
Jean: Head?
Mrs. Stock: I've got it! "She cries her eyes out."
(Burt nods head yes; everyone claps) Now it's my turn.
(Takes animal, reads it) I'm ready.
Kruger: I want another drink. (*Mary Alice gets it for him.*)
Others get up, have drinks, sit back down Hurry up. (*Mrs. Stock does imitation of a donkey*)
Rev. Stock: Cow; a cow, dear.
Geo: Mule. Are you a mule?
Mary A: A jackass. Look at the ears.
Burt: Yes, a jackass.
Mrs. Stock: (*Indignant*) No.
Rev. Stock: A donkey . . . are you a donkey, dear?
Mrs. Stock: Yes.
Rev. Stock: I knew it; we've been married for twenty-five years. You sure get to know a person in that time. (*Pause*)
Kruger: You're a pig.
Mrs. Stock: No, I'm finished.
Kruger: You're still a pig. (*All laugh*)
Burt: I bet she gets a headache.

Mrs. Stock: I'm not going through this again. Every night they laugh. Every night it is so funny, laughing at me. Herbert, (*To her husband*) I have a headache, a migraine; I'm going home. Herbert, are you coming? (*Jeanie goes into bedroom, off stage; returns with purse*)
Rev. Stock: I don't think so.
Kruger: Both of you leave; you weren't necessary, anyway.
Rev. Stock: No, I think I will stay awhile and watch.
Geo: No, you won't. What do you think we are — freaks? If you stay, then you play.
Rev. Stock: I will watch.
Jean: George said to leave.
Geo: Yes, so get out.
Rev. Stock: (*Aside*) Up yours. (*Mrs. Stock goes through front door; Rev. Stock walks down and takes seat in the audience. Pause*)
Mary A: (*To Kruger*) I hope you're satisfied.
Kruger: I tell you we didn't need that Stock character or his wife.
Jean: George, Kruger, sometimes I worry about you two. You, George, I care, but . . .
Mary A: Yes, we know.
Kruger: Sure we do.
Burt: Know what?
Mary A: George and Jeanie are still in the adaptive stages of their relationship.
Burt: What?
Mary A: In love.
Kruger: They haven't been married long enough.
Geo: That has nothing to do with it. We are just happy, very happy. Which reminds me, do you want to see some slides I took at the ocean? (*He goes off stage, returns, hands slides to Burt who looks at them while holding them up to the light*)
Kruger: What about now . . . are you happy now?
Geo: Of course.
Kruger: Not even content.
Burt: These pictures . . . you are smiling, so you must have been sort of happy, but some of the pictures are of you and some are of Jeanie. No pictures of you both.
Geo: Somebody had to take pictures, didn't they?
Kruger: That's the way it always is.
Jean: Come on, let's finish the game.
Mary A: Yes, the game.
Geo: What about the one of our shadows, huh? Will that do?
Burt: (*Looking*) It's not here.
Mary A: Kruger . . .
Kruger: (*Hands back slide*) I tried to save you. (*George holds it up to light*)
Geo: Look at that. Two of the happiest shadows I've ever seen.
Burt: Nice, (*Pause*) but how do you tell if they are happy, or even content?
Kruger: That's the way it always is.
Jean: (*Pause*) Please, let's finish the game. George, dear, will you do the next one?
Geo: (*Ponders*) I'd rather not. He (*Indicating Kruger*) is just waiting for a chance to tear into me, to destroy me. No, it's too dangerous.
Burt: What can he do; he is so drunk he can't even stand up.
Geo: Is he?
Jean: Well, George, you do have to perform before the night is over. You don't really have a choice.
Geo: Then give my turn to Kruger.
Burt: He's got a point there. Kruger is entertaining, and since . . .
Jean: No.

Burt: What?

Jean: No point.

Kruger:

(Stands, staggers over to song titles-epigram bowl and takes piece of paper.)

Geo: No, not that one; Kruger has to do an animal. Somebody tell him.

Mary A: Kruger, please.

(Takes another one, reads it, turns to George.) By the way, George, what did you do with the fish? Did you flush them down the john? *(George shakes his head)* Ate them, didn't you? I can just see you crawling up the table leg, diving into the bowl, biting, scratching, killing an entire school of guppies.

Mary A: Kruger, commence.

(Kruger repeatedly points very sharply to his watch.)

Mary A: Time?

Jean: Watch? I thought it was an animal.

Geo: *(Smiling)* A when . . .

Burt: An elephant, no, a mouse, a Mickey Mouse.

(Kruger throws hands up in disgust)

Kruger: No! Dammit, pay attention.

Mary A: Oh, an eagle.

Geo: You're a when, Kruger, no, you're a yesterday . . . *(Pause)* maybe a where.

Kruger: *(Angry)* You little worm, I'm a . . .

Geo and Kruger: *(Together)* . . . a now!

Geo: That's right; you're a now, an extinct now, dead before the words make it out of your filthy mouth.

Kruger: *(Calmly)* I will kill him; he cheated. A rotten little cheat.

Mary A: Here we go again. *(Pause)*

Jean: George, I am afraid that your turn has come.

Geo: No.

Jean: Yes, it's in the book.

Geo: Then damn the scrapbook. Throw it away.

Burt: Yes, that is exactly what course of action we should take. Get the scrapbook and throw it in the nearest sewer.

Mary A: I don't know. I mean, it helps you keep track of the time; it sort of gives you a perspective on the past.

Burt: Throw it away. Strike a blow for . . . what's it for, anyway?

Kruger: It will not work; I tried. Burt, what happens when you take that bed-bunny you call a girl-friend to a show? I'll tell you. To get in, you have to purchase two tickets, right. You give them to a guy who tears them in two and gives you back half of hem. You next give them to an usher who reads off your number, takes you to your seat, and gives them back to you. Then you either slip them into your pocket or subconsciously try to destroy them with your sweaty little hands. Am I right, Burt?

Burt: I suppose so. But that's just two tickets.

Kruger: Yes, but that stuff piles up.

Burt: Well, what do you do with ticket stubs?

Mary A: He eats them. Still, we could throw them away and start over, but it would be a lonely world without the thought of waiting for some of yesterday.

Kruger: Too late. If we threw it all away, the houses would be empty, the books just blank pages, and the garbage would bury the city in pressed flowers and second-rate poetry. *(Pause)*

Jean: Well, this is all very interesting, but don't you think we should finish the game? George?

Geo: No. I'd prefer not to. He's still angry. *(Points to Kruger)*

Kruger: Well, by-God, it's no longer up to your preference.

(Kruger draws a paper from the bowl and throws it to George. George reads it and starts imitating a penguin. Kruger sits down)

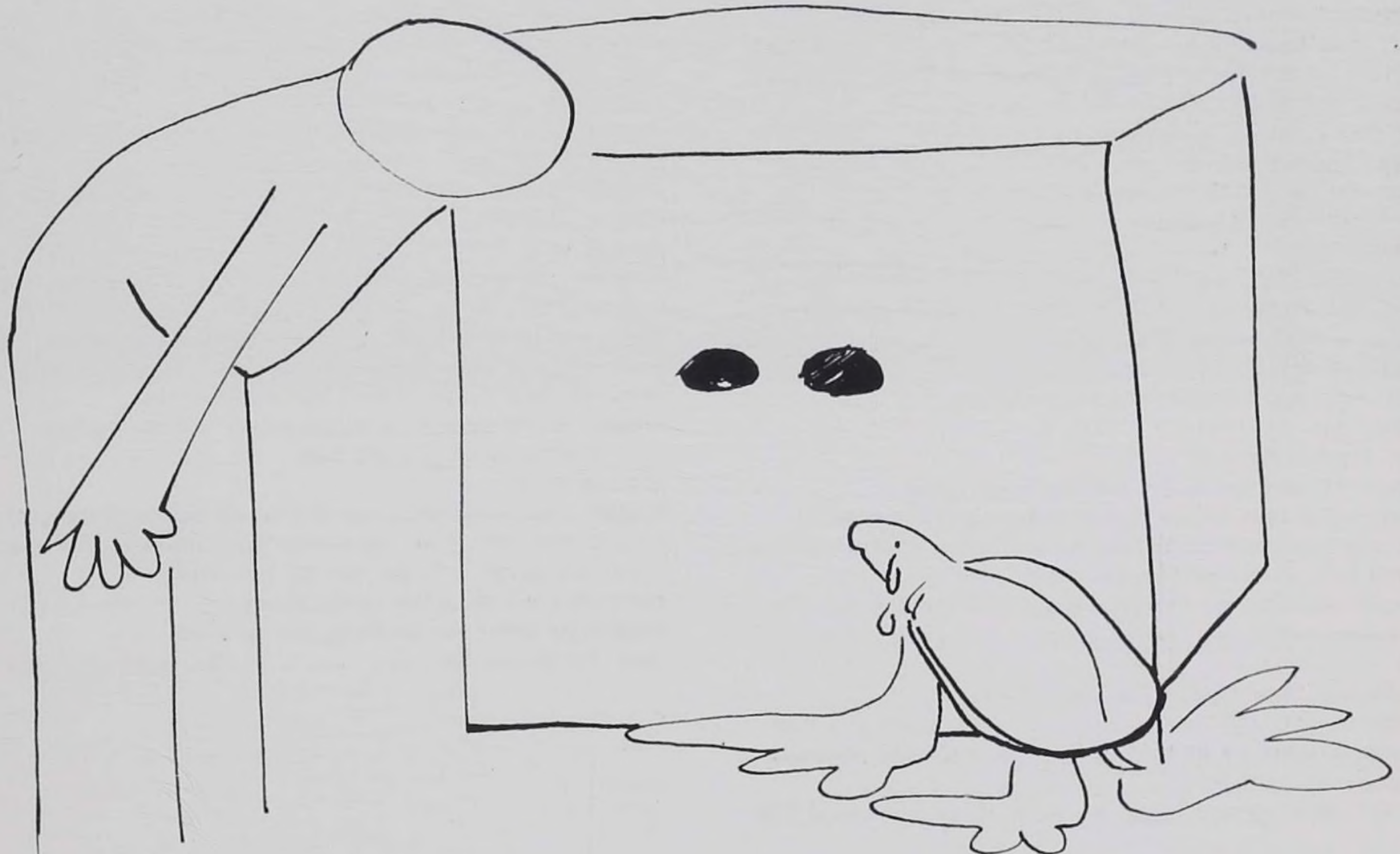
Burt: You're a bird.

Mary A: An animal?

Jean: A fish?

Geo: I don't know.

Jean: Well, if you don't, who does?



Kruger: You are a nervous fire-plug.

Geo: No!

Kruger: He talked! He always talks. Where's the rule book?

No talking. *(George goes on)*

Mary A: Are you a seal?

Burt: An otter.

Kruger: An impotent husband. *(George drops paper and attacks Kruger, who throws him onto the floor)*

Kruger: *(To George, who lies on the floor)* Come on, George, I'm sorry, really. *(Laughs, dips fingers into drink, places drops on his cheeks)* Look at my sorrow, George. I'm bawling my head off.

(George crawls hastily across the floor to the pasteboard box that the three-legged chair was wrapped in, and puts it over himself.)

Jean: George? Stop it; you are acting like a big baby. Now come out of there and talk to us. *(George cuts hole from inside and throws glasses out)*

Jean: George, please, what are you doing? *(George cuts another hole in the front of the box; he peeks out)*

Kruger: Turtle.

Mary A: What?

Kruger: A turtle. I've got it, George, you are a turtle, a big soft-shelled turtle.

Jean: *(Kneels by front of box)* No in-between, there, George. You are either totally happy or perfectly miserable, but you will not let it rest in-between. I don't know what to do.

I cannot take your little one-room hells. Like earlier tonight, George, I was so happy I forgot to . . . *(She whispers)*

As soon as they get here it's hell and we both have to crawl through it. George, the rest of the dream is not that important — but what about me?

(George whispers something to her.)

Jean: Is that really it, George?

Kruger: *(Singing)* "Yurtile the fertile Turtle

lived by the sea

and frolicked on the dung heap . . ."

I forgot the rest of it.

Burt: Same difference.

Mary A: Kruger, I am going; don't bother trying walk to the door. I will leave a pillow for you on the couch. We've been married for centuries, but this is too much.

Kruger: That's all right; give me back my ring. *(They both laugh, she kisses him and exits)*

(The box shakes, Burt goes over and peeks into the box, he lights a match and inserts his hand.)

Burt: Ah! He bit me. He bit me. *(Shakes his hand)*

Kruger: Get him, George. I'll tell you, David, you better watch old George; he's a snapping turtle tonight. He will get hold of you and will not let go till the sun goes down, like a snake wiggling, striking.

Burt: Yes, like a snake; like man, striking.

Kruger: No.

Burt: No, not like man.

Kruger: No philosophy. It's too late to get heavy.

Jean: Here, Burt, let me look at that finger. *(She checks)*

We had better put something on that. *(She shakes her finger at the box)* Shame on you. *(Burt and Jean exit)*

Kruger: George, old buddy, I guess you know it was me that took page ninety-one. It was for your own good. *(Waits)* Not talking, huh.

George, you'd better be careful with this turtle business, people might take you seriously. Lunacy cases are bad affairs. Think how hard it will be on the children you and Jean are going to have.

I'm speaking as a friend, so listen. If you don't straighten

up, some head-shrinker will sign a piece of paper and old George will be placed in a nice little padded cell, all by his lonesome. Now you don't want that, do you? *(Pause)*

George, do you know why the ocean is blue and salty? *(Pause. The box shakes)* I guess you do. I guess you'd rather forget the whole mess. *(Kruger takes picture slide from his pocket)* What's this? A picture slide? Right. It's more. It's part of this museum we live in, part of the domestic diary we compile day by day. It's like the welcome mat at your front door, the slides, the powder ad, and the ring on your claw, even that ridiculous chair. Those things are here to remind you, and keep reminding you, that somewhere, *(Looks at slide)* the lake, for instance, sometime, say last summer, you were carefully placed in the occasion of happiness. Me, I'm just here to remind you, to maintain your balance. All these objects are like mop-handles; I take them and tap on your shell, then each time you peek out, I poke at your head. I'm not against you, but for the others, it is necessary. If they did not swing at you, you might win the game. Now, we could not allow that, could we.

Geo: *(Pause)* I guess not.

Kruger: No, indeed; far too dangerous. *(Kruger tries to set the chair up; it falls. He picks up the piece of paper George dropped)* Penguin — you were supposed to be a penguin.

Geo: I tried to tell you, but . . .

Kruger: . . . but we didn't listen. We never do, George.

Geo: Where's Jeanie?

Kruger: In bed.

Geo: In bed?

Kruger: With Burt.

Geo: You're lying again, Kruger. I heard him go down the back steps after I bit him. But it really doesn't matter. She never understands my problems. Never.

Kruger: Don't sell her short, George. She doesn't understand, but she understands that she doesn't understand, and that's a start.

Geo: I guess so. We do have to finish, don't we.

Kruger: Yes, I suppose. Let me know when you're ready.

Geo: We can go out on a note of misery. Okay, Kruger, I'm ready.

Kruger: Go.

Geo: Damn her, here I've been married one year today, and this, in my own house. I'll kill myself.

Kruger: No, you'll kill her.

Geo: In my house, in my bed with that . . . *(Box shakes, Kruger helps George, who is still in the box, roll over on his back. He waves his arms and kicks)*

Kruger: There you go; you've really done it this time. Kicking, dying, waiting for the sun to come out and dry up your shell. *(George stops struggling)*

Jean: *(Enters)* Kruger, I think you'd better leave.

Kruger: I'll just sleep here on the couch. Get me a pillow. I told George about you and Burt.

Jean: And . . .

Kruger: And he did not believe it, but he did finish the game tonight. And you know, he knows the answer to the question about the ocean. *(Kruger lies on the couch)*

Jean: He knew about the turtles crying.

Kruger: He didn't say anything, but he knew.

Jean: He always did. □

Some people are drama majors, learning what they hope will be their profession. Some use it as a social outlet, something to identify with. For whatever reason, a group of people got together at Belknap Theatre for U of L's first production this season, Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. With some scenes from that production — front and backstage — we have contrasted some statements by theater experts from around the country. We asked them . . .

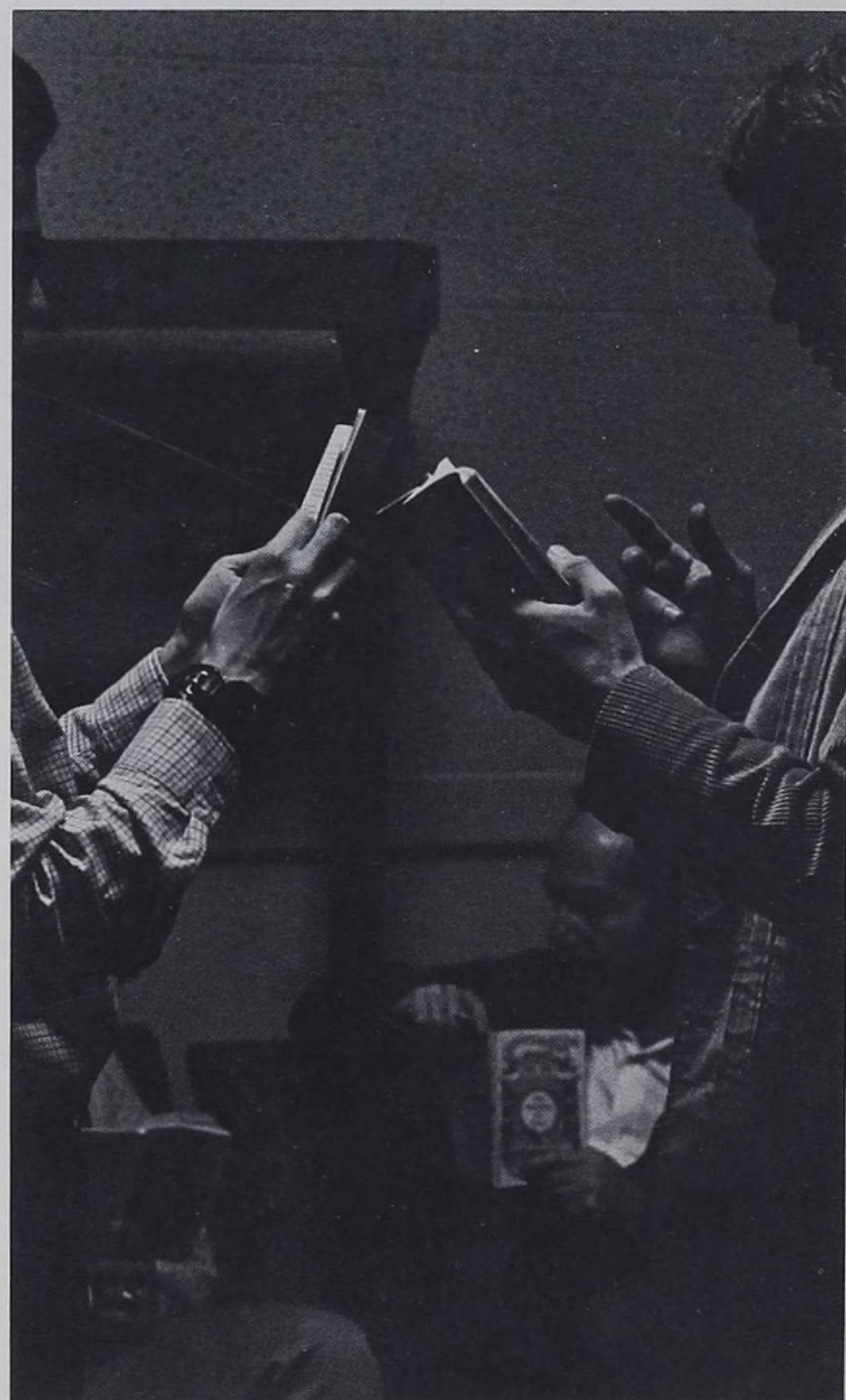
By Gavin Whitsett

What is college theater?



Yes, college theater is necessary, irreplaceable, I would say, in its unique role as an educational tool. It is one of the most effective means through which a student can be introduced to the intricacies of the deepest kind of inter-personal relationships. Pragmatically, however, college theatre has another powerful obligation, one which is indigenous to all theater really, and that is to the consumer wants and desires.

— Arthur Lithgow, McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N. J.





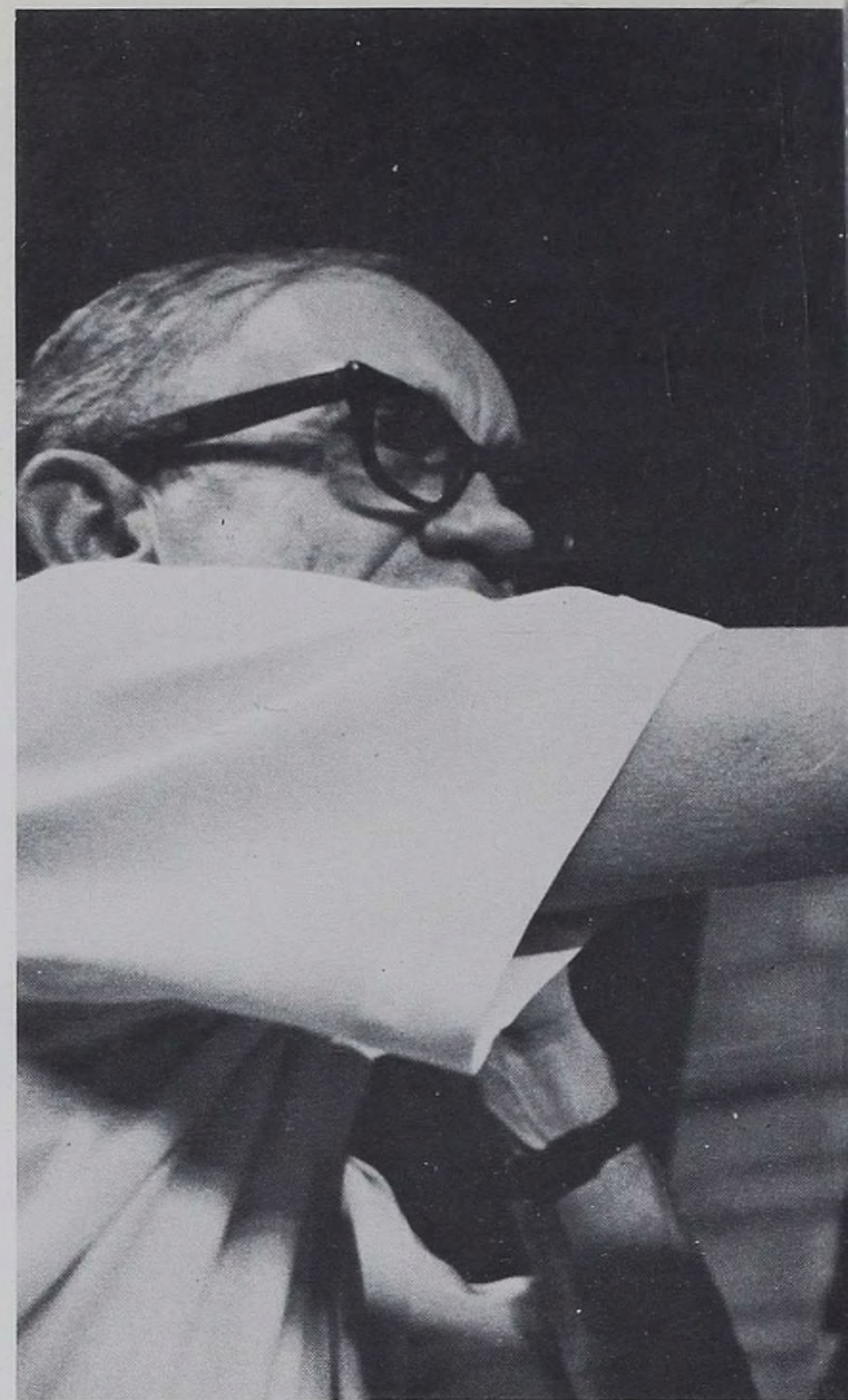
The actor has only two tools: his voice and his body, and he must know how to use them. Furthermore, the actor must study the character in order to know how to play him, and often complete understanding of a character is difficult for young college actors.

— James Byrd, Director, Belknap Theatre



I'm not sure that the university theater isn't able to do more adventurous things than the commercial theater. They don't have the problems with money or unions. Beckett, for instance, speaks loud and clear to the generation working in college theatres, or it would be nice if they would do their own rock musical. Whether good or bad, it would be legitimate. On the other hand it is very difficult to do Shakespeare. It's up to the director to decide what his company can do best.

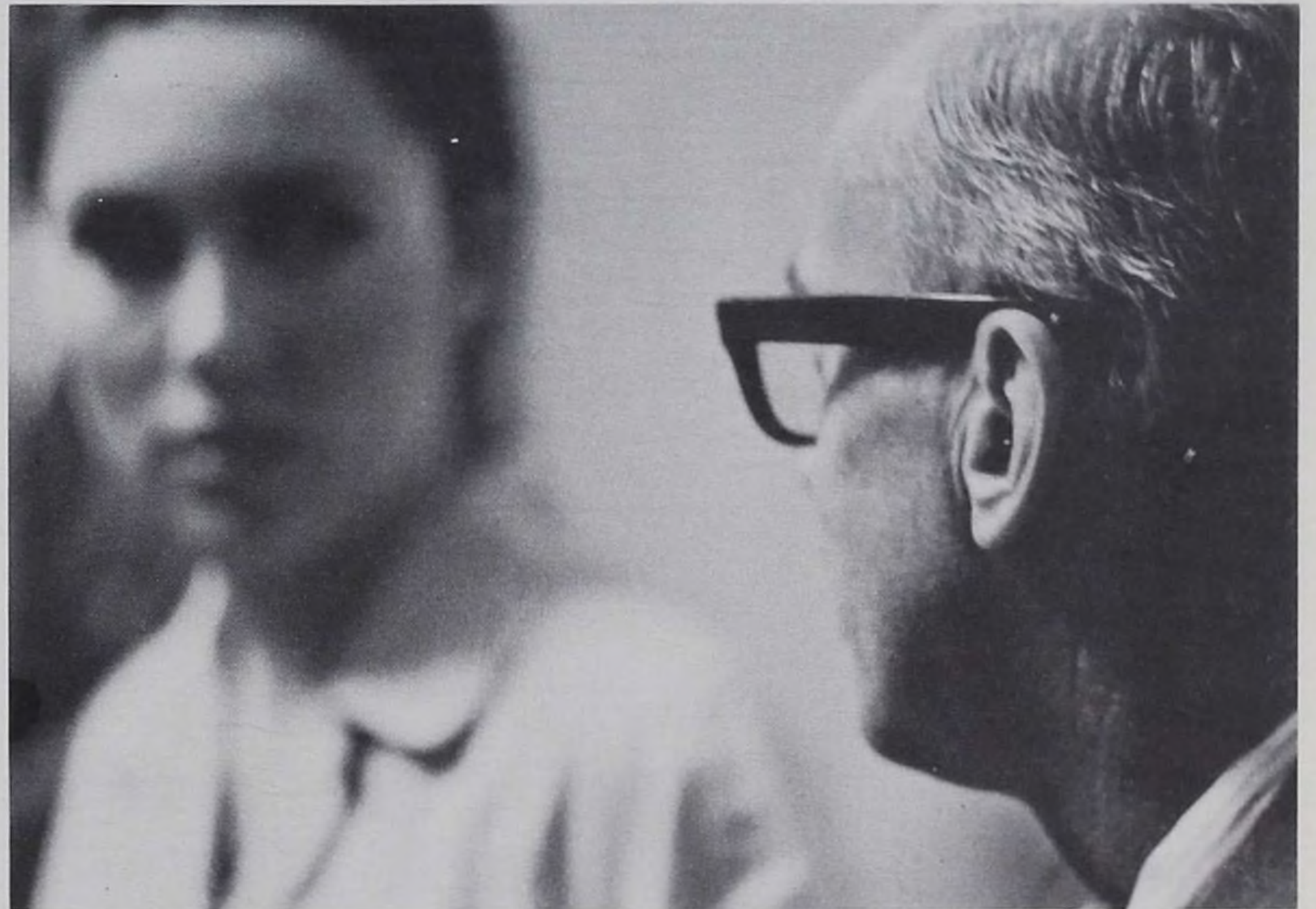
— William Mootz, Critic, Courier-Journal





The college director, as opposed to the professional director, is primarily and above all a teacher. He, to put it plainly, must teach the student his craft.

— Dr. Hank Diers, Ring Theatre, University of Miami



I just don't believe students can handle Shakespeare. They can't understand it; it's not of their time — the language, the dress, the social standards are all foreign. To realize the empathetic relation an actor must have with his character, with the play, can only come through sympathetic exposure to characters and situations which are, at least, chronologically and socially familiar to the student.

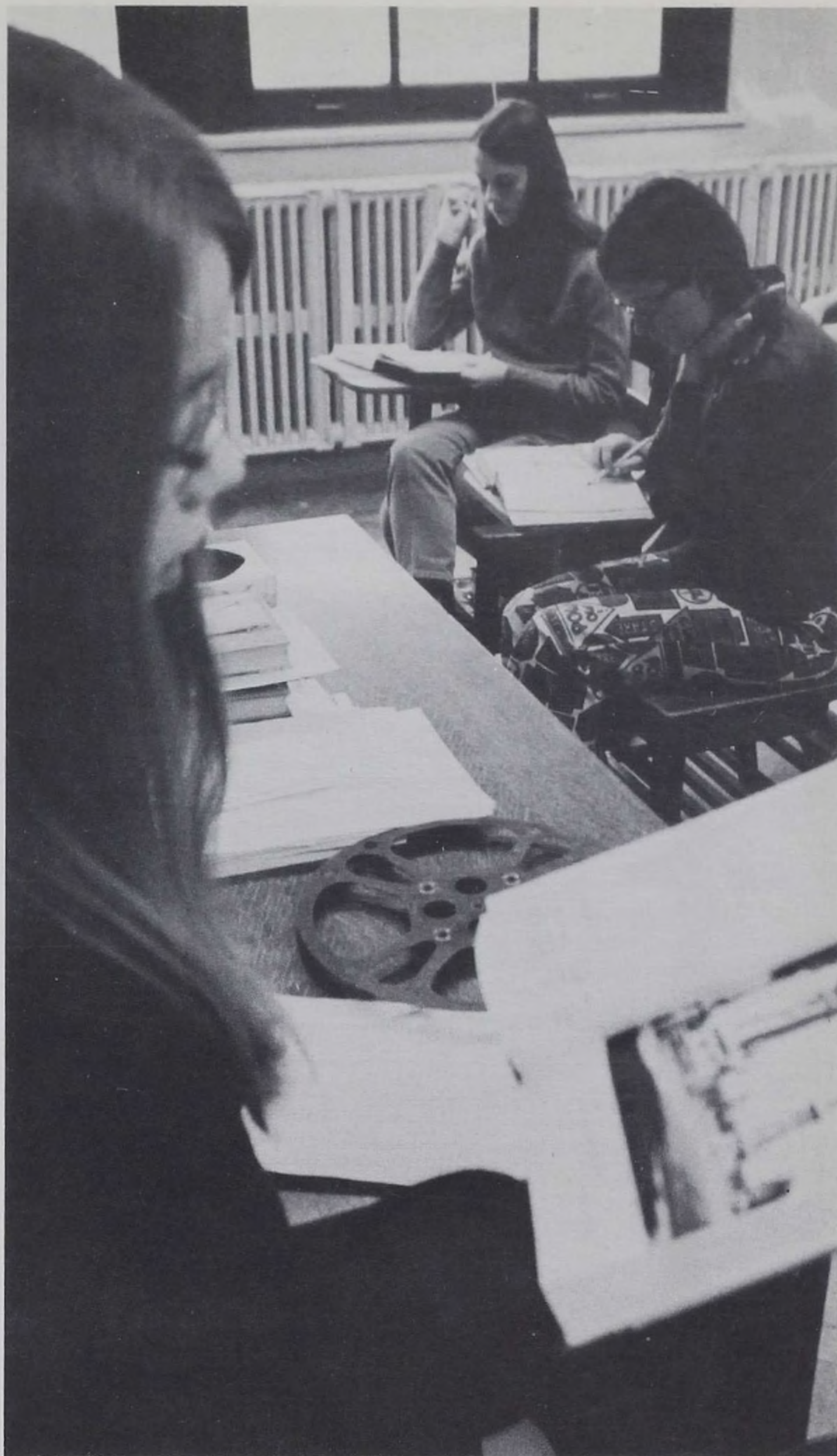
— Earl Gister, Carnegie Tech., Pittsburgh



The end



Sandy Irvin and Linda Peterson rev up a miniature TV camera while fellow student-teacher, Sarah Kendrick, leads her high school French class.



Learning to teach

By Philip Cathcart

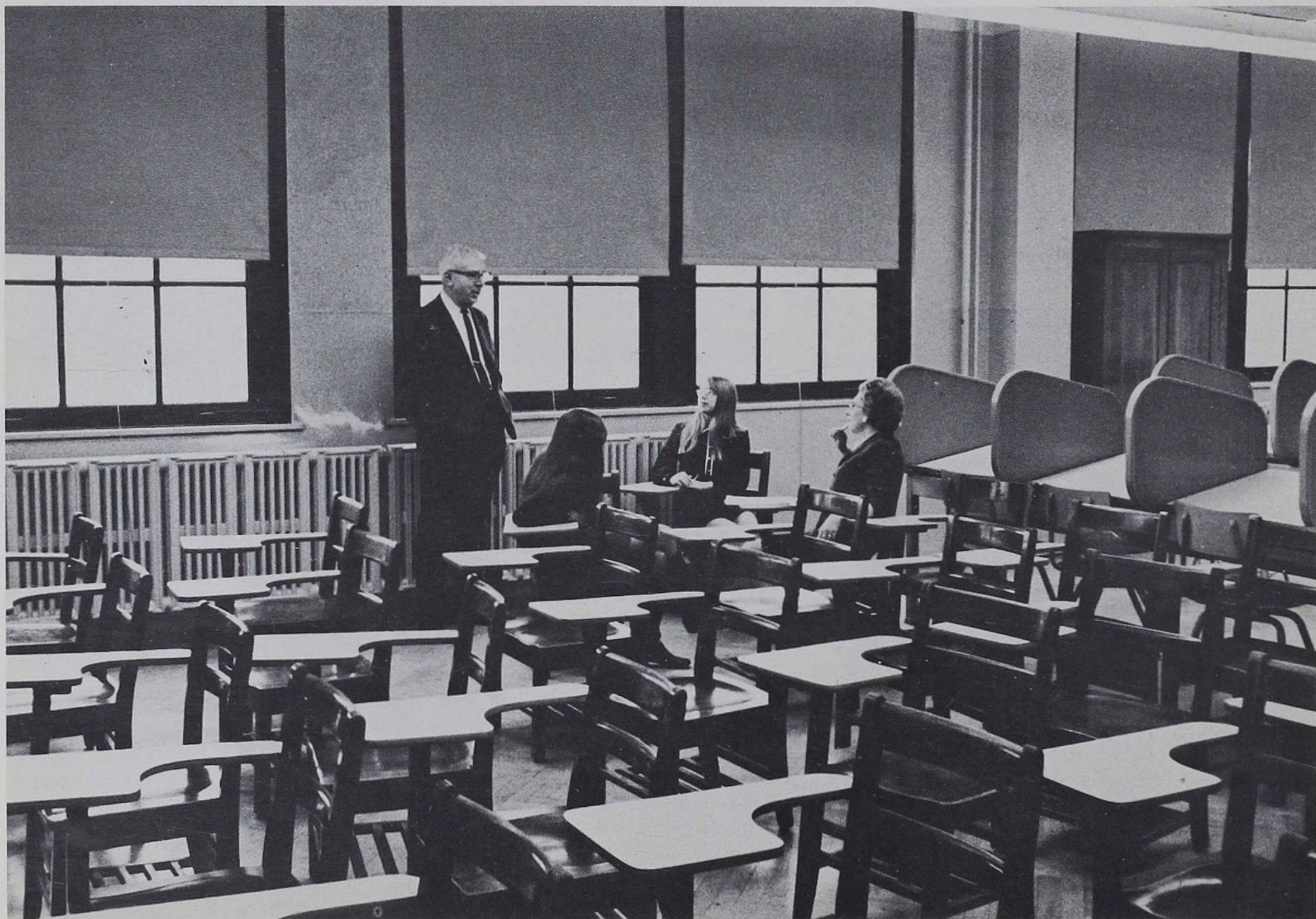
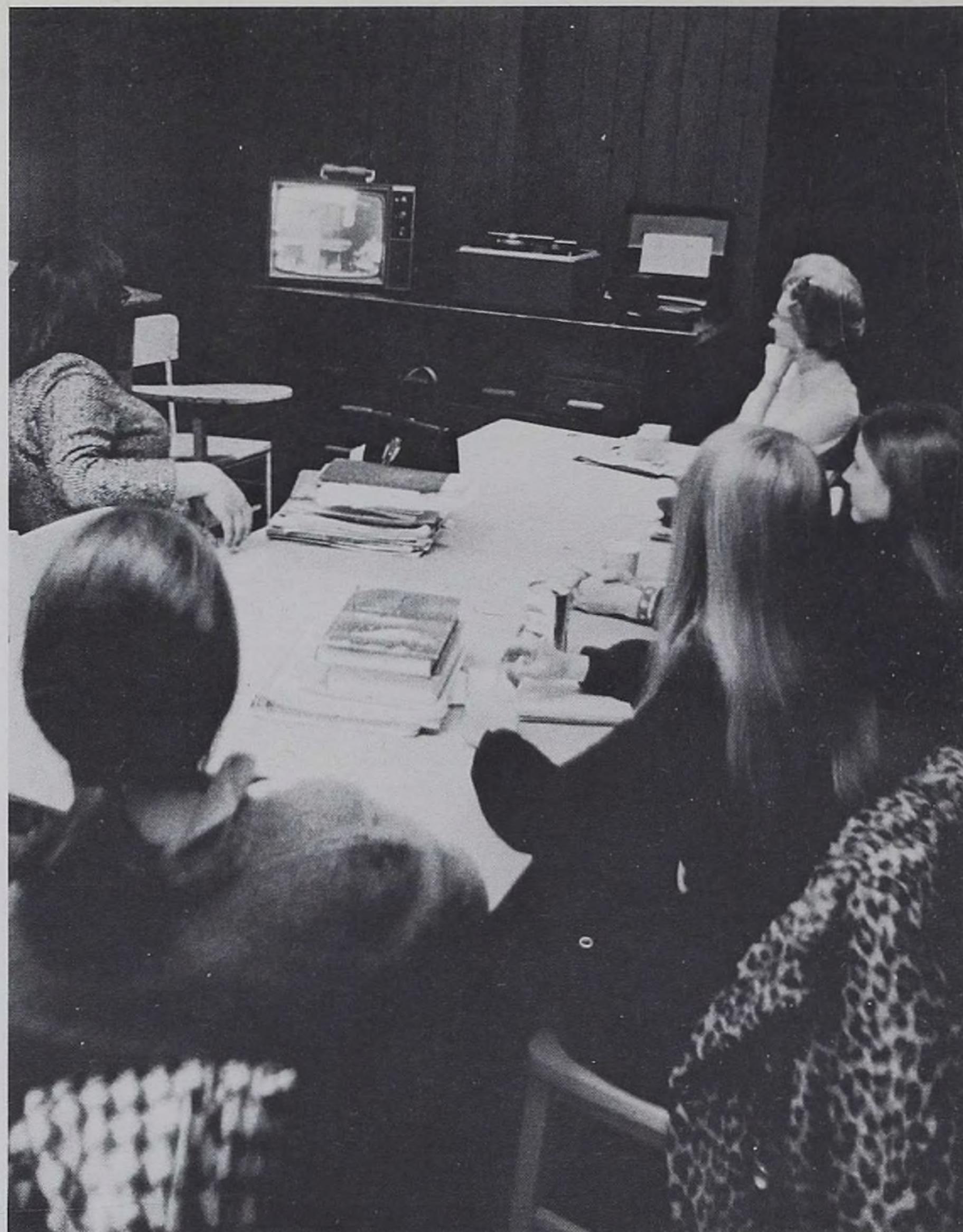
They will mold America, the teachers of the young. The students who receive their attention today will become the adults of tomorrow. And for some of these kids, learning is especially difficult. The U of L School of Education, which was established in February 1968, is especially aware of the need for very special teachers. Many of its programs for undergraduates center around problems like perceptually disabled children, disadvantaged children, retarded or emotionally

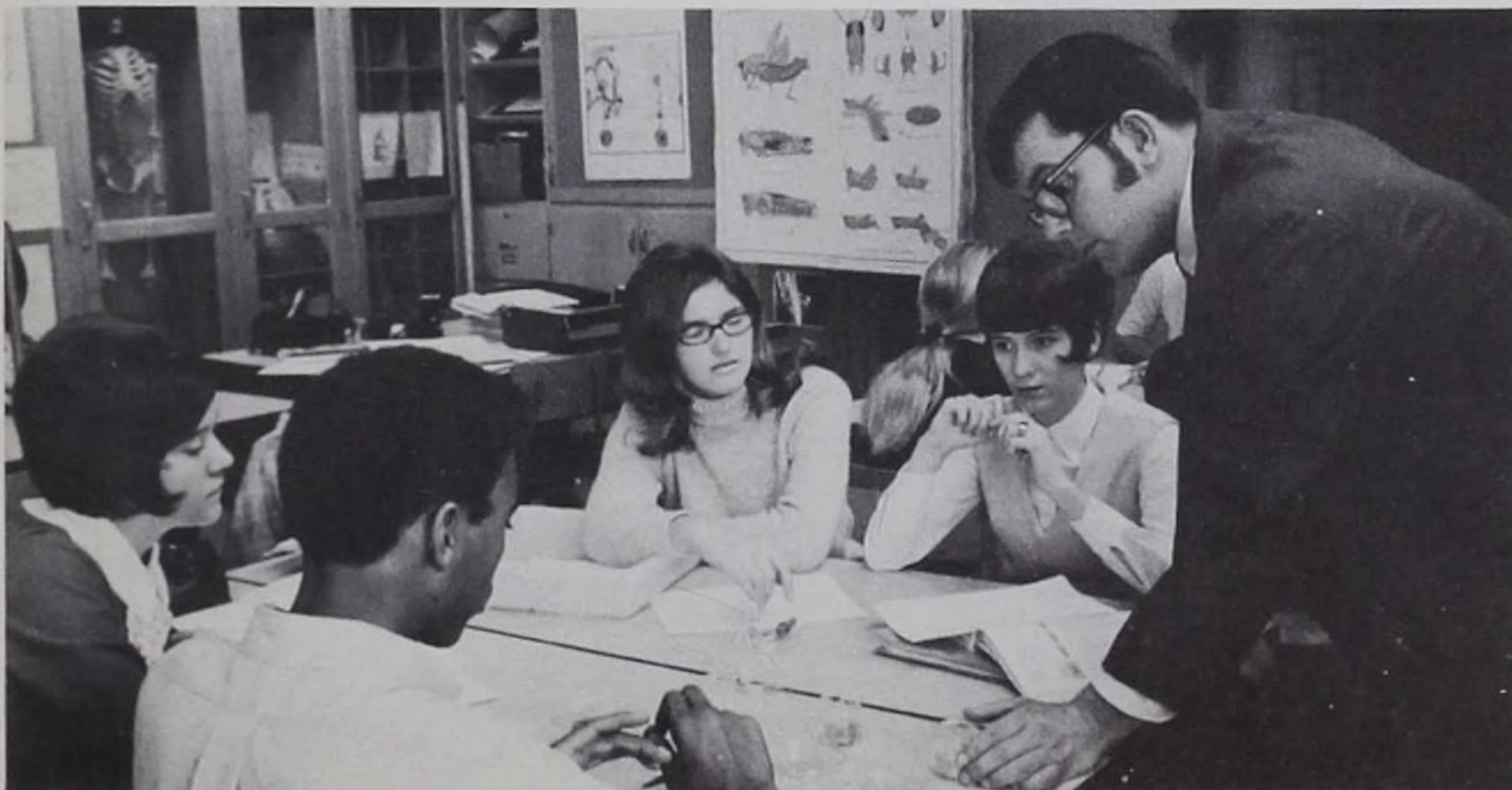
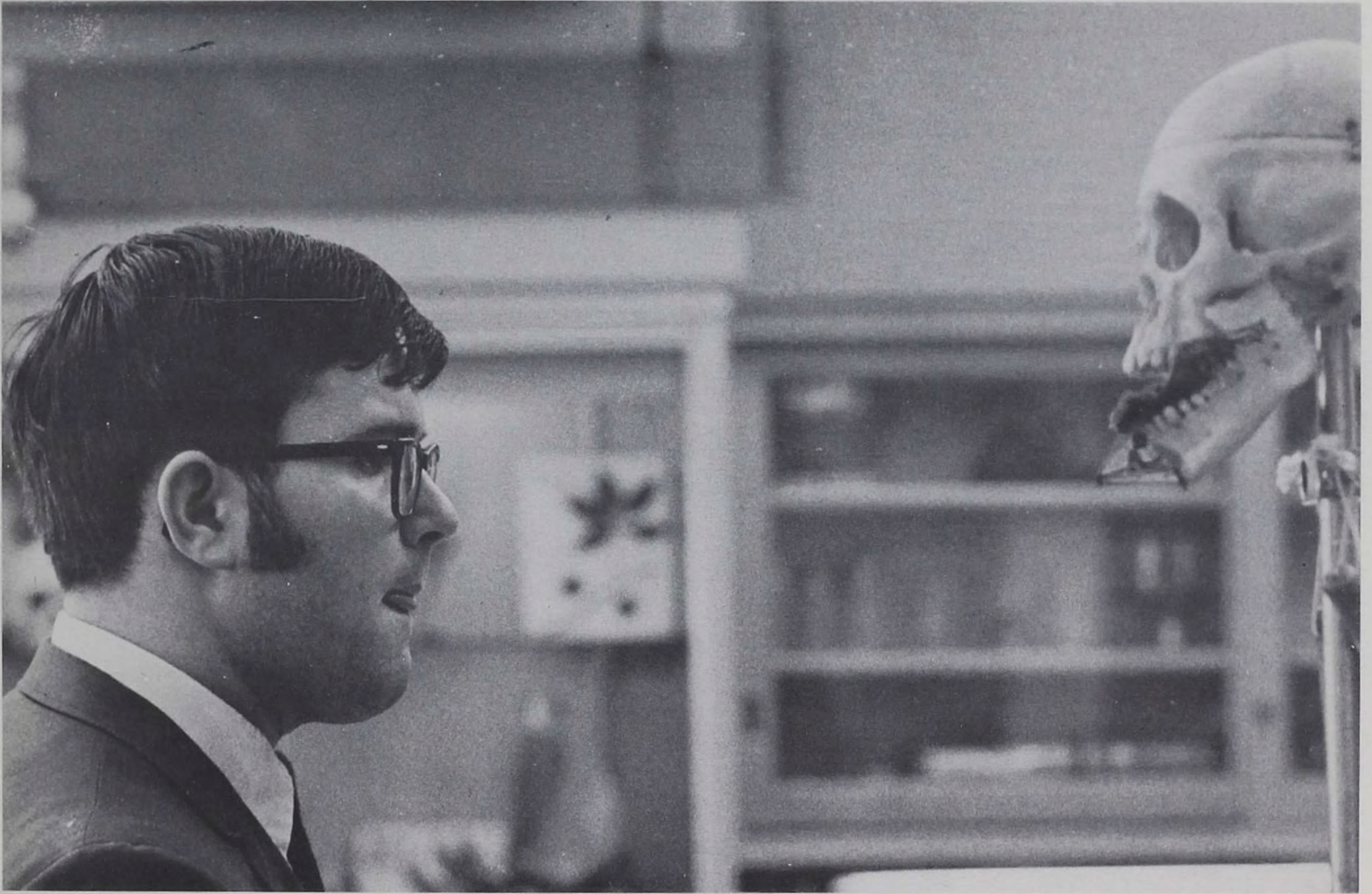
disturbed students, as well as the average kid, who usually receives an inadequate education. Every student in the two-year School of Education must spend a portion of his time observing experienced teachers, and must become a student-teacher before he can be accredited.

Here are a few of the kinds of things that student teachers get involved in the process of becoming teachers.

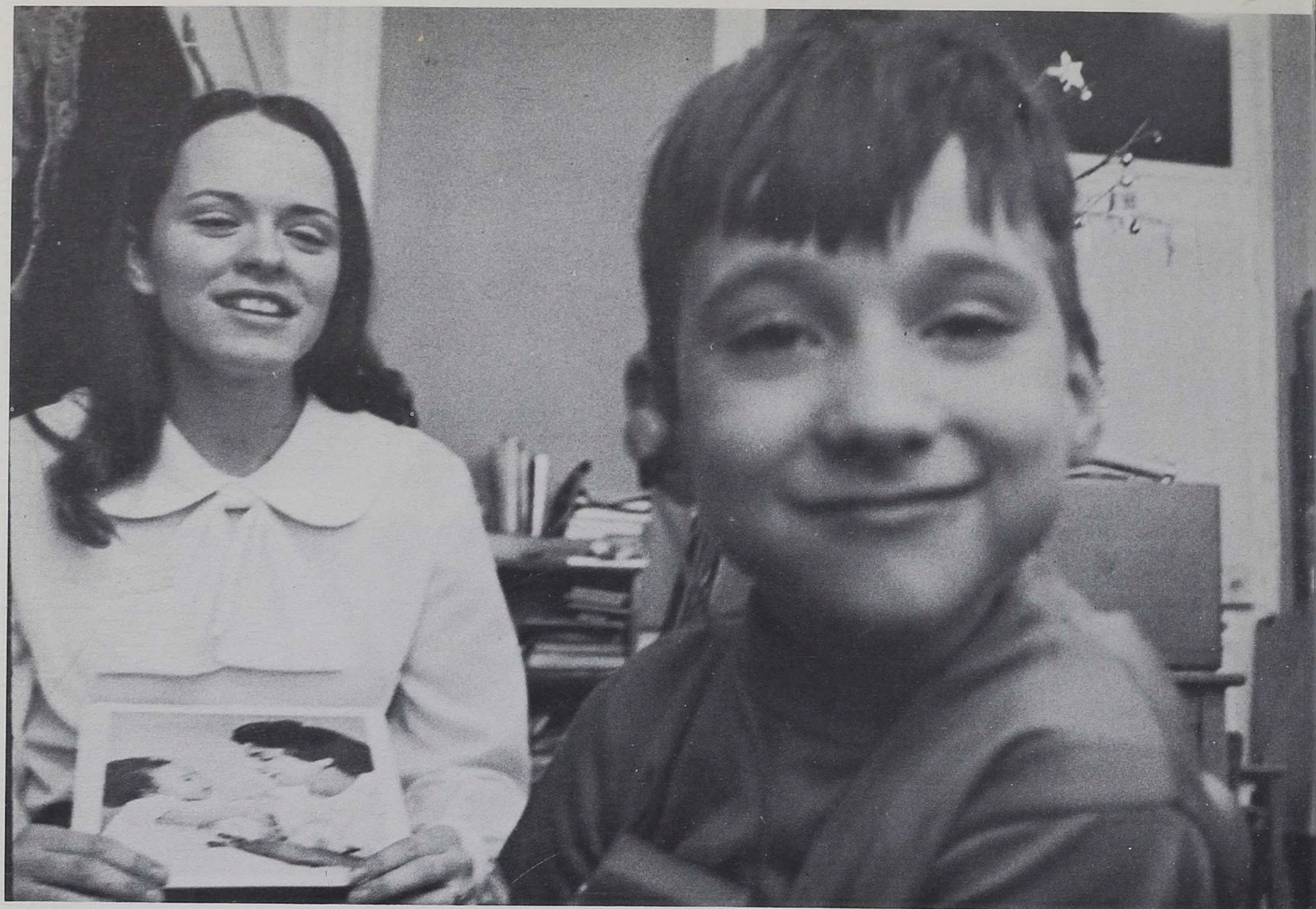
Students get to watch their classroom technique . . . and their mistakes by watching the tapes made with the School of Education's equipment.

Student-teachers are in between the school — where they observe an experienced teacher — and the University — where they get instruction and criticism from a professor.





Randy Embry eyeballs it with one austere Manual High School student (above). With any luck, all the kids in the biology class which he student-teaches will be as cooperative.





In the first-level deaf-oral class at Cochran Elementary School, Brenda McGee works with perceptually handicapped children. These children, some of whom have minimal brain damage, cannot learn at the same rate as their peers because of a perceptual disability, even though they often have average or above-average IQs. Brenda is learning how to help them overcome their handicaps by means of special mechanical devices, tailor-made teaching methods, and, most importantly, individual attention. □



In which the writer pleads for movies which know where they're going, have consistent tones, create an impact, and other such traditional things.

Can U.S. movies move us?

Moviegoers in 1969 have had time to see and digest three American movies about youth and its relationship to a sometimes alien society. In "Easy Rider" two of the motorcycle set take to the open road and much of the South and Southwest becomes a map of The American Psychology, 1969. In "Alice's Restaurant" youth tries to turn its back on society and create a world of its own, and in "Last Summer" four youths grow corrupt in what they inherit from the other generation.

In last year's August 29th issue of **Life**, highly perceptive movie critic Richard Schickel spoke of "Easy Rider" and "Alice's Restaurant," among others, as certain signs of "the arrival of the New American Movie." He speaks of "Last Summer" in another issue in glowing terms, but for his own reasons he does not include it in this category. It might be interesting to analyze these films to see if the "New American Movie" and/or "Last Summer" really represent something valuable.

"Easy Rider" is a motorcycle flick gone Odyssey, a search for America by two American drop-outs, Billy and Captain America.

One of the movie's primary assets and its greatest liability is its lack of pretension. It is a sincere effort to look through sun-flecked photography and record many faces of America; ugly, beautiful, and a few uncertain gradations in between. I invariably believe what "Easy Rider" lets me see. Problems begin when we probe deeper. I was talking to a friend about the movie.

"You see," I explained, "the easy riders have blood on their hands. They're selling dope and they pick up this lawyer and take him to the Mardi Gras. Actually, they lure him, tempt him. Their life-style appeals to him. He's tried to fight the system from within but he drops out too, to come with them. Then when he is murdered, they realize they are no

longer innocent or guiltless. That's what Fonda means when he says to Hopper, 'We blew it.' Even the title is perjorative — in a sense they're only freeloaders."

"Bull shit," said my friend. "What are they guilty of? Society has made drugs illegal. They are the social victims of the same kind of prohibition and prejudice that America was created to destroy. When Fonda's Captain America says to Hopper's Billy, 'We blew it,' the 'we' means that all Americans as inheritors of certain ideals have failed to live out those ideals and have grown narrow and bigoted in their reliance on conventionality."

As the argument continued into the dawn, I began to realize that it was a useless debate. Neither of us could even slightly sway the other. There was no proof in this pudding and it was clearly the moviemakers' fault.

John Huston has said that good movies are good teamwork and great movies are an accident. Movies, like the stage, involve great amounts of artistic teamwork between the photographers, the writers, the actors, and the director coordinating all these talents. "Easy Rider" would circumvent the problem by denying that this teamwork is necessary at all. When we are on the road with "Easy Rider" we are enjoying its bright, vivid cinematography, admitting its vision of things that, for better or worse, this is America. When we are arrested by Jack

It's just a matter of coming...

Nicholson's performance as a free-thinking, small-town lawyer, it is because we are suddenly confronted with very fine acting in a movie that until his appearance offers us symbols or living caricatures of symbols as humanity. Instantly Nicholson makes us care about this eccentric, idealistic, too-often-drunk young lawyer and because we care, we listen to what he says. Just as suddenly the Peter Fonda-Dennis Hopper-Terry Southern screenplay has become vitally important, and at first it seems up to the relevance our ears thrust upon it. A very substantial actor gives an unpretentious movie pretensions to substance it could never have had without him.

We continue to listen even after Nicholson has been done away with and even though the speakers are not very interesting human beings. When one defines their dilemma to the other as 'We blew it,' it hits the ear with puzzlement. We easily, eagerly accepted from Nicholson because he came across as human being. As he and his hippie friends sat around the campfire in a slight, sly parody of the old western cliché, he told them that this was a good country until we got scared, in language that communicated. Somehow the 'we' here was universalized, Americanized as it was intended to be. By contrast, 'We blew it' was immediately too much or too little, too literal or too complex to be answered in the mechanism of this simplistic movie technique.

I doubt if the answer could be that my friend and I have no argument at all, that "Easy Rider" works as an equal indictment of both society and social outcasts. The shock-tragic effect that the end of the movie clearly wants to elicit from us demands that we know the heroes from the villains, the good guys from the bad. It is hardly a fair fight. To be exact, it is a slaughter.

"Easy Rider" is three-fourths travelogue with social consciousness, one-fourth Jack Nicholson's performance,

and a wildly off-and-on screenplay. Worst of all, it would appear that director Dennis Hopper has never gotten his photographer, fellow-actors and fellow-screen writers working together.

Arthur Penn's "Alice's Restaurant" illustrates some of the same problems. What really sings in this movie is that portion which films folksinger Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record 'Alice's Restaurant' while the record plays on the soundtrack. Penn has translated Guthrie's wry, absurdly exaggerated folk tune into literal screen terms.

These segments were obviously Penn's inspiration for making the movie. When the music stops so does much of his creativity and the feeling that this is a movie whose materials have been shaped or moulded. They remain throughout, lying in a cluttered heap, telling it like it is.

"Alice's Restaurant" is about the making of a Utopia and why it fails. Utopias, even Utopias in the making, are highly romantic conceptions, and one of the reason's "Alice's Restaurant" fails is that its form is at odds with its content. It tries to conjure up its Paradise in naturalistic slice-of-life style. The film also flounders because Alice and Ray Brock as portrayed by James Broderick and Pat Quinn don't make consistent emotional sense. We have suggestions about them, but we are ultimately unsure about the nature of their personalities or relationships to each other. Also disturbing are scenes in which Arlo, a frequent visitor to their establishment, who need not act because he is playing himself, visits the deathbed of his father, folksinger Woody Guthrie. Woody Guthrie actually died of the rare nerve disease, Huntington's Chorea, in 1961. These are amazingly inert sequences because we are expected to

know what Arlo and Woody Guthrie represent to this country. The silent majority may well need footnotes to know who is who in "Alice's Restaurant."

Still, there are redeeming aspects. Penn is great at turning conventional ritual into something paganistic and exuberant. The last formal service at the Stockbridge church, for instance, turns before our very eyes into a celebration of a freer and more honest religion.

But we ultimately feel that "Alice's Restaurant" is a cheat; a slick, funny, lyrically lovely, and mournful cheat, but nonetheless, a cheat.

As young as the talkies are, people are still trying to make rules for them. Among the verities:

✓ Movies are the director's art form. He is the god of the medium. It makes no difference what the actor says or does.

✓ Movies are not and cannot be, like literature, a literate form. Good prose and — God forbid! — poetic prose have no business littering up the screen.

✓ Movies use the actor. Since there is nothing to say and only things to be done by the director, actors who want to act and not merely be coached had best go to the stage where they have language to work with.

"Last Summer" knocks all these rules to hell. What I can't forget about it is the quality of Eleanor Perry's screenplay and the performance of a newcomer named Catherine Burns. What makes them work so devastatingly well is that, quite simply, they work together.

We are on the Fire Island summer home of a wealthy New York divorcee and her daughter. No adult ever intrudes on the reign of the children here. We watch the divorcee's daughter, a young, nubile lioness, instruct her two less knowing male friends. The lessons are in survival and sexuality. The tone is menacing and most Freudian; perhaps too overtly so until Miss Burns appears and grounds the movie in the kind of

person and reality we all know. Her Rhoda is more than a little out of joint with these times. Rhoda is a plain, emotional girl from Cleveland who spends only summers on this island in the East. Suddenly, as I saw and heard, I began to realize how good Miss Perry's screenplay was. Her scenario was giving me details that clung, words that I retained, thought about, that complemented and even magnified the images flickering across the screen so that as the best scenes faded in front of me, they refused to dissolve from my mind. Most importantly, they were being photographed while they were enacted by a girl who was doing not merely what director Frank Perry told her, but was creating something as she went, creating something very real through that filmy veil, that glaze straight ahead of me.

In the poignant "initiation" scene Miss Burns words are carved, carefully chiselled. The language throbs. The passage is poetry. The sudden leap in tonality from the light, the trivial, the giddy to the anguish of loss and grief is breath-taking and beautifully controlled.

In "Last Summer" we find the satisfaction of calculated effects producing calculated responses and resulting in a conclusion that is all the more suspenseful and shocking because of its artistic inevitability.

Schickel defines the effect of the "New American Movie" this way: "What is happening is something like what happens in a piece of jazz music. The plot functions rather like the melody in jazz — as a place to take off from and a place, eventually, to come home to. What stays in the mind at the end of something like 'Alice's Restaurant' is pretty much what stays in mind at the end of a memorable set by talented jazzmen — not their lapses but the wonderful heights they momentarily scale, seemingly by accident, as individuals engaged in a mutually supportive effort at art."

I think Schickel's metaphor works. I also think it reveals the severe limitations of films like "Alice's Restaurant" and "Easy Rider" and the tangible strength of a movie like "Last Summer." The difference is clearly one of impact. Jazz

can carry us on ecstatic improvisational flights but when we are back on the ground, when the piece has ended, these ascents, taken together, generally don't add up to anything. There is nothing of the sense of cumulative force of A leading to B, of B leading to C, of C to D, that one gets in opera, or works for a string quartet, or even a good, longish pop song like Jim Webb's "McArthur Park." The fragmentation of twentieth-century life and art has hit the movies full force; American movies, particularly those about American problems, are in danger of becoming so much jazz, so much mere "telling it like it is." Anyone who would opt for the movies becoming anything but a visual form would want a perversion of the medium. Yet the very fact that the movies move by images is tantalizing to one who loves language. Images, by the way, are the means by which words, and words in verse, often move. As "Last Summer" and the best of "Easy Rider" assert, language and word images can give order, direction and impact to the visual images that move film through time and the projector but don't necessarily take a movie anywhere.

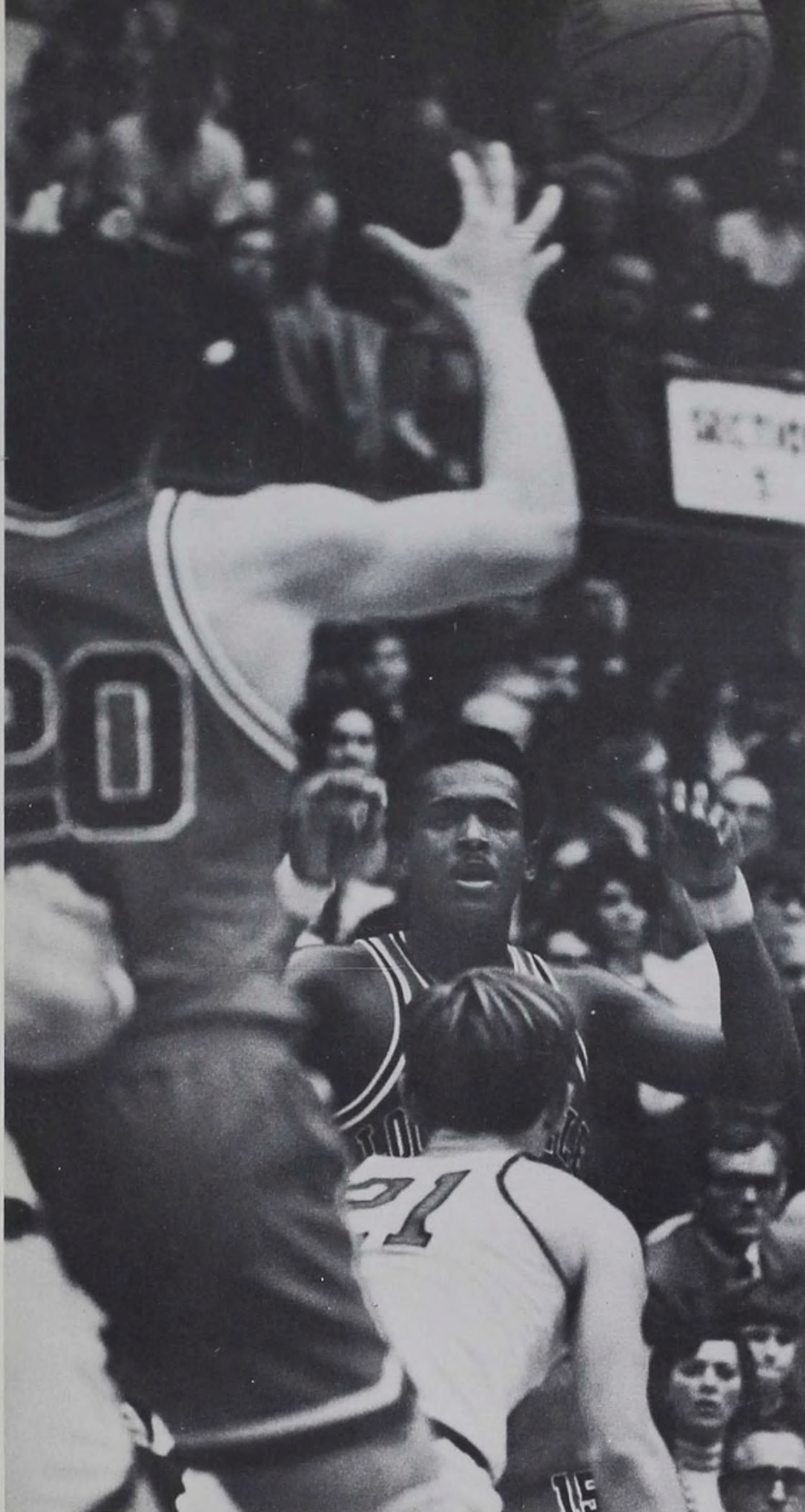
Possibly "Last Summer" comes off better than "Easy Rider" or "Alice's Restaurant" because "Last Summer" has a thesis — call it the degradation of the individual by society, while "Easy Rider" and "Alice's Restaurant" are about attitudes. Attitudes are admittedly harder to film. Yet I am still left unsatisfied. I sat in the theater during most of "Easy Rider" and "Alice's Restaurant" squirming in my seat, waiting for something to happen, dying for these movies to move. When the movies ended, I was thoroughly disappointed that the movies had failed to involve me, to move toward one discrete emotional point of view. It is the responsibility of art to present its emotive colors, its feelings about its ideas, thoughts, intellectual attitudes, however they have been selected or arranged, through one particular prism. In other words, these feelings should be subsumed by one superior feeling. This quality is tone and in the movies the director is responsible for ensuring its presence. Tone moving with events in one direction towards conclusion produces impact.

Let's go back to Schickel's metaphor. Because they are "mutually supportive" efforts at art, "Easy Rider" and "Alice's

Restaurant" can have only multiple, spasmodic tones. These often diverse, diffuse tones are the effect of one of the many artists at work on the movie momentarily taking control and impressing his skill and feeling for the celluloid on it. "Easy Rider" and "Alice's Restaurant" have only, as Schickel implied, ups and downs.

"Easy Rider" and "Alice's Restaurant" do not move — to make my own variation on the metaphor — horizontally, in one direction, toward one palpable feeling; and movies to be good, very good, must move this way. If events horizontally through tone produce impact, "Easy Rider" and "Alice's Restaurant" can have no real impact. Whatever we do, let's not forget impact. This one, single, unified, cohesive, artistically even artificially rendered force is largely why most of us go to the movies. If this is the "New American Movie," and I hope Schickel is wrong, if this is to become the standard or standardized American movie fare, I hope some of our directors can take a meandering style and make it move. If movies are to move us, they must move themselves through some distance and towards some distinct emotional goal. □

...together.



Between times

It was a marshmallow winter with a soft warm inside, sitting on the edge of boredom, falling to the flames. An October Moratorium, a rumor about a November Moratorium. War headlines continued. Agnew. A city (ho) election (hum). A Democratic landslip.

Speakers: William H. Grier, Julian Bond, Howard Levy, Benjamin Spock, the Silent Majority.

University of Kentucky, our projected sister-school, turned out to be an evil step-sister, with a selfish stepmother named Singletary.

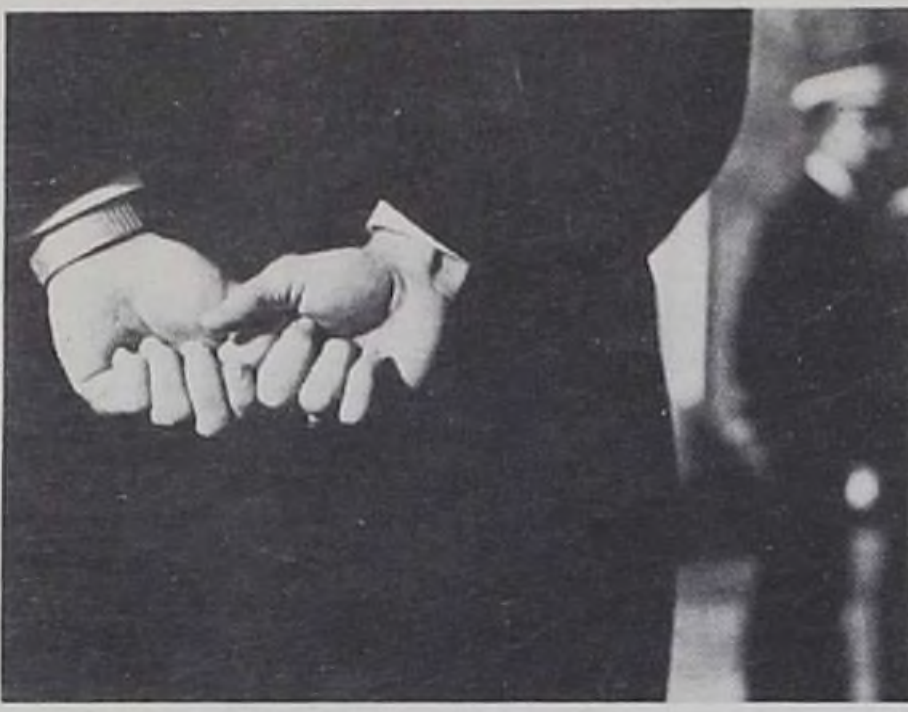
The Governor pulled his haystack right out from under U of L. Biennial deathdance at the State Capitol.

Rumblings that the Black Student Union was unhappy with the administration-backed Office of Black Affairs.

A band of wandering Vedics from West Virginia Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare Lama, Hare Hare, Lama Lama.

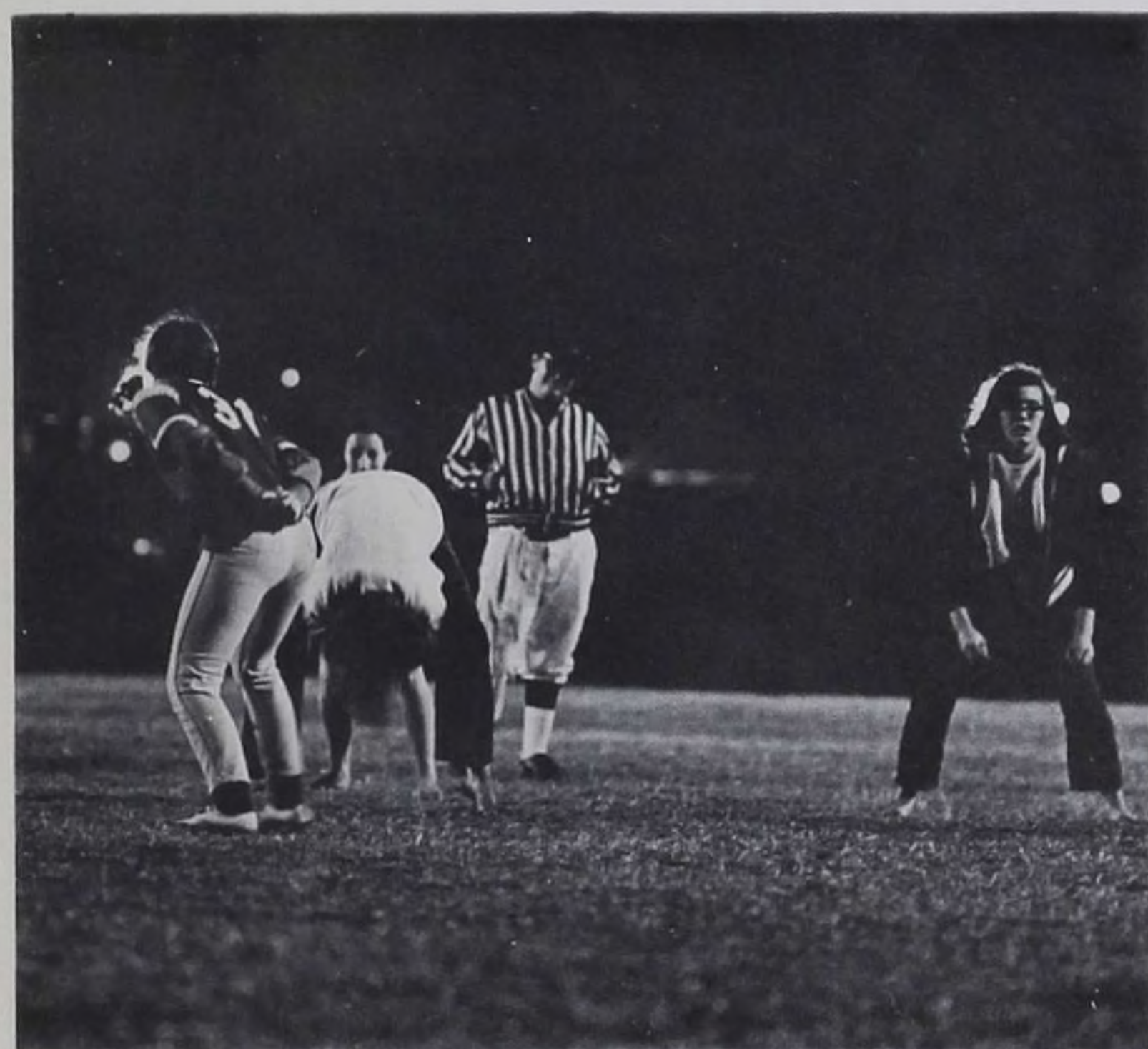
A taste of revenge was sweet for the U of L Cards over the semester break as they edged the Cincinnati Bearcats, 64-63, on their home court for the first time in the history of the competition. The Turkey Trot (below) drew a large stable of runners who saw the heels of Dennis Leary of NROTC as he won the third race in as many years.



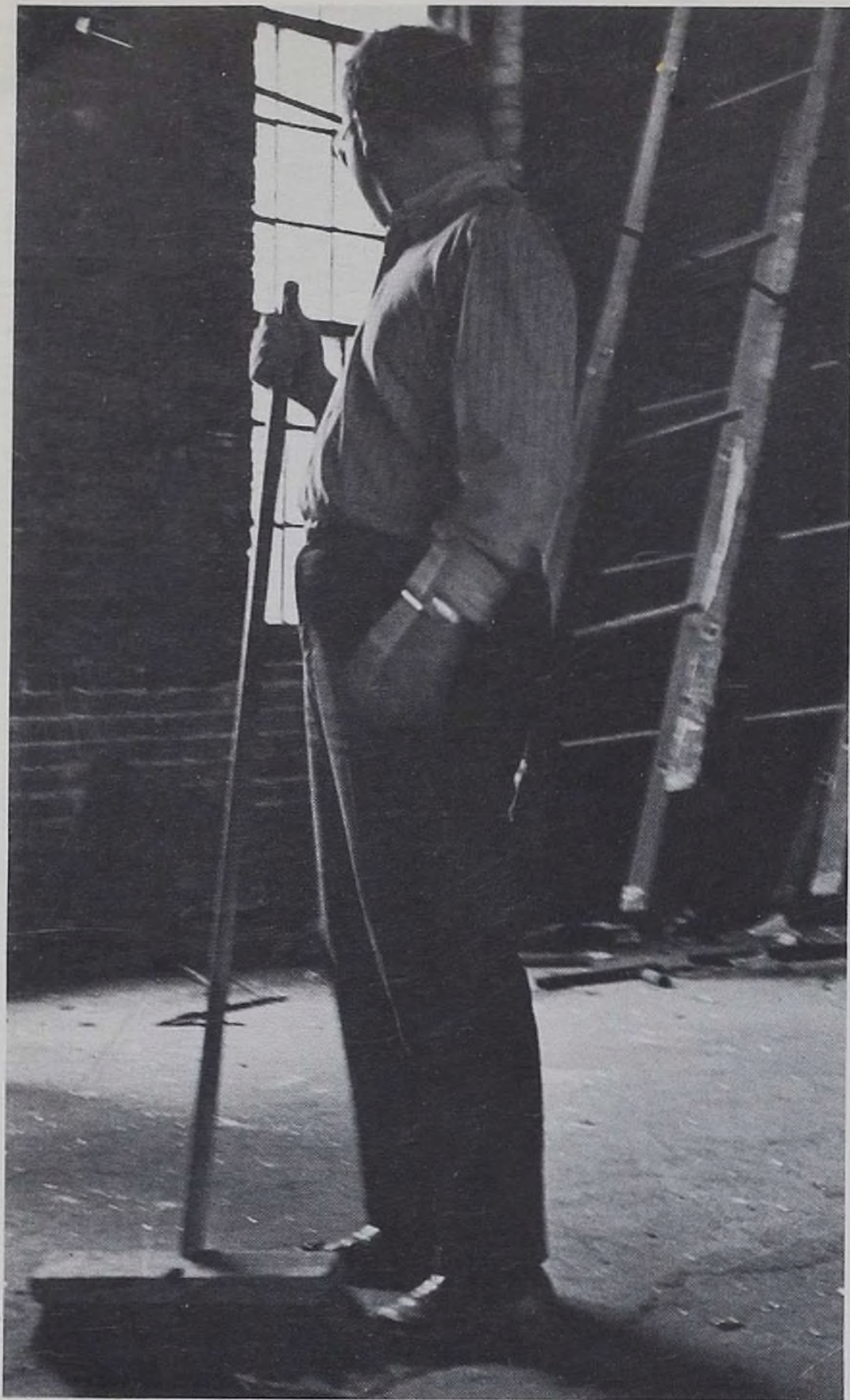


Crisp formations of future ensigns in the U of L Quadrangle carried on what may be a fading collegiate tradition. The Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps drilled in November for the last time before winter set in.





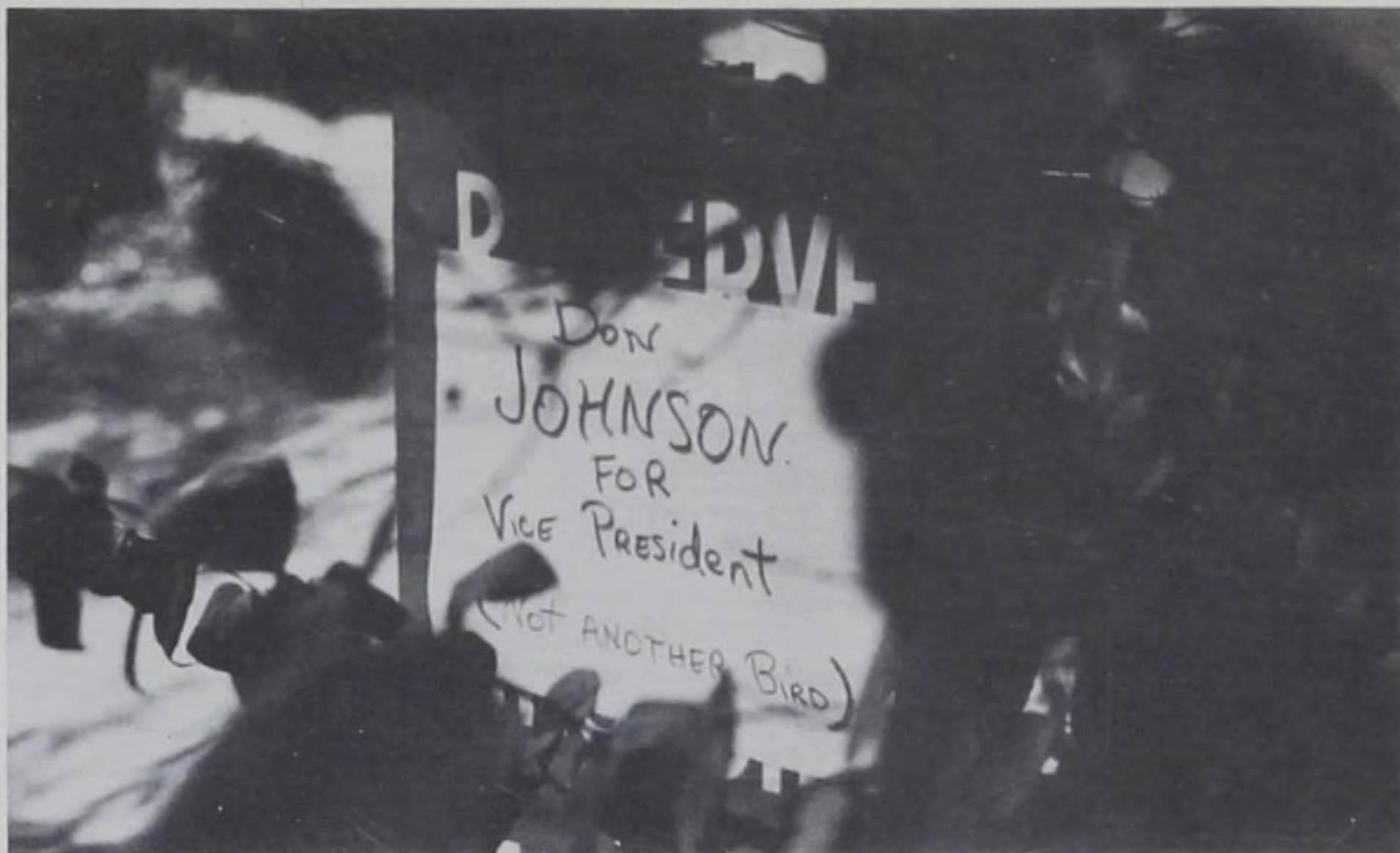
Due in part to the fine weather and campus-wide enthusiasm, a record crowd turned out to see the Delta Upsilon girls defeat the Lambda Chi Alpha team, 18-12, in the annual Powder Puff Football Game. Lambda Chi cheated. Exposé forthcoming in Issue Five.



Emerging from the wreckage of what was the Coldwell Tank Co. on Brook Street is the "Red Barn," a place for films, dances, concerts and other student activities. The center is being renovated and restored by students who saved the building from Urban Removal earlier this year.



The only thing most students notice about student elections is that there are a helluva lot of signs outside the SUB. Only a fraction of the student body votes for any candidates, who, like their signs, come and go.



And, this year, not unexpectedly, it snowed. □



Kappa Delta

M. J. Doyle, Treas.
Susan Bullard, Sec.
Linda Moran, V. Pres.
Pat Lang, Pres.

Zeta Tau Alpha

Shea Griffin, V. Pres.
Reba Page, Sec.
Carla Rose, Pres.
Louise Weissner, Trear.
Peggy Kelly, Hist.
Belinda Harris, Ritual

Delta Zeta

Peggy Shacklette, Pres.
Katie Shaughnessy, Treas.
Suzanne Frank, V. Pres.
Linda Steier, Pledge Tr.

Chi Omega

Marian Kasey, Personnel
Martha Davidson, Asst. Personnel
Becky Duncan, Sec.
Shana Columbus, Pres.
Bev McCoy, V. Pres.
Chris Askins, Pledge Tr.



Lambda Chi Alpha

Bud Colson, Treas.
James Walker, Pres.
Ted Morrison, V. Pres.
Gary Bray, Sec.

Theta Tau

John Commons, Pres.
Bob James, Sec.
Joe Pike, Treas.
Lynn Oldham
Rob Gnerlich, V. Pres.
Gene Snider, Corr. Sec.

Nu Sigma Chi

Tom Weatherly, V. Pres.
Bob Butler, Pres.
Steve Hines, Sec.

The record

2

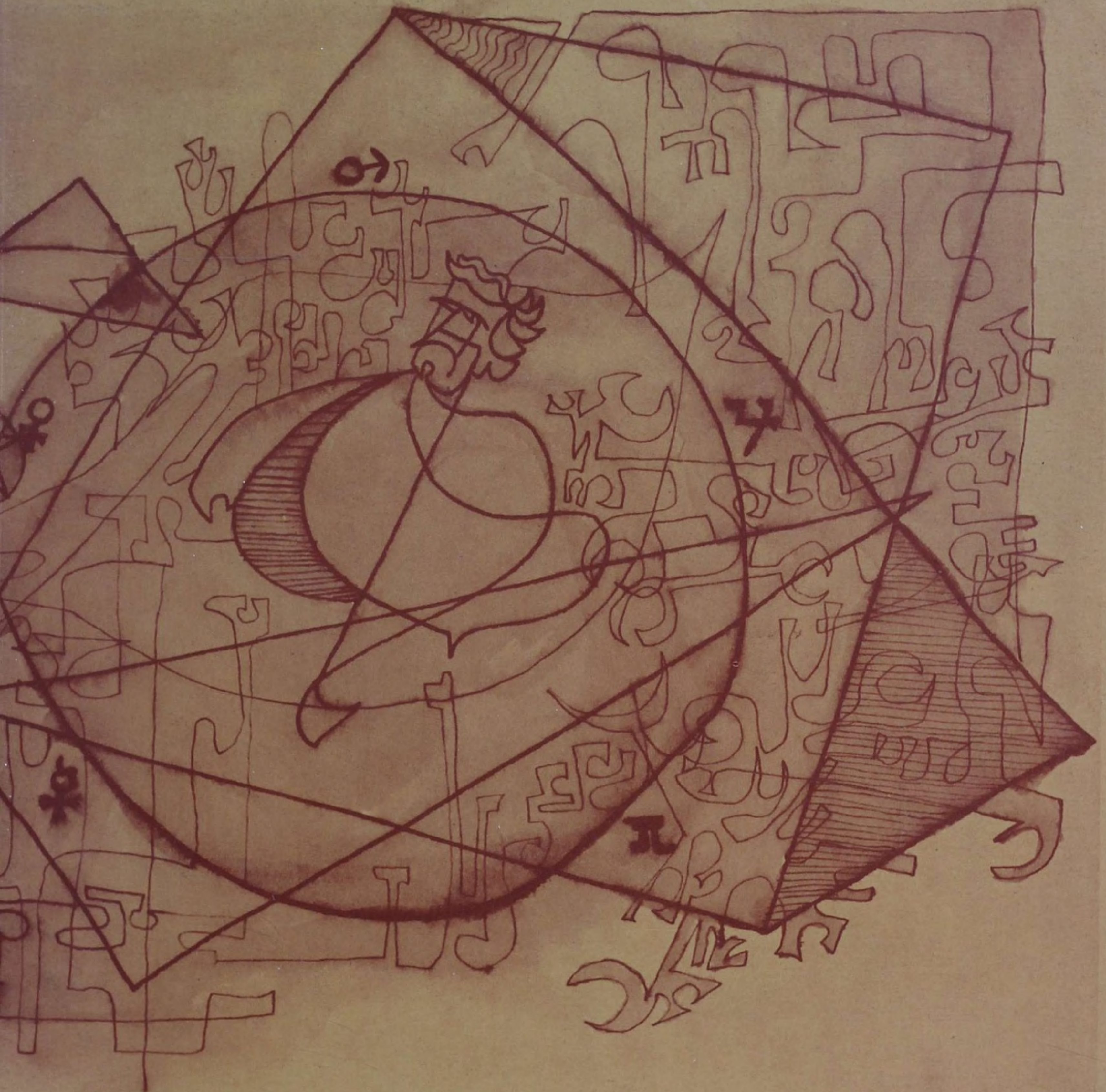
Thoroughbred

Magazine



Thoroughbred Magazine

3



Thoroughbred 3

Magazine

Articles

Is this education?	2	Nick DeMartino John Beckman Ron Morris
Epitaph . . . a neighborhood dies but goes not unmourned	18	Gary Mullinax John Beckman
Henry loves Charles. (Really)	32	Sonya Jones
Nixon's welfare plan: will it help the poor?	41	Tom Lyons
Where were you, Tim Leary, in 1954?	51	Dan Rifenburgh

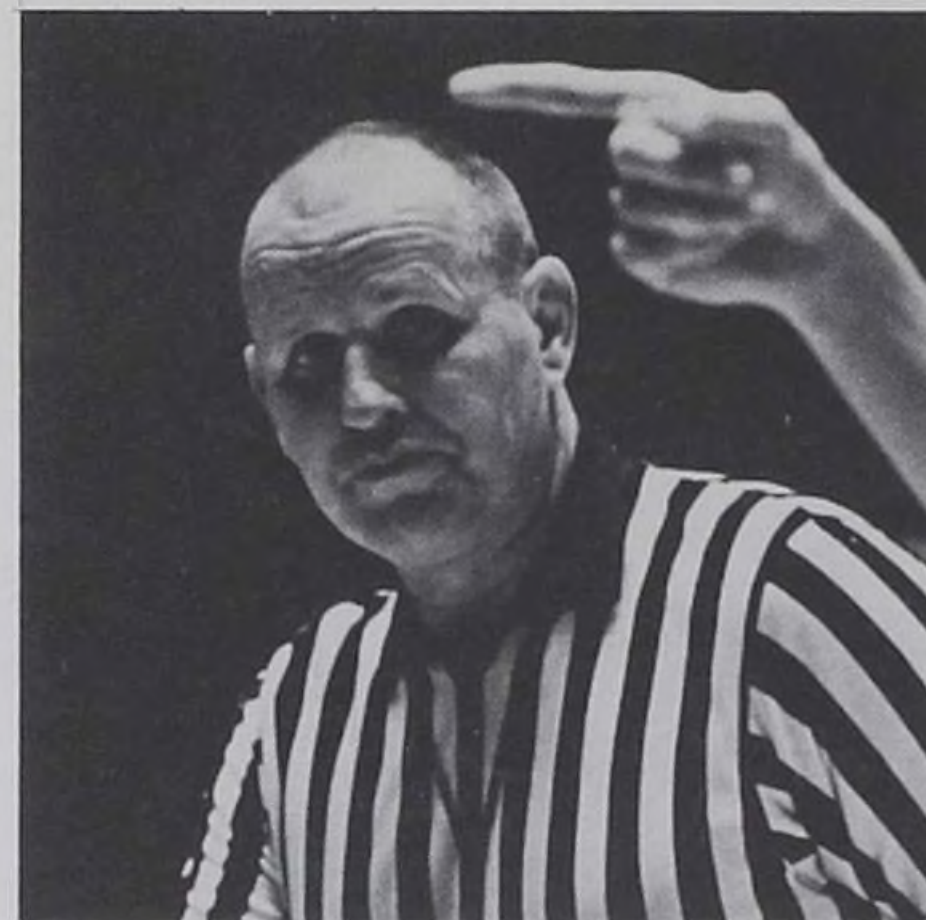
Photo-essays

Basketball FANTasia	9	John Beckman
Let's have music! What's left at KSC campus?	25	Skip McNeil
Far Out!!	35	Marcia Mann Michael Moore Bill Renda
Our town, our neighbors, our problems	44	Gordon Baer
Creative writing ambitious undertaking (for Dylan Thomas) and Amazo. Poems.	15	John Filiatreau Joseph Hart
parable for edwin ford november 1968	16	Chet Bell
Traveler's Tale. A poem.	31	Dan Rifenburgh
(untitled). A poem.	31	John Filiatreau

Departments

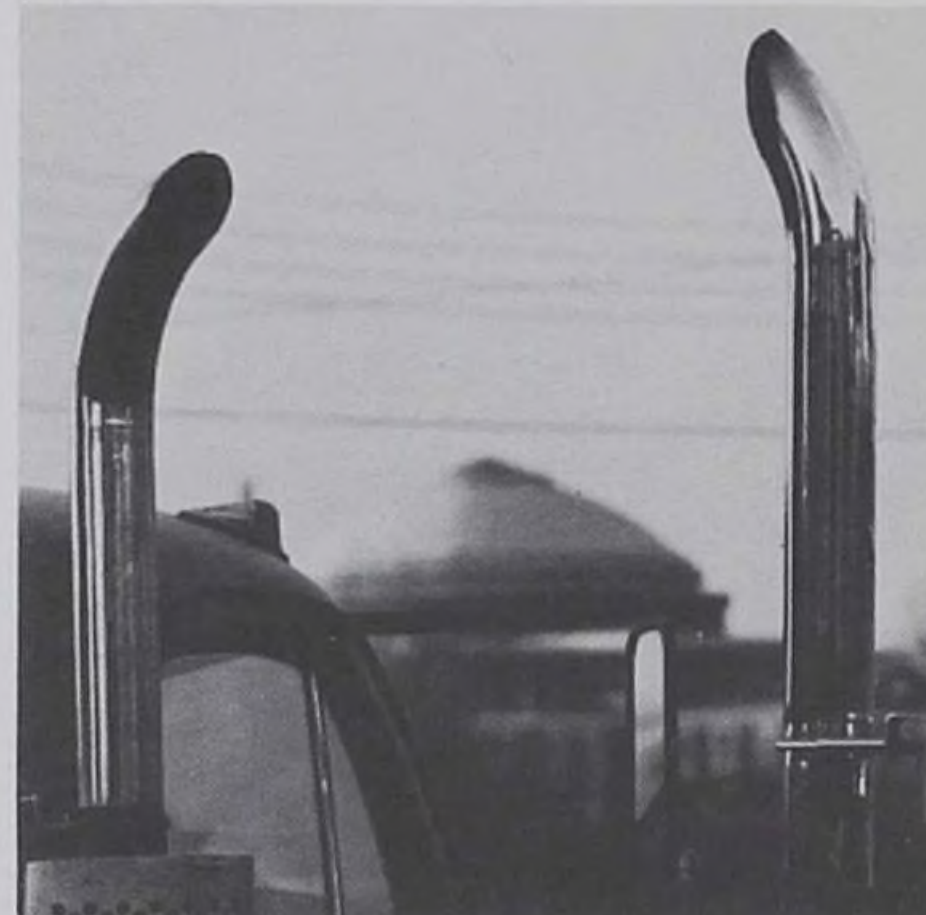
Editor's note	1
Between times	54
The record	62

The *Thoroughbred Magazine* is an official student publication of the University of Louisville, Belknap Campus, Louisville, Kentucky 40208. The work in this magazine represents the views of the staff and not that of the University. All inquiries, contributions, and communications should be sent to the Editor at the above address.
©Thoroughbred Magazine 1969



Basketball

p. 9



Neighborhood

p. 18



Nonconformity

p. 35



Kent School

p. 44

Staff

Editor	Nick DeMartino
Art Director	Barb Cunningham
Managing Editor	Tom Lyons
Articles Editor	Gary Mullinax
Director of Photography	John Beckman
Photography Editor	Ron Morris
Literary Editor	Marcia Mann
Staff Editors	Paul Carlisle Rick Kaestner
Contributing Editors	Cathy Sutton Michael Moore Carolyn Yetter
Business Managing	Missy Smith
Assistant Literary Editor	Dan Rifenburgh
Assistant Art Director	Mike Koenig
Photographers	Skip McNeil Ken Strothman Gavin Whitsett Bill Renda Gordon Wieland Phil Cathcart
Staff Assistants	Michael Brohm Emily Dillon Greg Ellenkamp Robert Keller Steve Kirk Linda Owen Glenn Price
Secretary	Marci Norman
Faculty Adviser	Robert Doherty
Administrative Adviser	Warren Jones
Design Consultants	Julius Friedman Nathan Felde — Images

Editor's note

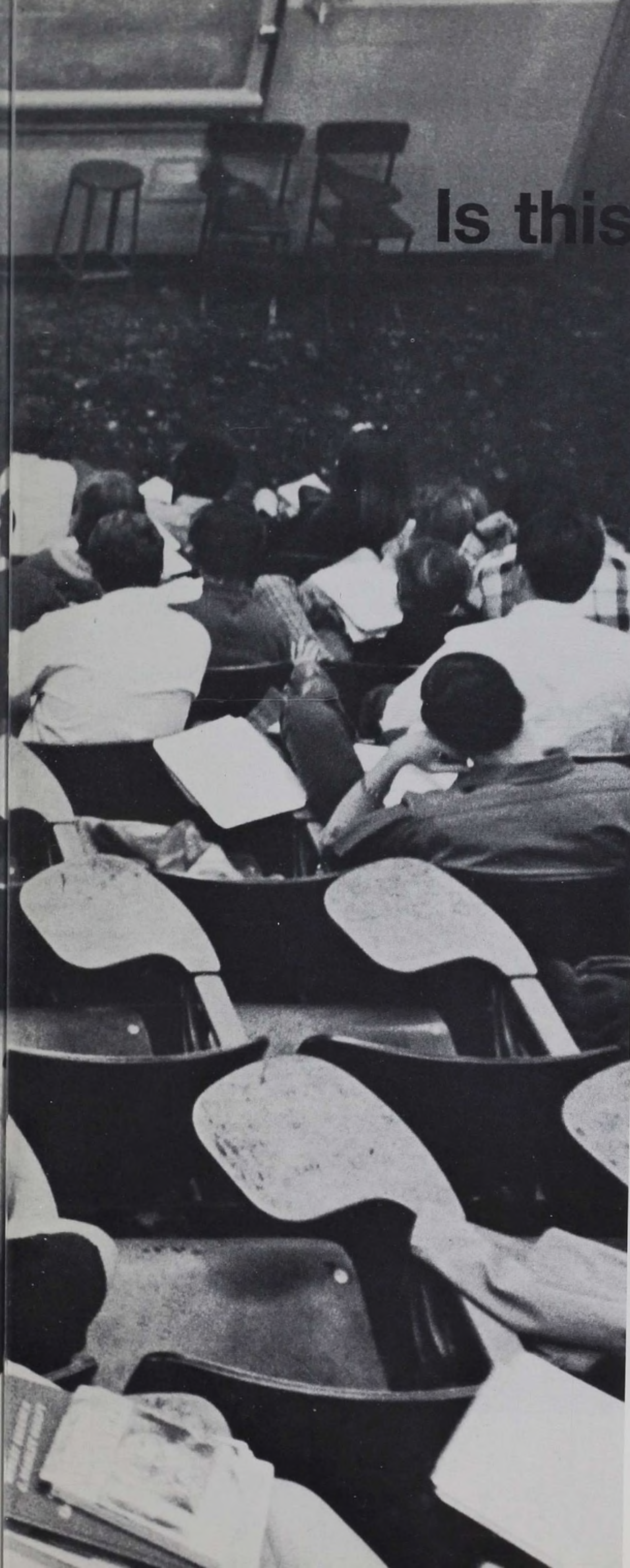
Society as a giant pegboard, functioning by making people of many shapes fit into pre-cut holes, all the same shape, all the same size.

That's a metaphor for this issue. It came about because the majority of the articles in this issue tell the same story... in different ways and about different segments of society... but essentially the same story.

Students getting plugged into a boring grind that's called education. People getting shuttled out of their neighborhood to make way for urban renewal wasteland. A university surrounded by bleakness. People with no income and too many problems, who get shuffled around the welfare office and the political battleground. Kids who don't fit some teacher's concept of the American Dream. The homosexual, whose love can only now be shown outside a covert subculture, and still earning society's scorn for it. The list goes on forever. It is the story of man in a dehumanizing century. Had we started out to comprehensively cover the many facets of this theme we would have included many more from that list. But this issue didn't start out with any grandiose scheme. Like **Thoroughbred Magazines** One and Two, this issue came together in a slow, complex process that involved a large number of people. The idea of a theme became obvious after most of the work had been done, when we were finalizing plans for the cover. We discovered that the separate work of different photographers, writers, and editors all shared an aspect of a common theme: the individual in a society which seeks to standardize him. Why such a diversity of material came together at this juncture is not clear. Maybe there are just too many cases of society's inability to deal with its diverse members. Or maybe we, as college students, have seen the same phenomenon in different guises too many times to miss the point. Perhaps society is just incapable of providing structures that meet the real needs of individuals on a collective basis and still make provisions for diversity, at least in 1970 America. In any case, we have examined a number of situations, microcosms of the same problem.

Issue Four will focus on man's survival, a question that overshadows social problems, although the social problems man creates will inevitably prevent him from surviving.





Is this education?

**Can you honestly say
that the time you
spend in a classroom
is an exciting learning
experience?**

Text by Nick DeMartino

Photographs by Ron Morris — John Beckman

It is not an overstatement to say that what happens inside the typical college classroom fails as an educational experience.

While there is some experimentation going on in the university classroom — very little at the University of Louisville — the standard for most colleges remains today what it has been since the nineteenth century. In a lecture, laboratory or "class discussion" a formal and static process is enacted. The student is passive, the professor is dominant. Communication is minimal.

Every first-semester freshman has found himself in a deadly boring class, fighting off drowsiness, wondering in his daydream just why he should listen to such tripe. By the time he is an upperclassman, he has worked out his own rationalizations about why he puts up with largely irrelevant and boring classroom experiences year after year.

The fact is that most undergraduates at U of L don't enjoy the experience in the classroom. Just look at the average student's response. And the much-touted apathy is due to more than mediocre or ineffective professors or lazy and uninterested students. It affects the brightest of students who have the best of faculty members as teachers.

I submit that the kind of activity that goes on in a classroom is really at fault.

The physical arrangement alone inhibits any personal interaction between members of the class. The podium stands in front of the room for the professor to hide behind. The chairs are crammed together facing

education, *continued*

one direction. It's not exactly a community of learning.

The temporal restrictions, regimenting learning within a specified time, sets up arbitrary boundaries.

Add to that the tyranny of the professors — even the best of them — and the docility of students. It's no wonder that any shred of creativity, experimentation, expression, originality, anarchy, beauty, individuality and freedom are stamped out. We have learned, through years and years of cultural conditioning, to expect this sterile set-up from education. So we demand no more. We have traded the joys of learning (remember when you discovered things as a kid?) for a sense of order, discipline, decorum, security and passivity.

Likewise, most faculty members have been conditioned to believe that their only obligation in the classroom is to give a good lecture. The fact that the traditional classroom experience is just about the only one most faculty members consider, is understandable, since teaching is the least important and respectable academic pursuit. It's a rare college professor who challenges the existing lecture-classroom type arrangement.

And it's a rare classroom experience that is really a learning experience. It can be entertaining. Or passifying. Or information-packed. All this is good, and necessary. But very rarely does the classroom become a place where people really communicate, where they do what education is supposed to do — help them form their own self-consciousness.

And what about the classroom that isn't even entertaining, distracting, informative or passifying?

The classroom experience as we know it fails because it is founded upon some erroneous assumptions.

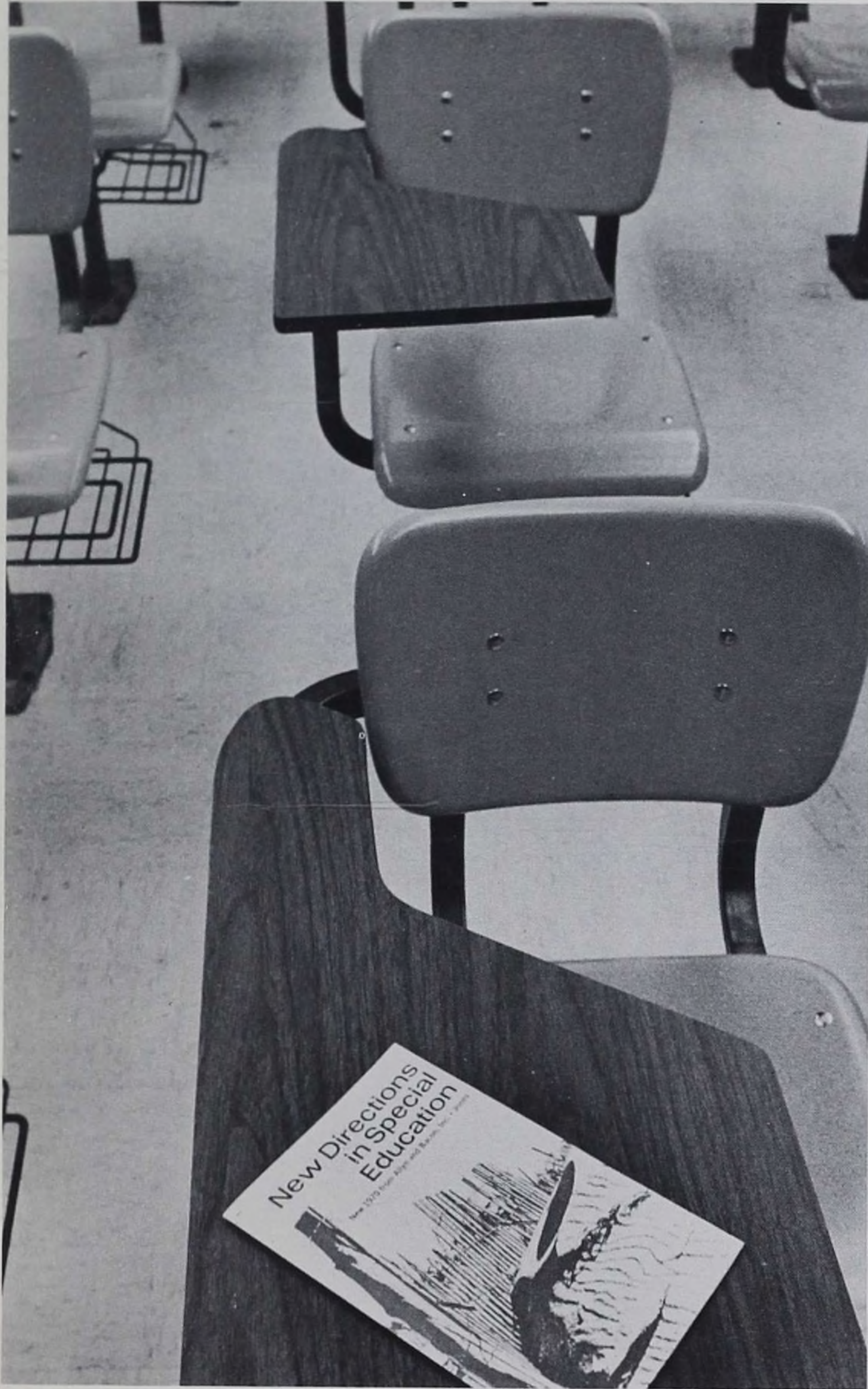
Content is the goal of education. I think that this is borne out by attendance practices. Many students make it to classes only when the professor requires attendance, or when there is some danger that the student might "miss something," i.e., some content for the test. This centers around the grading system, which requires faculty members to make an objectified assessment of the student's progress in the class. Consequently, student and faculty member are chasing after content.

But it is the process of the learning experience that educates a person, not what he uses as a vehicle for learning. The majority of students rarely use the actual content of their undergraduate education directly for their occupation. What stays with them is the ability to learn how to learn, not the content. Even in the technical, pre-professional disciplines, which require a body of knowledge to progress into a profession, the process is more important. The field of knowledge is changing so rapidly that much of what is taught today will be outmoded before a student can put it to use.

All learning must be formal and structured.

The whole classroom situation fails to recognize and utilize the many other kinds of learning which are much more powerful and effective teaching aids than the





"We have traded the joys of learning for a sense of order, discipline, decorum, security, and passivity."



The physical classroom (above) is a sterile place, a joyless place for many people. The faces of students in classrooms could and should show the vitality connected so central to the learning process. Instead...

Alternatives exist to the deadened classroom.

conscious learning pattern that is imposed in a formal classroom.

Since there is a minimum of communication in most classrooms, the whole field of group dynamics is reserved for outside the classroom. Since the transmission of knowledge rests almost exclusively on language, the whole field of non-verbal communications is ignored (for instance, the visual, the tactile, the psychic, the auditory, etc.).

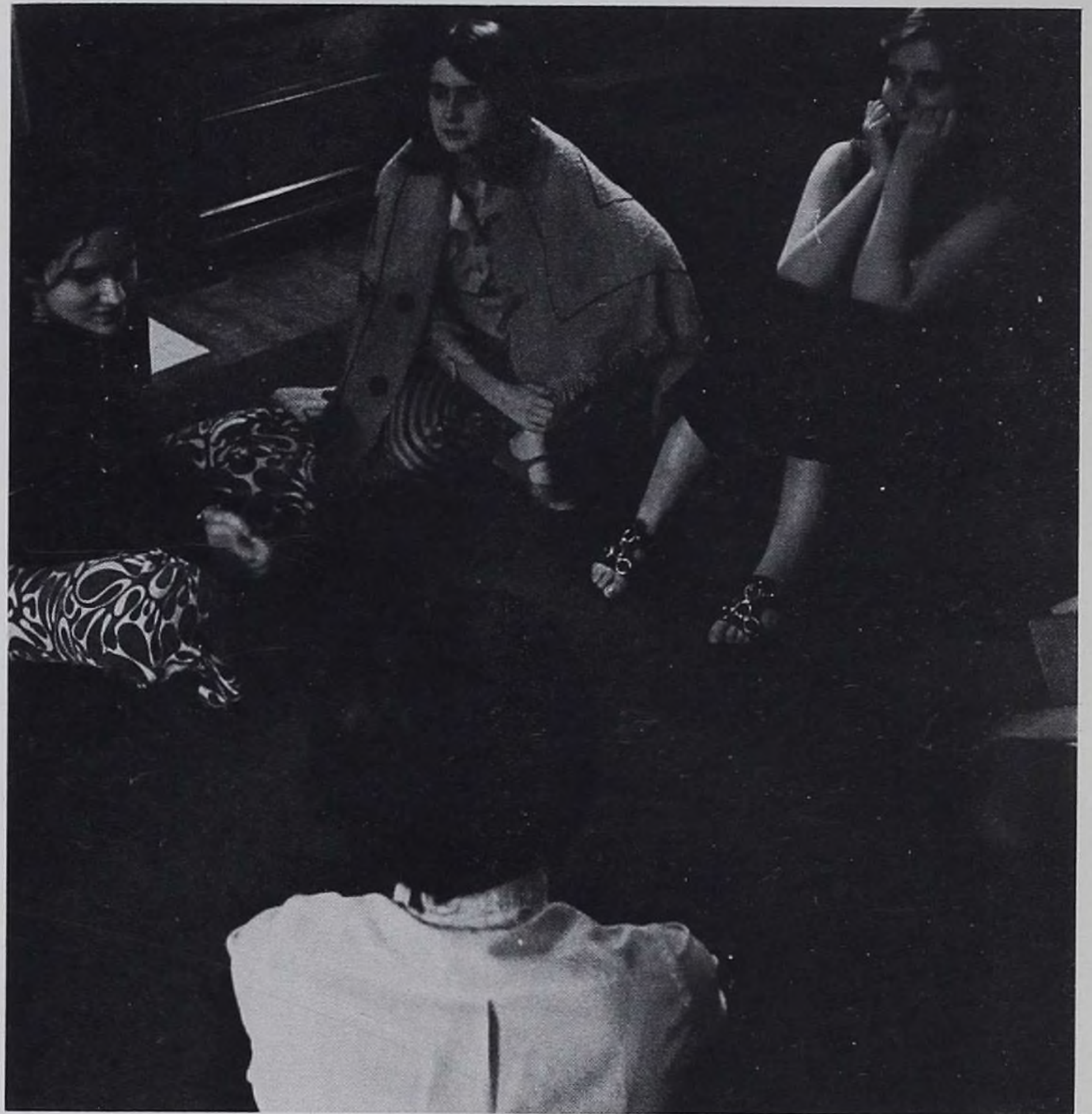
The potential of learning from play, from joy and pleasure is ignored.

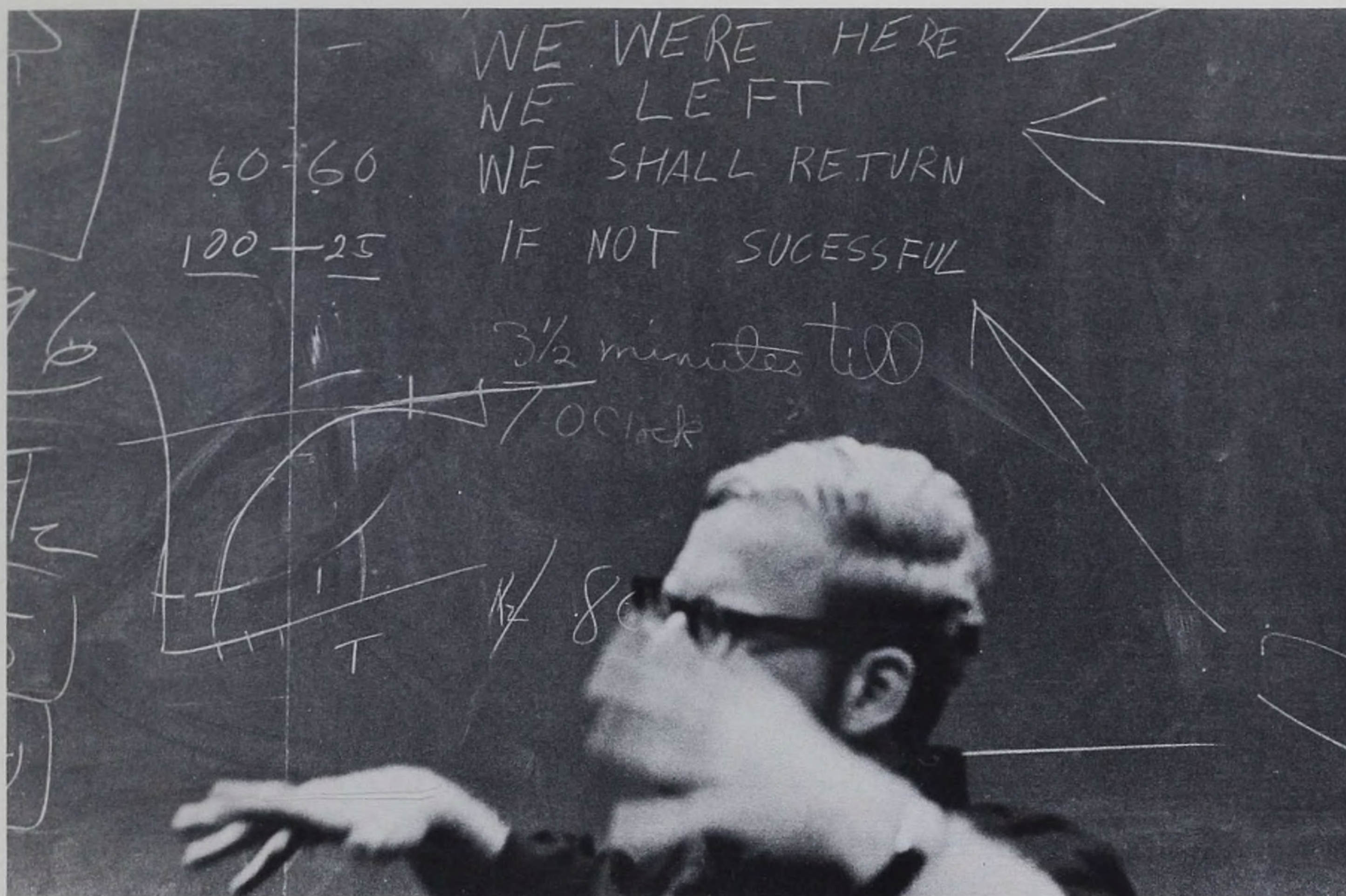
The goal of the undergraduate college is primarily occupational. This strikes right to the heart of the goal-oriented classroom situation. The student goes to class to understand the content, to pass the test, to pass the course, to get the degree, to get into graduate school or a job. Many of the disciplines are openly pre-professional. Most others practice de facto pre-professional training. The object of the undergraduate education is graduate-school preparation, usually to become an academic scholar. It's as if undergraduate education, a time which should be reserved for experimentation and uncertainty, has to be locked up and spelled out. It has become a means to something else, not an end which is justifiable in itself.

The student takes a potpourri of introductory courses — usually the worst in the school — and then studies a specialized major with some options. While on paper the program is called "liberal education," in reality it works out to be something of an academic shopping-list, where the student picks and chooses from a number of alternatives in hopes of staying on his prescribed diet.

The real test of these claims can be determined by asking the average undergraduate what his education has meant to him. And that's *all* kinds of students, and at all institutions. By and large, I think that most students are dissatisfied. They may not be willing to do much about it, or they may not agree on the causes of men's feelings. But the spirit that has led student activists elsewhere to react strongly against the current state of higher education exists on this campus.

How many people have turned to the Free University as an alternative (or at least a necessary supplement)



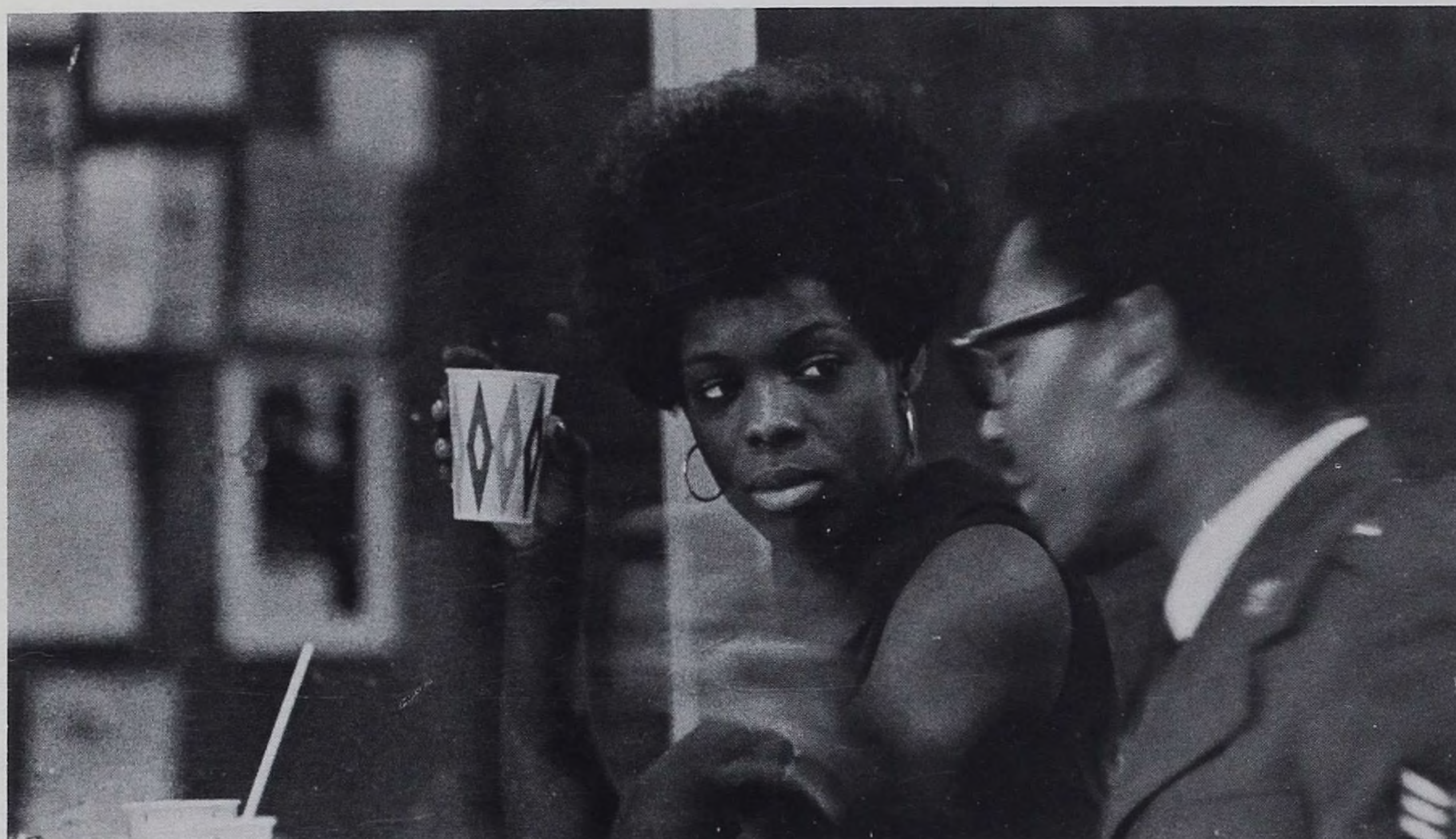


The Free University has purposely stayed loose in structure to let students (everyone is a student, regardless of faculty rank, etc.) figure out how and what they want to learn. These men are planning to build a geodesic dome as part of their study of Buckminster Fuller. (above)

Visual contact comes first, then sometimes, physical contact, in highly unstructured anarchic classroom run by David Orr of the Philosophy Department. (right)

Person-to-person communication is the answer, the **method** for creating a learning experience. Here, some members of a Women's Liberation group are meeting for that purpose in one of their homes. At least 50 women have become involved in the movement at U of L in just a few months, and several groups of men (one of which is shown here center opposite.)

**“The potential of learning from play,
from joy and pleasure. . .”**



to their classroom experience? How many just don't go to class and try to work around the situation? How many have grimly decided to grit their teeth and get that degree, no matter how bad it is?

What are the prospects of change in an instrument of such long-standing tradition? As has been shown at scores of other schools, academic reform or re-structure doesn't take a huge movement. It just takes a few people rightly placed. Change can occur when one or more of the following conditions become a reality, something which isn't so right now.

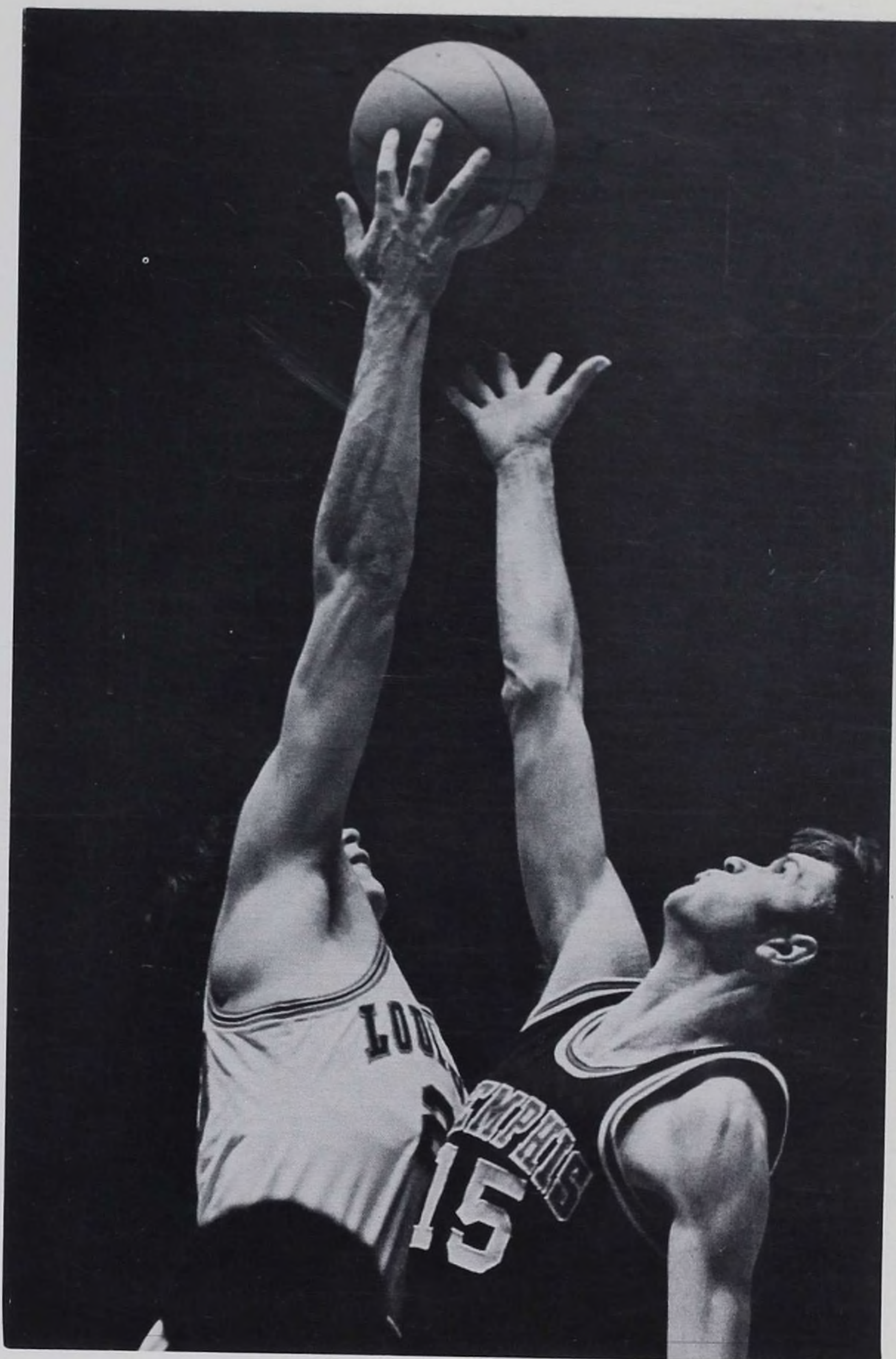
An imaginative administration. That is, the academic administrators — deans, vice presidents for academic affairs — who would become interested in the quality of the educational experience. To them “quality” means faculty salaries, student-teacher ratios, physical plants, course offerings, “institutional stability,” and they usually appoint a committee to study the matter. But what about doing something for a change, taking leadership, not relying upon memoranda, charts, and pompous mouthings?

A faculty that's worried about more than job goals and prestige. As it stands now, the faculty owes more allegiance to their department and “profession” than

they do to the student or the university. It seems that the last thing they want to do is rock the boat, change the status quo, when change should be the by-word of education. Those dynamic faculty members who refuse to be driven away by tenured bureaucrats usually die here of frustration. Many of the worst offenders, however, are a new breed of young Ph.Ds, who recognize that publication and scholarship bring prestige in the profession, not teaching. It shows.

Students who aren't niggers. Students continue to think they aren't oppressed, and cooperate by playing Uncle Tom. They think they can get the best from the system by copping out. It's easier, too. Less risky. Not as frightening. There's no responsibility involved when you follow somebody else's rules. It's no wonder students are docile and lazy, though. We've had the rules pounded into us since kindergarten: the teacher is boss; students are to speak when spoken to; to succeed, don't make waves.

It's all a matter of translating a concern for education into change. Somewhere on this campus the concern exists. Now to move the structure . . . ☐



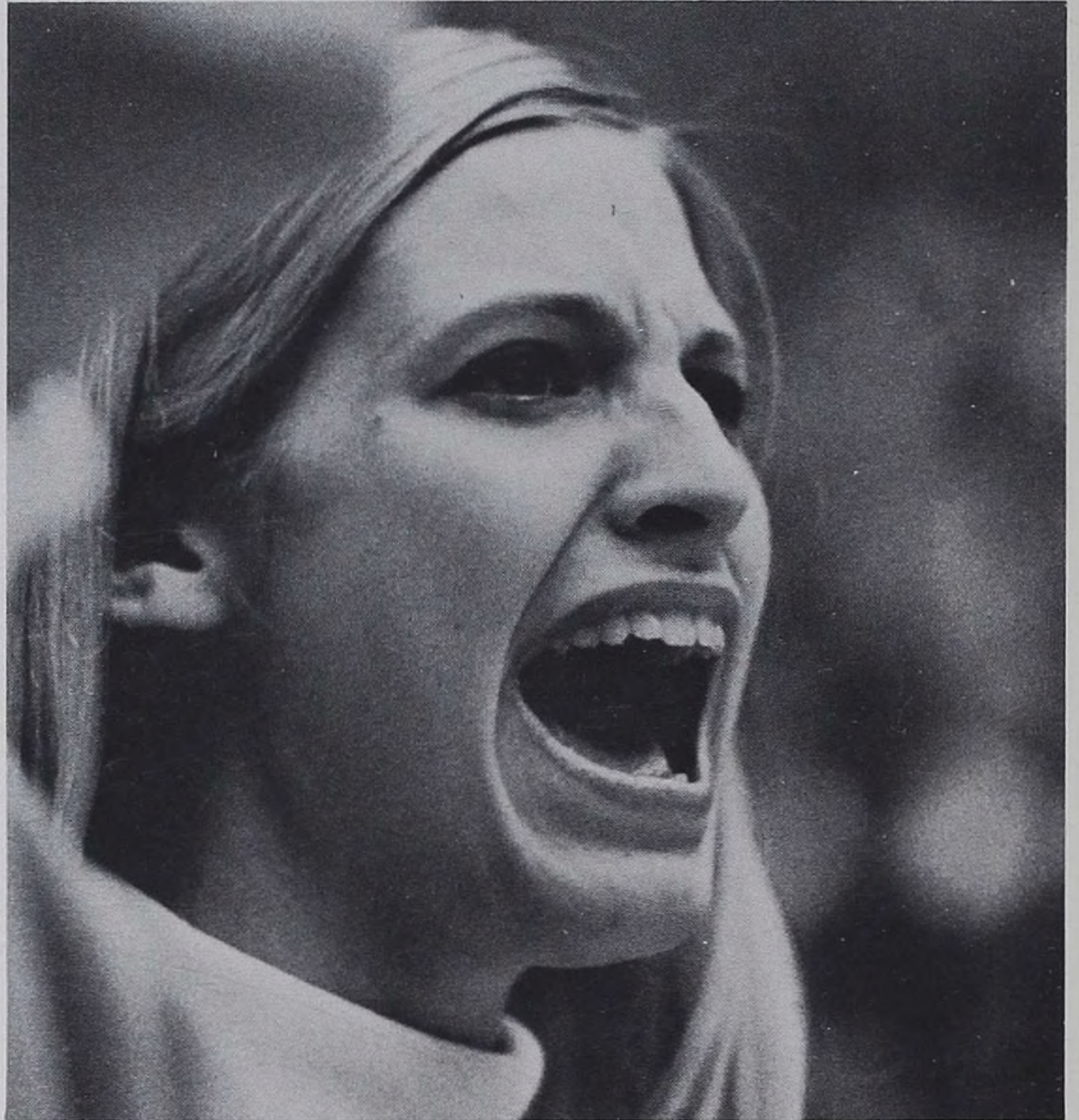
Photographs by John Beckman

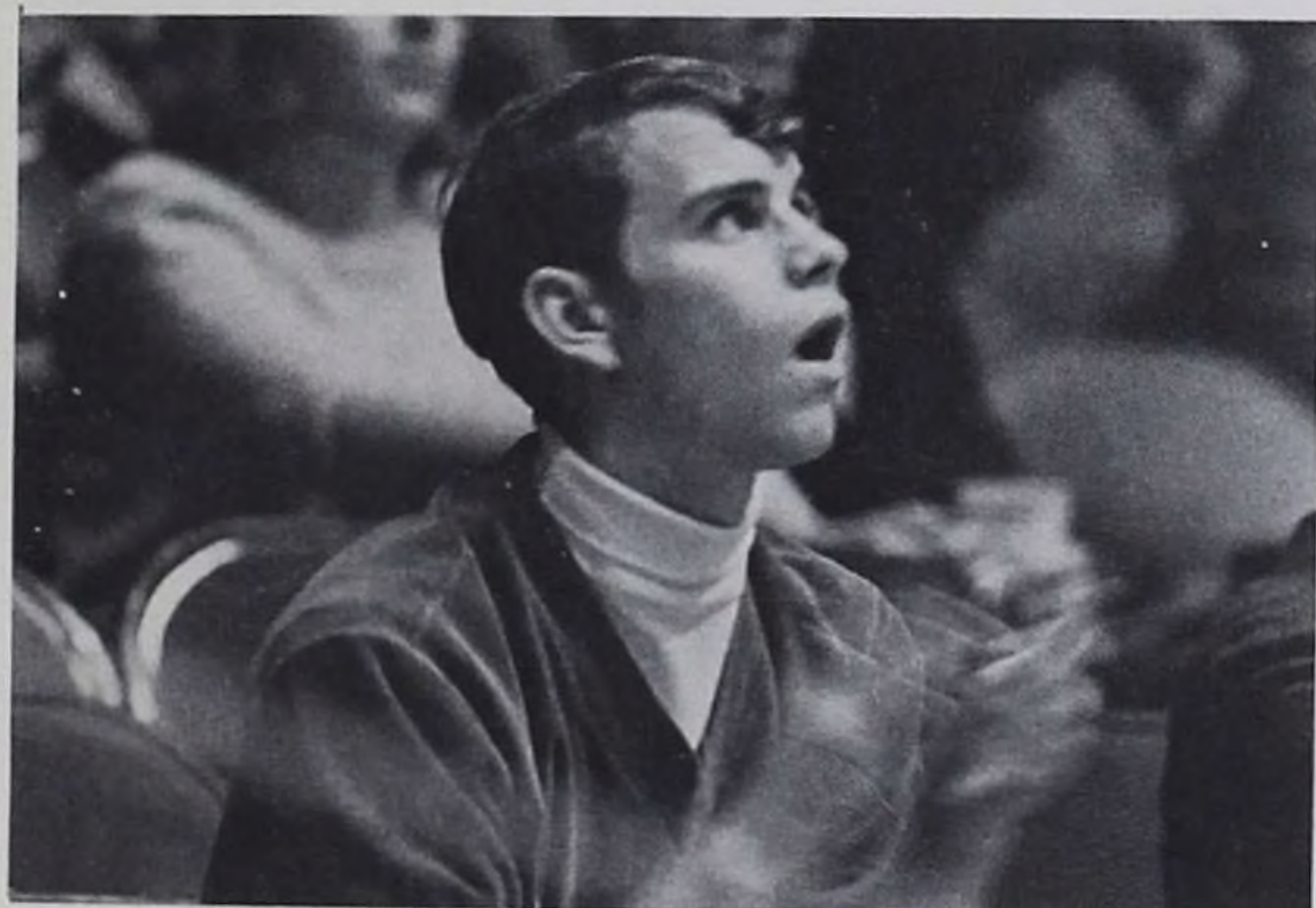
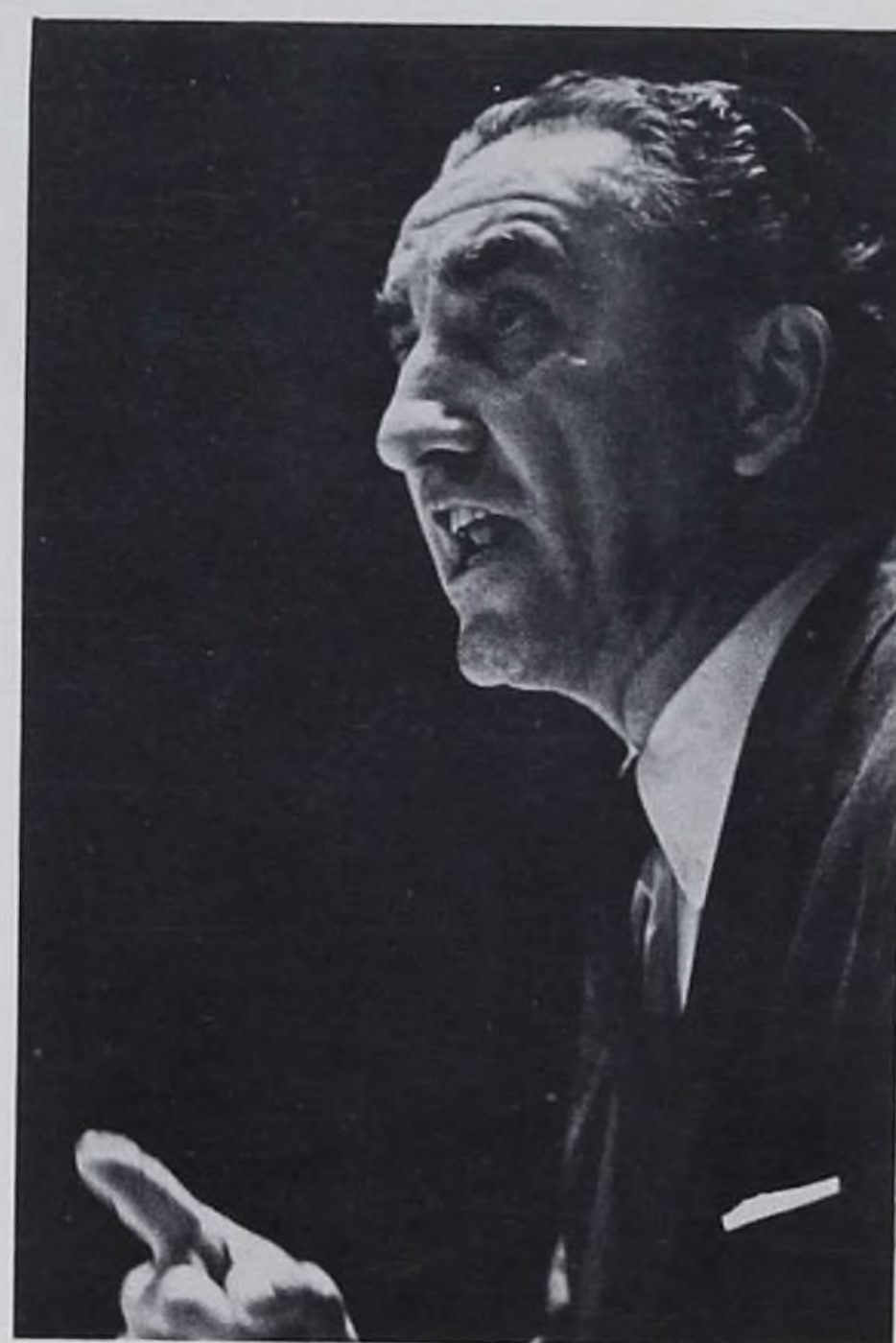
Basketball at the University of Louisville is a study in synchronous motion; a fluidly choreographed performance. Everyone participates in the divertissement, everyone has a role; from the noisy involvement of the spectators to the actual contest on the playing floor.

There is an awesome coordination at work in a basketball game. A simple movement on the court elicits tremendous response from the crowd. The players are prompters, but the fans have all the lines.

Basketball FANtasia

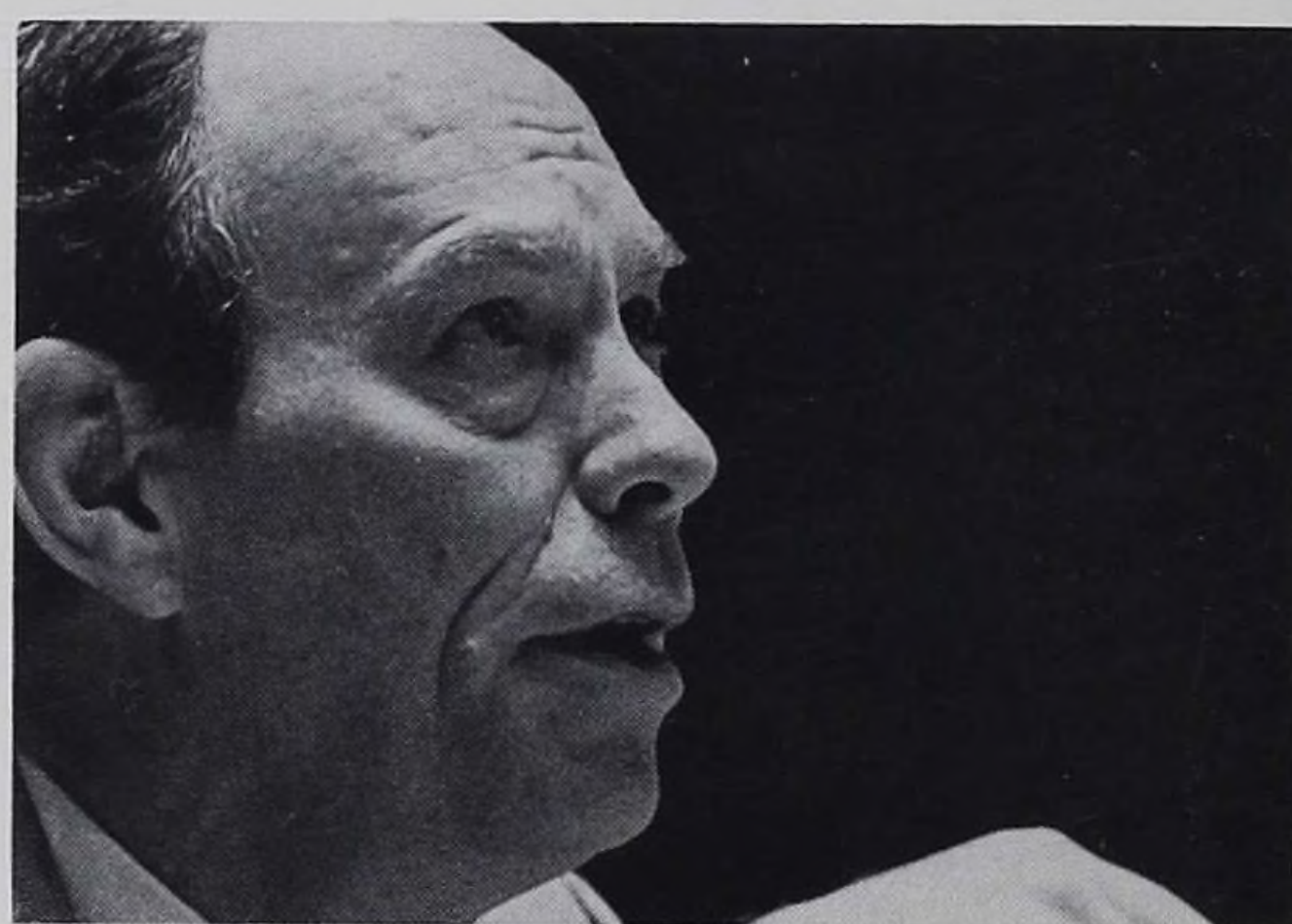
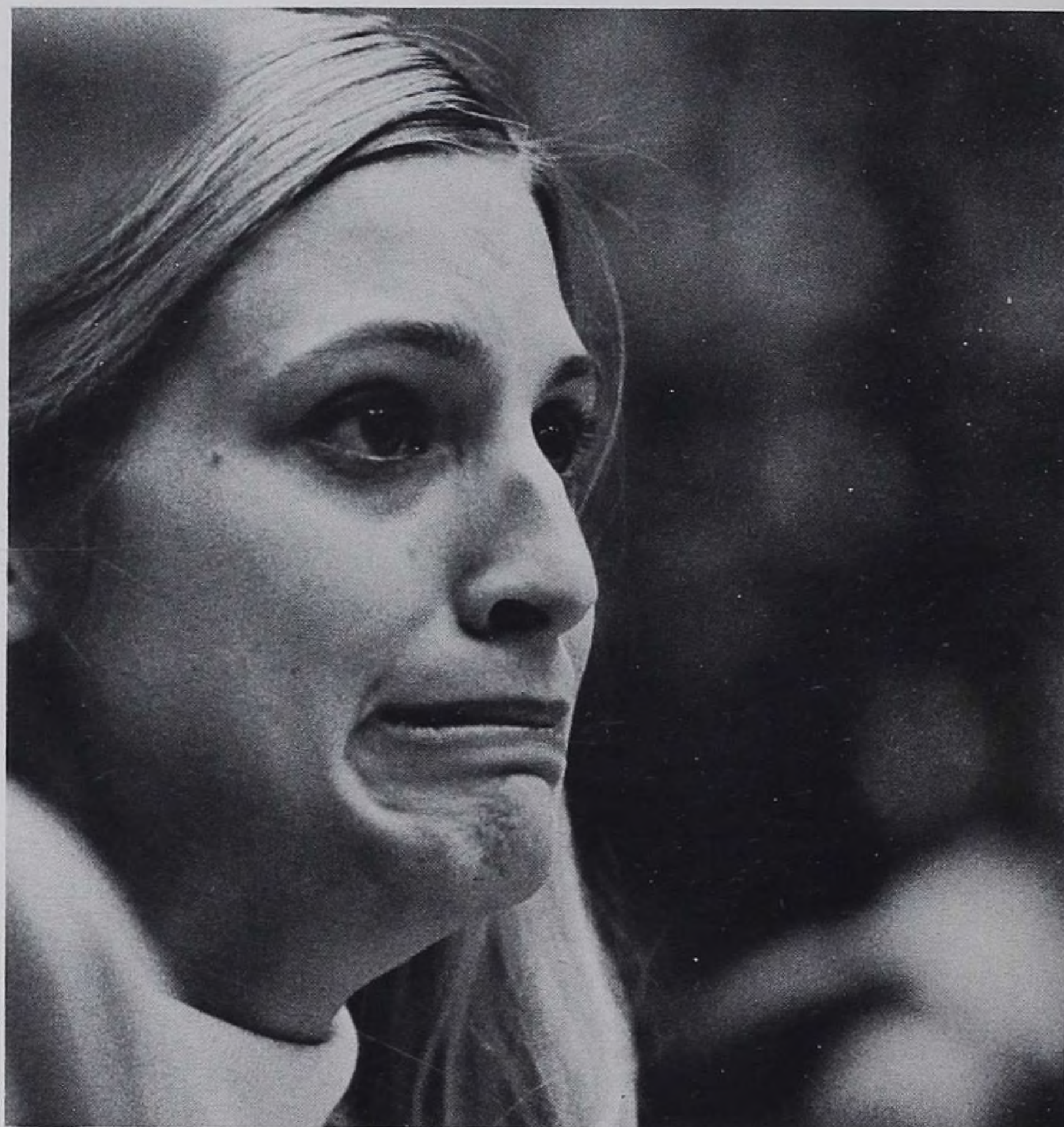
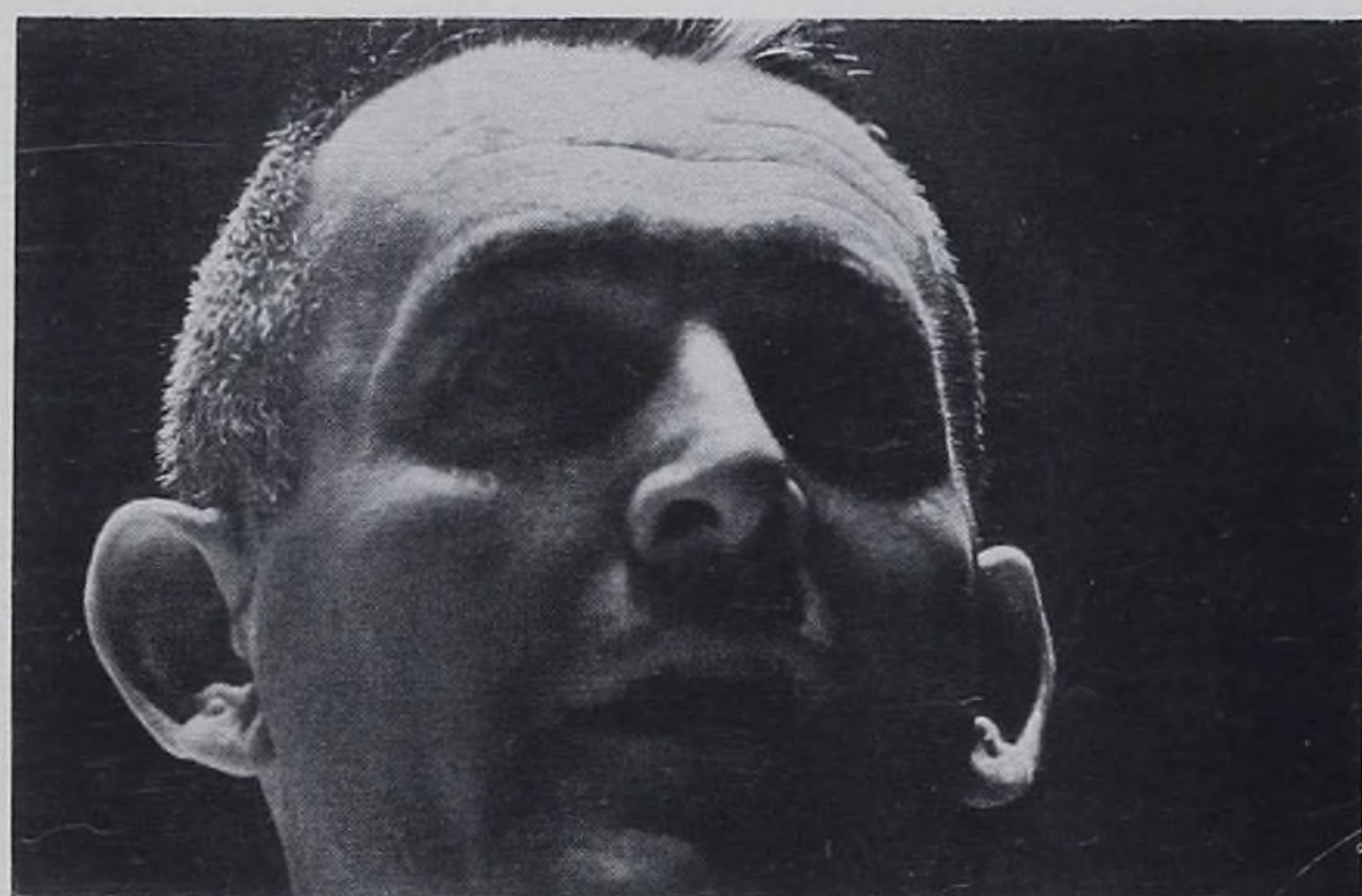
It all builds up to a . . .

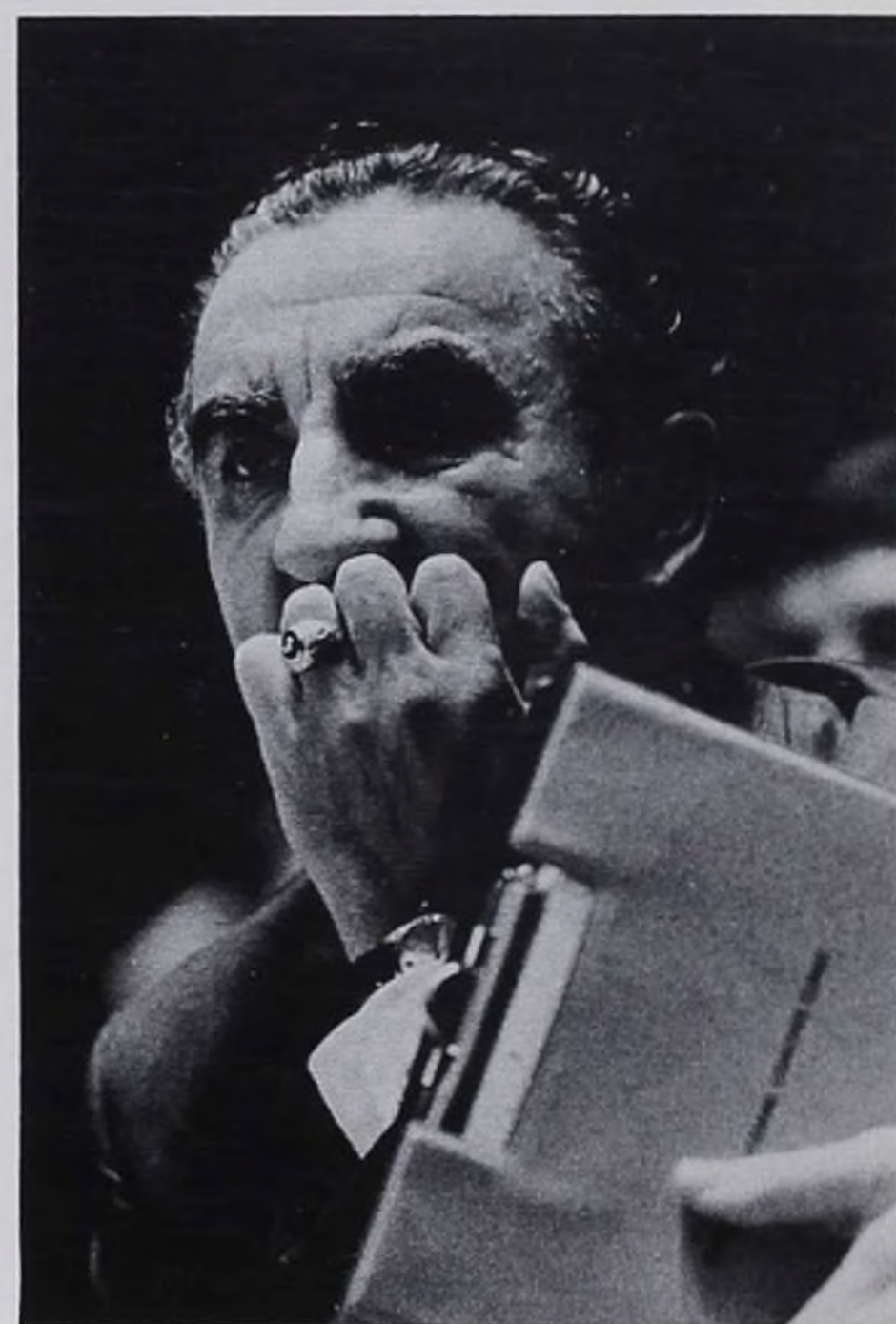




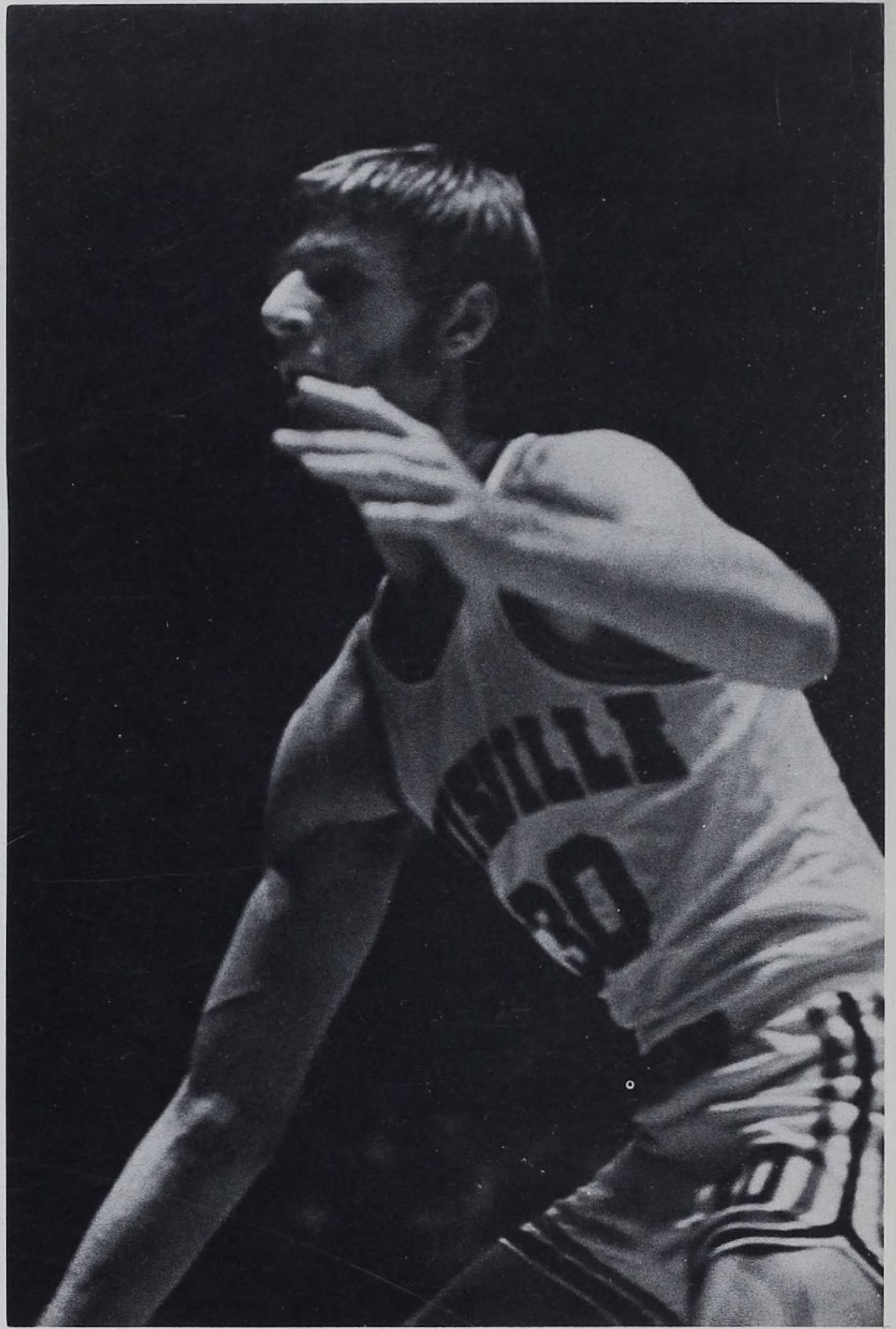
The involvement of the basketball fan is total. The faces of the crowd act as mirrors, reflecting on cue the action on the floor.

letdown

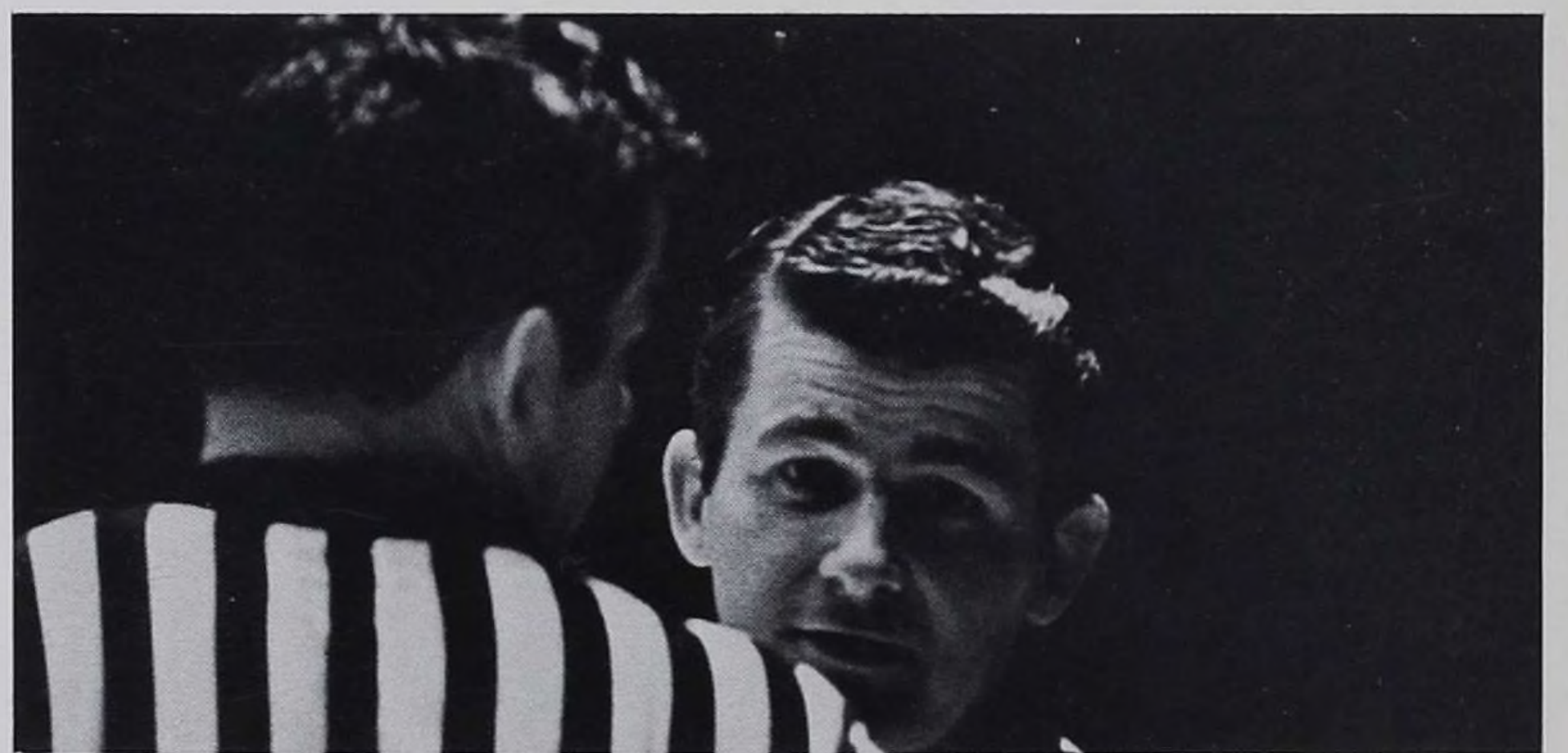




When you are losing there is nothing to smile about. All that is left is the next time.



The buzzer brings down the curtain of a game and on a season. What had functioned as a unit breaks into myriad fragments and dribbles out the gates of Freedom Hall. Basketball at U of L is over till next year.



**ambitious undertaking
(for Dylan Thomas)**

Wire shut his eyes,
tie down the bells, lacquer
his raucous hair in place.
he did not go gentle,
never let the sea
strike him down with awe. raving
raving,
drunk on the irony,
on tragedy,
on balconies of fine hotels,
on the edge of things, on things
themselves,
on bells.

— John Filiatreau

Amazo

her cigarette in her hand like a wand
she left a trail of smoke
curling upon itself,
motion in a line of whirls, gray
and then gone, twenty vipers slithered up
into invisible trees, then
a cumulous puff that left her mouth
like a blimp lightly found some anchorage
above the ceiling. I watched in wonder
the various images she left upon the air,
then asked if she had one to spare,
then struck a match and lit it
and let my smoke comingle with her smoke,
then she put a tree in the air and spoke,
told me of her cousin, who is a doctor
in Bronxville.

— Joseph Hart

parable for edwin ford november 1968

at that time we gathered in the desert. muriel killed two children, we thought they were twins, and their souls rose from the bodies. the first, called darron, became a muted sage, and the other, oswald, came forth as a wizard. the wise man came to us first and drew three pictures in the sand with his staff. we saw a single lovebird, an open hand and a link chain, joined at both ends. then the sage motioned to the magician, and the second came forward, speaking to us in a hollow tone:

"each of you is as one of these three."

then he waved his hand and the scribbles came to life. the bird flew into the sky, and reaching a zenith in the clouds, dove earthward releasing a sad note in song. he struck the sand with such momentum as to bury himself deep in it. Next, the hand drew into a fist so tightly that it bled. and when there was no more blood, it turned first to bone and then to dust. the chain turned upon its edge, as if it were a cart's wheel, and rolled as a coin, round and round in circles, and as it rolled, each link became visible as a snake biting hard into its own tail and spreading poison through its own body. the crowd was awestruck and silent, but there was an old man among us who had beheld these sights, and because he had witnessed their importance and taken their meaning, he came forth and said to the wizard and the sage:

"in my life's time i have been as all three
of these magical beings, but i have also seen
a fourth creature. it is like a copper cup which
gives and receives with no malice."

there followed a short time of silence, then the bravest of the crowd struck the old one and dashed him to the ground, and we stoned him for his ignorance. as the life crept out of him the other two disappeared and the children came back to life, and a great rain began to wet the sand. the crowd hurried to shelter, but i knelt beside the dead one and whispered my sins in his ear. □

— Chet Bell





EPITAPH.... a neighborhood dies, but goes not unmourned

If the academic environment were truly an ivory tower cut off from the "real world" out there, then in one respect those who do their daily thing at the University of Louisville would have to be thankful. For to be cut off from the neighborhood surrounding U of L is not, in many respects, lamentable.

But a tower is high and can offer a good vantage point, and if we wanted to glance down now and then our observation of the neighborhood surrounding the campus would make us sensitive to the ills of this area, and to the misfortune of students who must daily have their sensitivities buffeted by this urban no-man's land.

U of L sits squarely in the middle of an area which is representative of the plight of many urban areas in

Photographs by John Beckman
Text by Gary Mullinax



our nation. Many of the streets surrounding the university once were sites of comfortable homes and apartments; in later years the dwellings were perhaps less satisfactory, but for the most quite bearable. Now, on those streets, there is nothing. Urban Renewal has destroyed without rebuilding, like some citified strip-mining operation. Ostensibly the now-barren land will be used to U of L's advantage, but so far little has been done.

Other spots near campus have for years been inhabited by the kind of small industry which is typically found in those areas which are far enough from the downtown area that the industries will not violate the glitter of the commercial district, and not so far away that they disturb the better residential areas. Industries are important, but not as a rule pretty, and they serve quite nicely to grate against whatever aesthetic sensibility is to be found on the U of L campus.

There are, too, scattered spots of commercial development near the campus, but few of this small number operate with a student's needs specifically in mind.

The neighborhood surrounding the University of Louisville isn't totally depressing, but all in all it is rather bleak.

Consider:

Fourth Street — Berlin revisited . . . expanses of barren land where once real people lived and breathed

and did all the human things . . . where once "Mom and Dad" loaded trays with hot dinners for 65 cents apiece . . . where Harry the barber once plied his trade, cutting all sorts of heads . . . lots which once contained apartment buildings; a few things are left: a laundromat offering cleanness to people who aren't around anymore . . . and a tiny red house — too big for a dollhouse, too small for people — done in a quaint 19th-century architectural style, maybe housing elves who carry on the tradition of magic which began, as always, where living people went about the business of being human . . .

Confederate Place — lately the scene of the flight of individuals from the ravaging tide of fraternity uniliving . . . evolution in reverse as real houses make way for the monster complexes . . .

Third Street — guarded by soldiers of the Confederacy, the city backs another loser . . . more empty lots, including the site of what once was the only drug store within walking distance of the campus . . . Masterson's, still thriving as the rich get richer and the poor seem to disappear . . . the Louisville Casket Company, symbolic of something too obvious to suggest . . . to the south, a kind of haven, where students can participate in the American way on hot dogs steamed in beer . . . a bowling alley bar offering some respite from the world of academia . . . a Black radio station, once a symbol of the failure of integration, now an object of separatist pride . . .

Second Street — like a road cutting the Kansas

neighborhood, *continued*

prairie, barren on either side . . . once there was Keller Court to see, true community living for students and lovers of the university environment — now perhaps a haven for field mice, certainly not people . . . a few houses remain, like a few stray teeth in a gaping, gummy mouth . . .

First Street — at Shipp, another ghost, where once were served a decent cheeseburger and a healthy dose of atmosphere — now the edge of a massive lawn for a building where they study life sciences, a building which, in being built, eliminated a bit of life in process . . . farther north, Manual High, an urban school floundering a bit in the wake of the rush to suburbia, no longer drawing the city's schoolboy elite as in another time . . .

Brook Street — abandoned factory buildings, one of them salvaged by tenacious funseekers . . . junkyards, physical and spiritual . . . train tracks running parallel, reminding the provincial that there's a world out there — once the scene of tragedy . . .

Floyd Street — humanity somewhat restored . . . small industries thriving . . . the Gesthesmane Baptist Church, where myth and ritual still hold sway and don't bother me with skepticism . . . farther south larger industries — not glamorous but vital, where men work with soybeans, fish and grain . . . but even the lowly soybean can pollute our air, and many a spring day on Belknap Campus has been marred by the rancid milky odor from Ralston-Purina which hangs in the air . . .

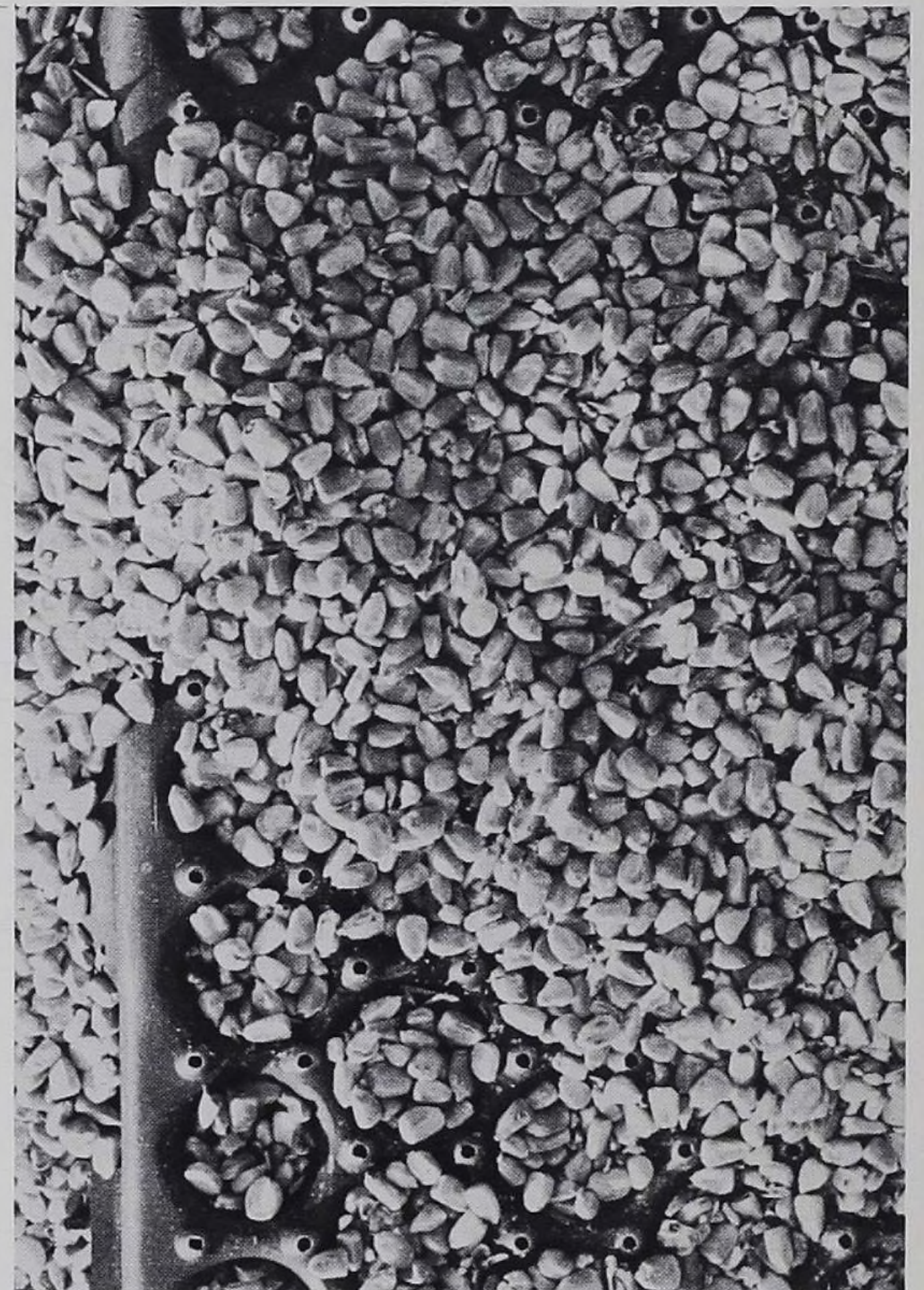
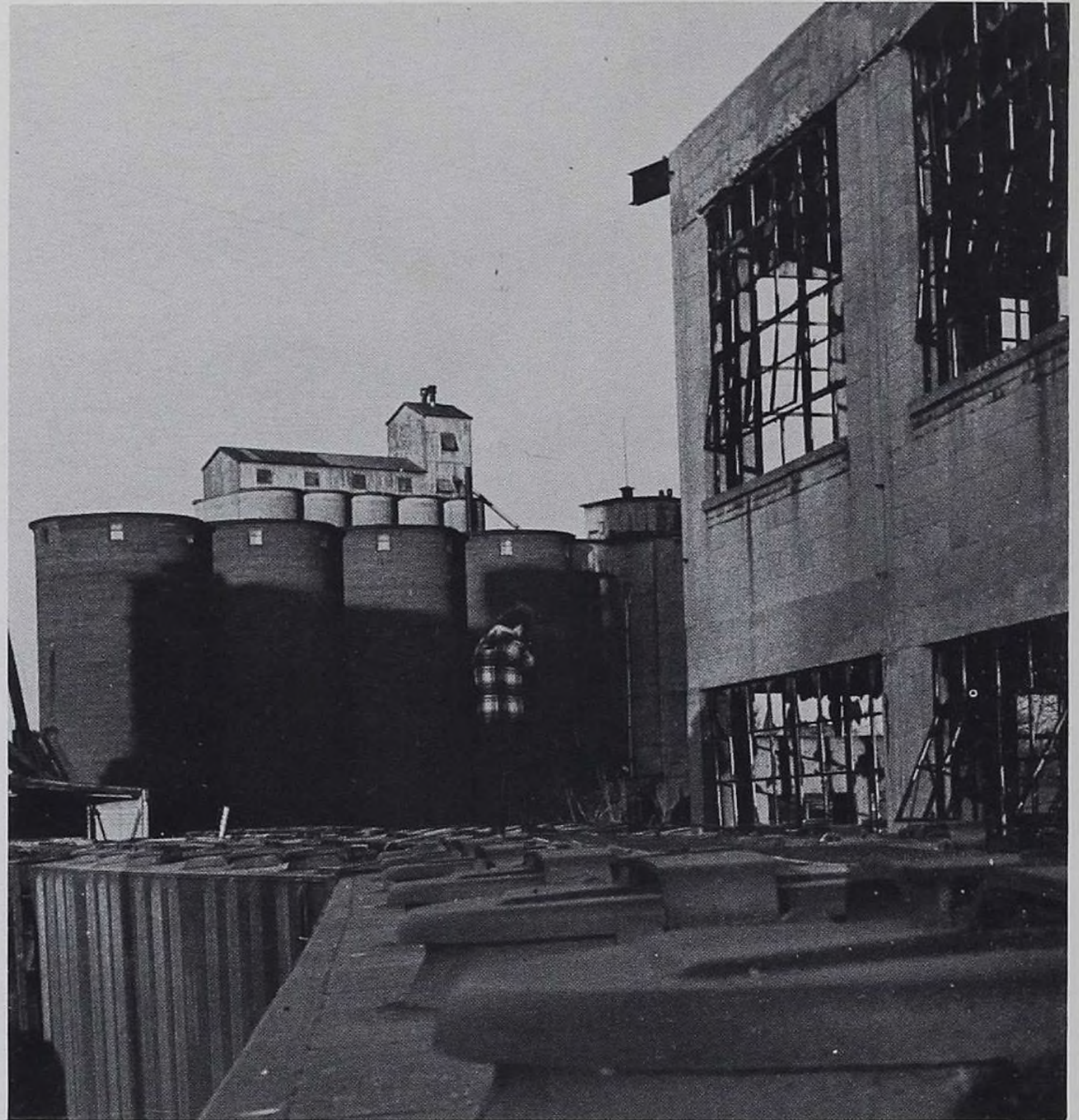
Casson Street — a non-street, off of Floyd . . . the street marker remains — the city does its small jobs well — but now a sea of mud with no houses, allowed to dissolve as though it never had a reason for existing . . .

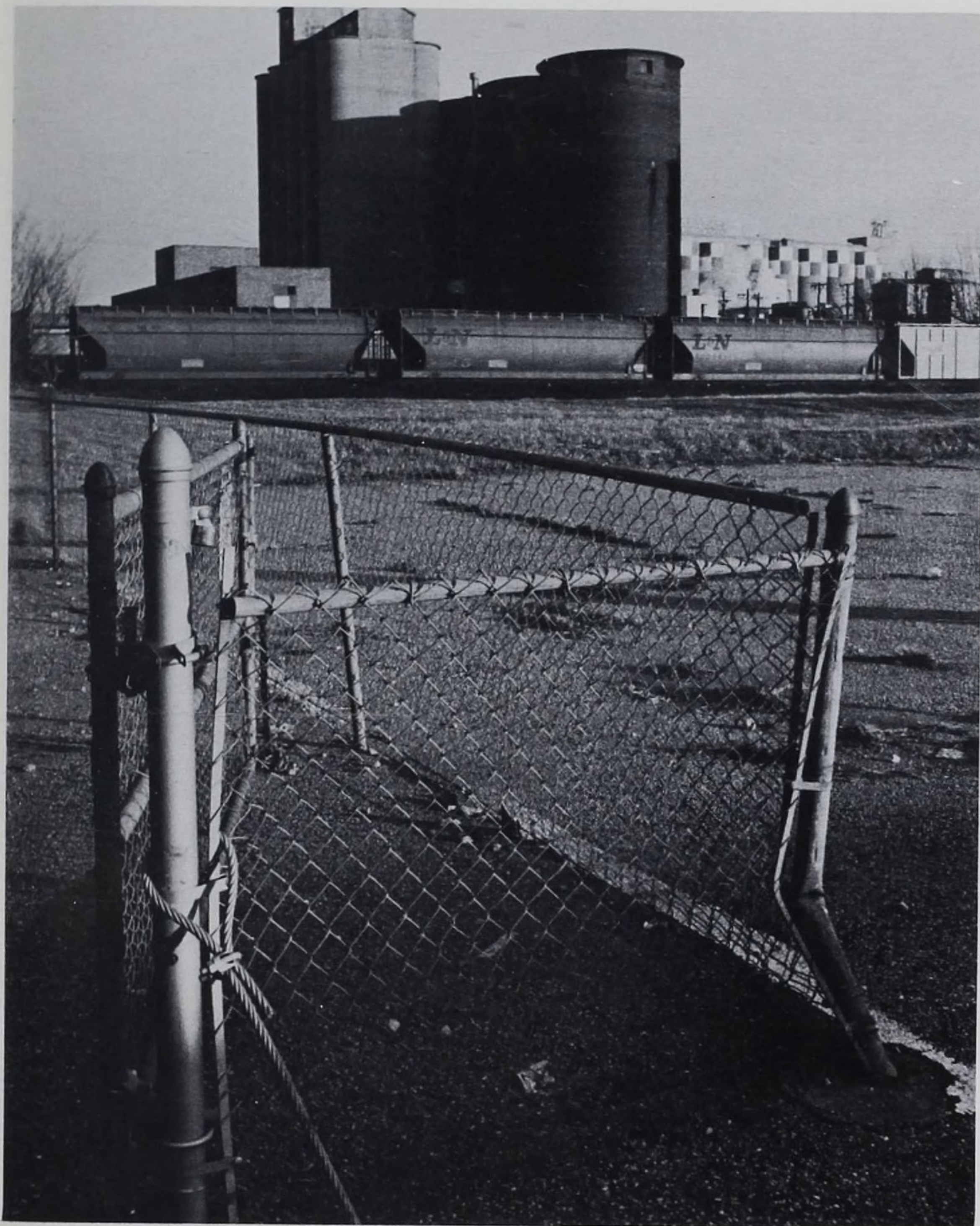
Lee Street — east of Floyd, a picture of the times in little, slum houses, some abandoned, sit staring at the garish Continental Inn Motel, while travelers on the nearby expressway gaze down and absorb some local color . . .

Warnock Street — more wasteland . . . the General Electric Supply Company, lately the scene of picketing union members feeling the indifference of passing students who sense that the four years they are serving will lift them high above such struggles . . .

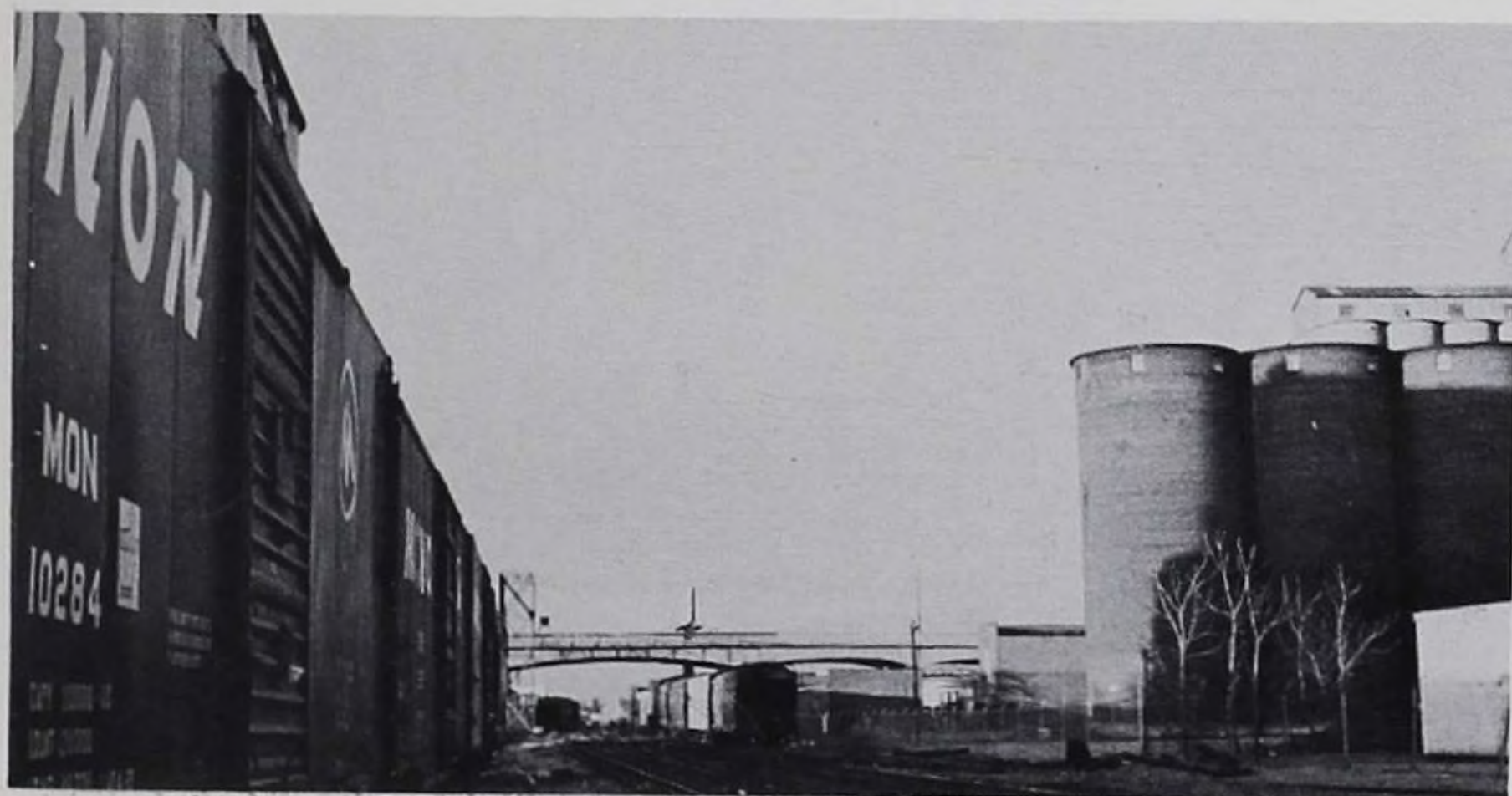
A neighborhood? A non-neighborhood. Little character is left, only a glimmer of life remains here and there. Perhaps it does indeed have potential, is waiting to be molded into something good.

But the ironic fact remains that immediately surrounding our particular world of education, where the sensibilities are supposed to be awakened, is an environment which contains little on which that sensibility can operate. Much that was vital has been ravaged, and we are daily subjected to lifelessness and tawdriness. □





Grain is one of the most important products in the industrial area surrounding the University of Louisville. Tube-like grain elevators loom above a section near Floyd Street south of the Expressway, while on the ground below stored and cast-off grain forms abstract studies. The railroad runs nearby, absorbing the nourishment — freight — which keeps the rail industry functioning.



neighborhood, *continued*

Travelers rate. The North-South Expressway enables tourists to get in and out of Louisville quickly. If they need to sleep, there are always motels, like the Continental Inn on Arthur Street, minutes from the U of L campus. If they need a drink, Expressway Liquors awaits them eagerly. On the other hand, if a student needs to walk to a drugstore from campus he has an eight-block trip ahead of him.



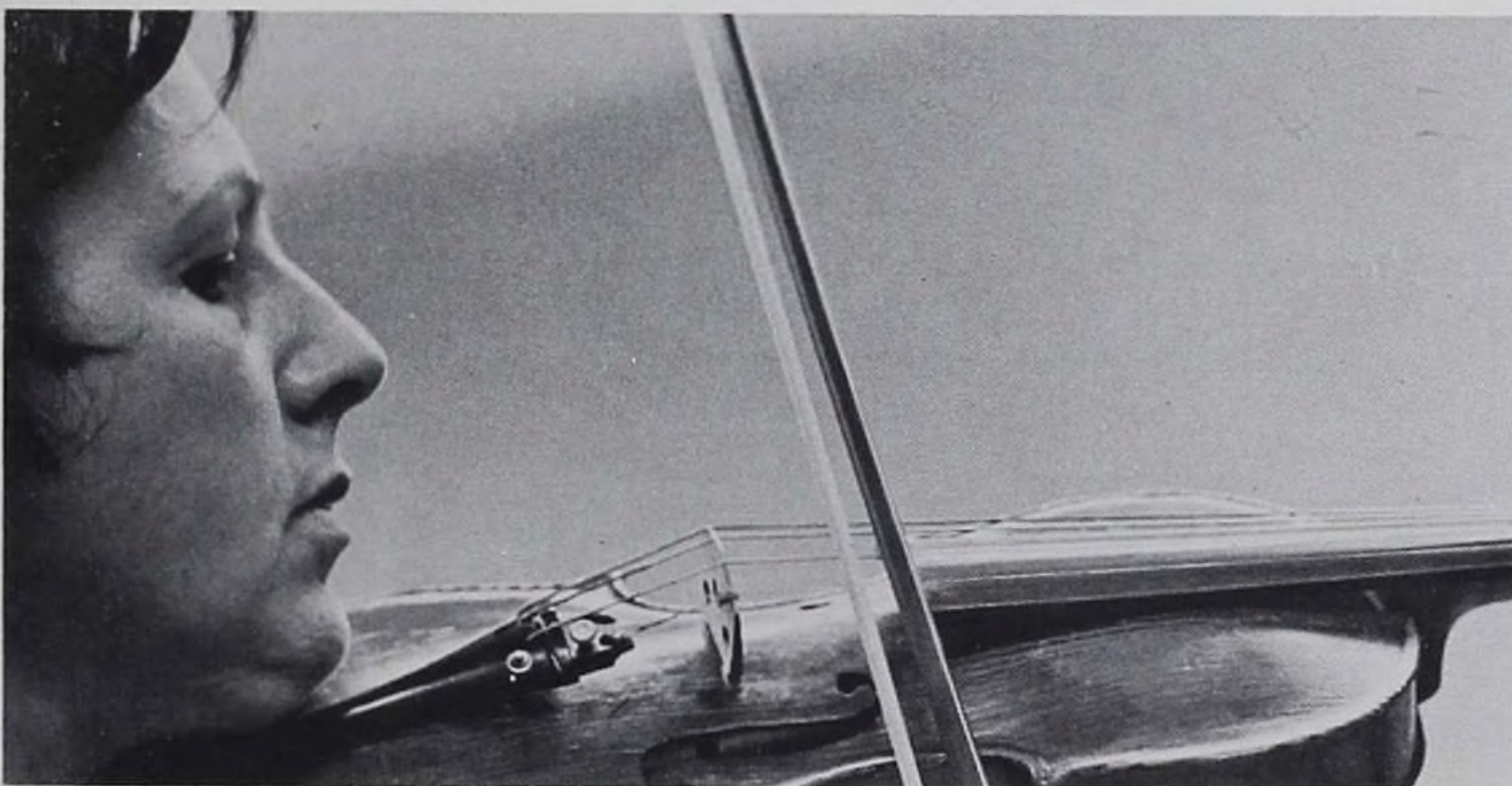


Ah! The joys of urban living. Garbage cans, trains, telephone lines, and a gas station sign hovering over you which may become a surrogate sun on days when nearby industries are hard at work spewing their waste.

neighborhood, *continued*

Manual High School is a pleasing example of neo-Gothic architecture, but her students study to the sounds of newer construction. Students grabbing a lunch at the Cardinal Inn could conceivably disturb digestion by looking through the front door. On Brook Street, two structures sit together in a kind of death row for buildings. One received a reprieve and has since been known as the Red Barn.





Let's have music! what's left at KSC campus?

Photographs by Skip McNeil

The schizophrenia that characterized the organization of the University of Louisville School of Music after its move to the Gardencourt Campus in 1947 was ended this summer when the school was shifted to the recently acquired Kentucky Southern Campus.

The primary effect of the move was to centralize the school's existence — previously students had lived, attended liberal arts classes, and practiced on Belknap Campus and commuted daily by shuttle bus to the Gardencourt mansion for music classes. The offices of the music school were located there too. Now everything is in one place.

The Kentucky Southern Campus is a modern facility located on Shelbyville Road in Eastern Jefferson County. The three building complexes are located at the end of a long driveway leading into the heart of the 238-acre tract.

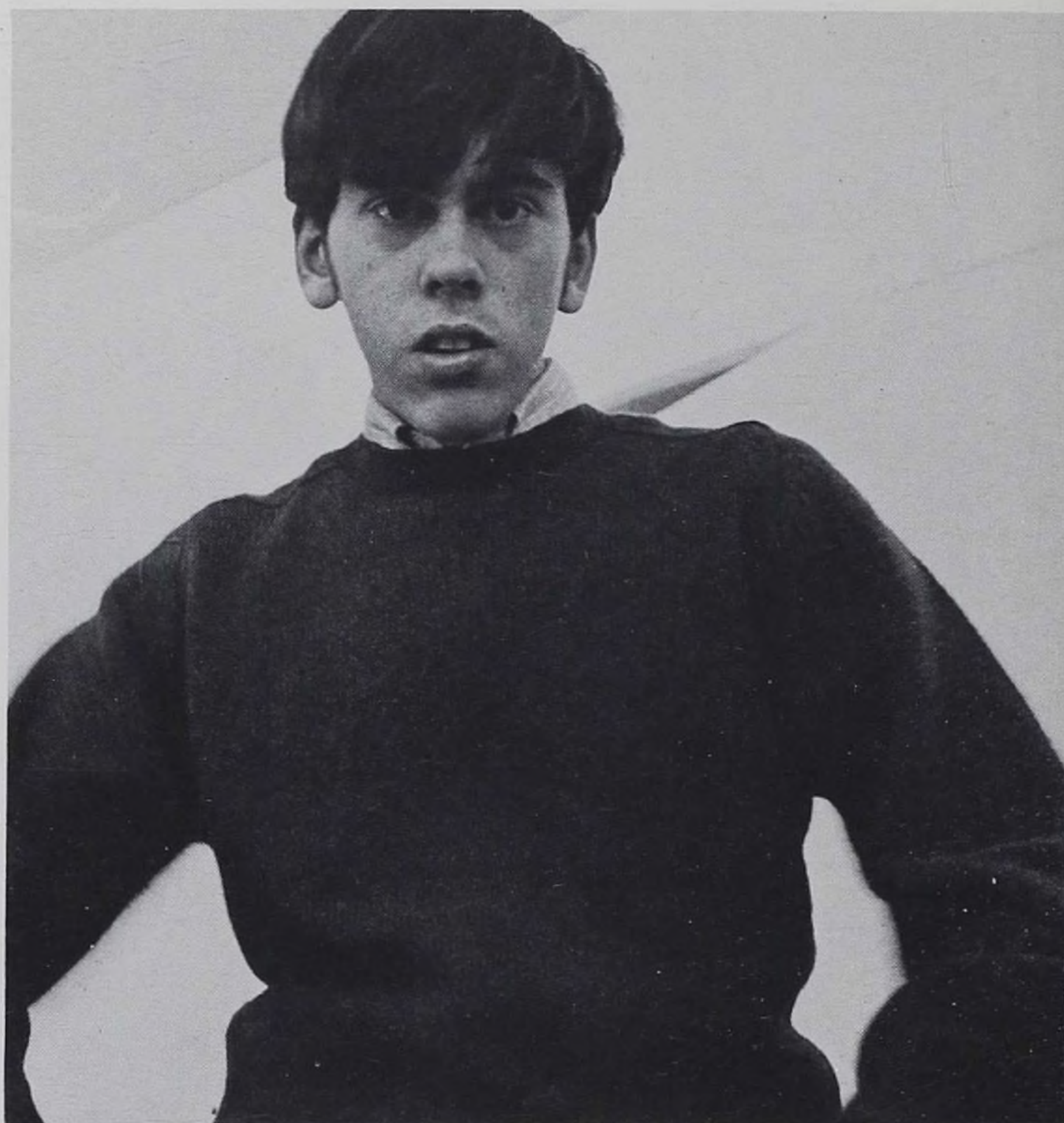
University planners consider the location an excellent one. Research indicates that the nearby intersection of Shelbyville Road and the Watterson Expressway will be the commercial-population center of the Louisville metropolitan area in 1980.

music school, *continued*

But for the moment the 152 students at the School of Music face a new problem generated by their new location: isolation. Kentucky Southern is 18 miles from the main campus, which means a 36-mile round trip. And students without access to a car find themselves isolated from nearly everything but music. Also, most of the acres comprising the campus lay unused, leaving the centers of activity surrounded by large areas of desolation.

Two specific outgrowths of the isolation are a very limited offering of liberal arts courses and a lack of extracurricular activities. The distance from the main campus and small number of students severely limit both possibilities.

But now, at least, music students have one place to call home.

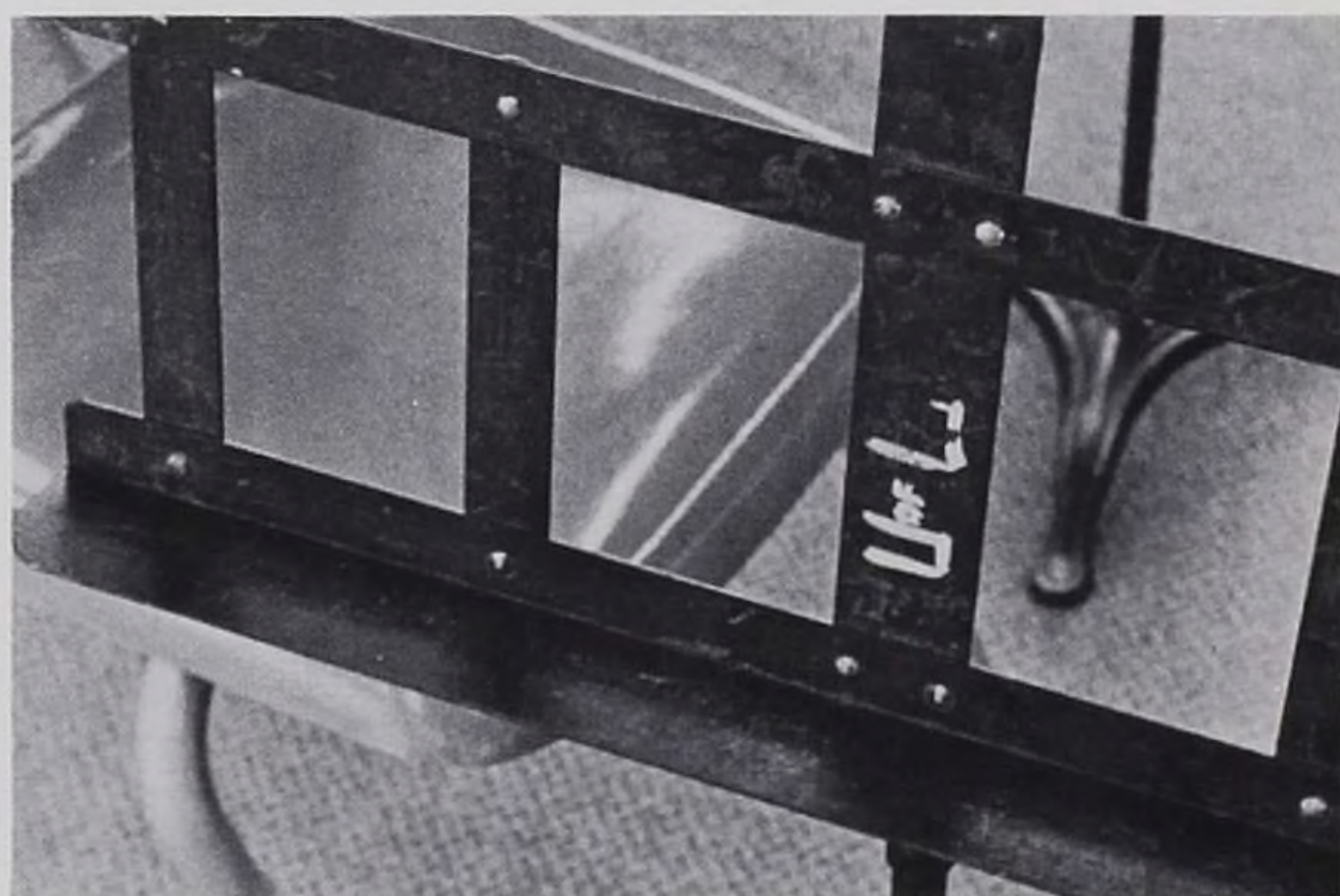


Unless you're in a room full of practicing students, you must usually look hard to find signs of activity on the music school campus. If the weather is right, footprints in snow can be a giveaway.



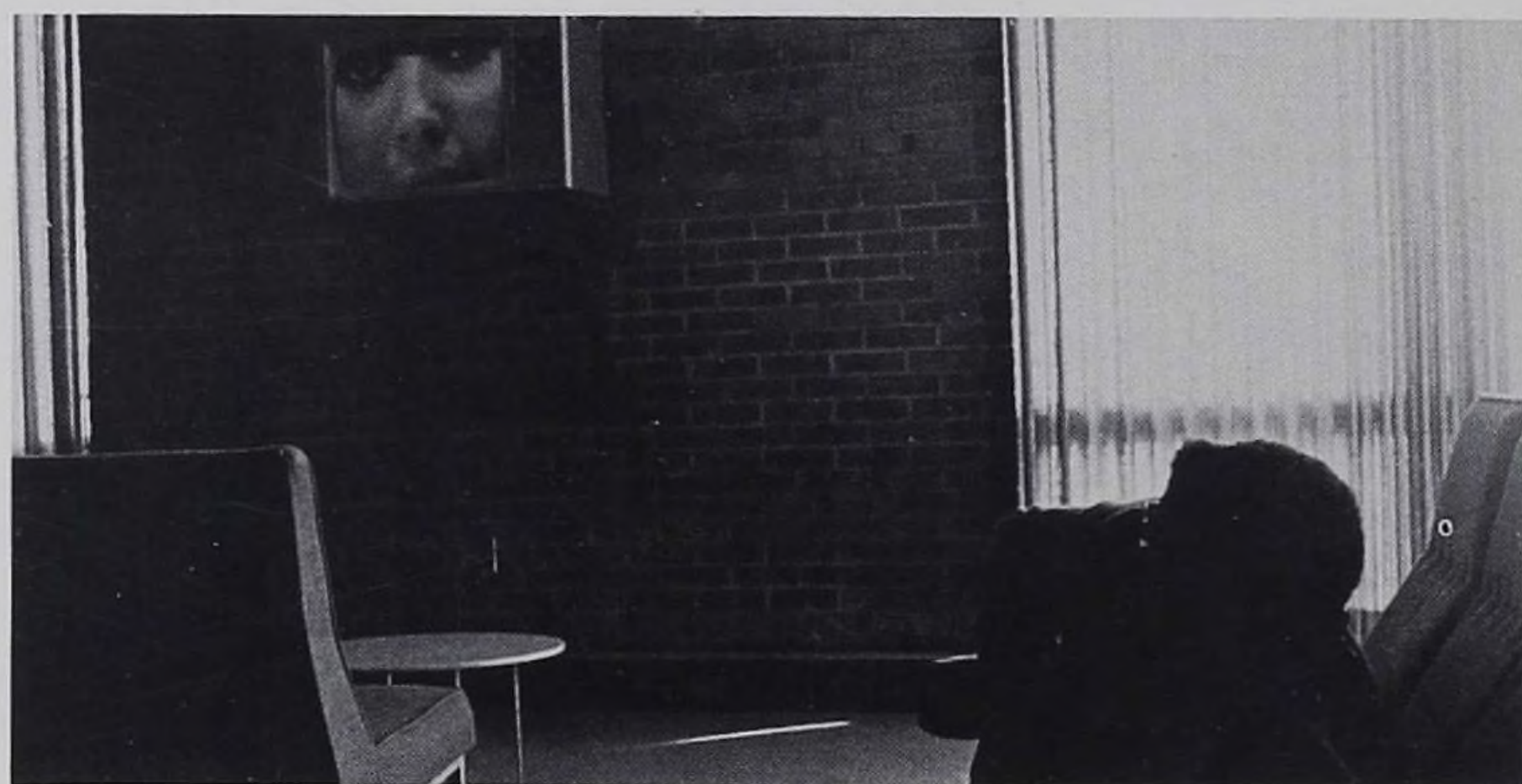


If you're going to live on an island, it's good to be surrounded by nice things. For music students, nice things include fine instruments, comfortable dormitories and efficient classrooms.



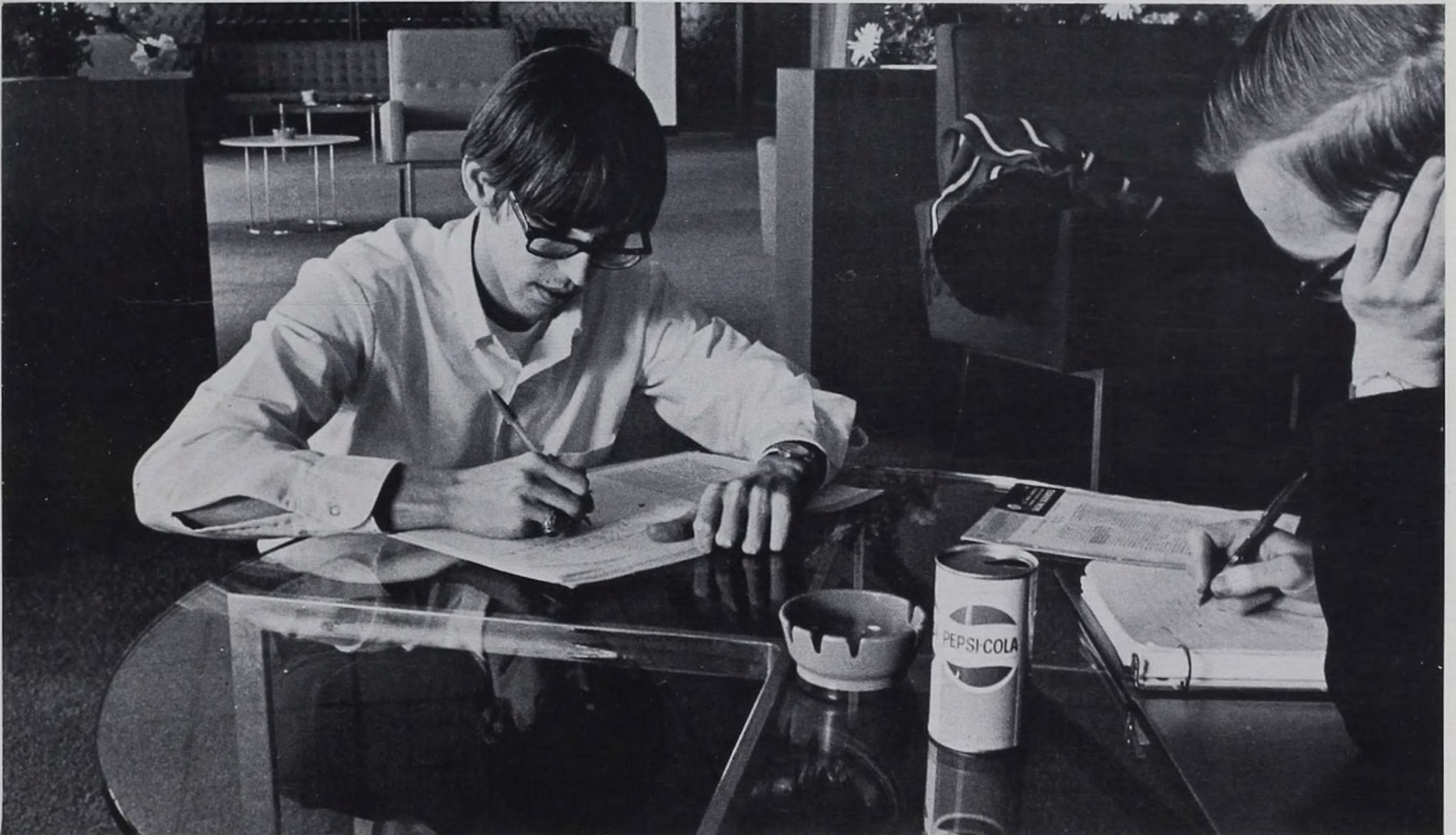


If your only alternative is walking around with no one to talk to, watching TV in a lounge might be a pleasant way to brush up on the art of human conversation.



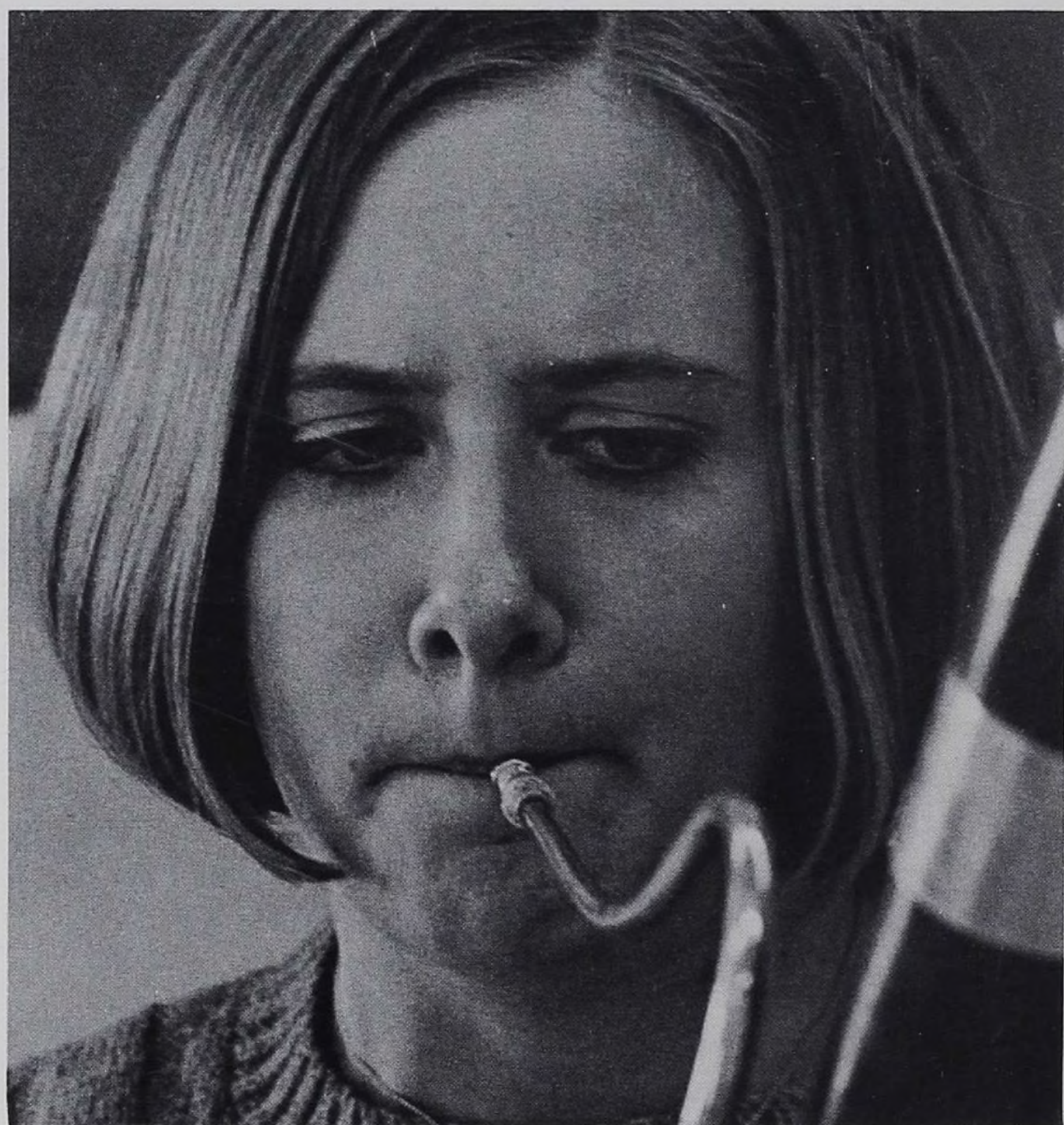


Most students at the music school, are out of luck if they're out of a car. Those who find choice parking spots may have time to do some last-minute preparation before classes in one of the lounges.





So at the new Music School sounds of music drift largely unheard across the desolate campus. On occasion a solitary listener may hear the strains and muse that they're just for him.



traveler's tale

doveluck I'm grounded
at last, a while, a lick on her lap.
the flood carried barns and chickens past,
whole houses and rocks and someone's pottery.

it was in the garden where we met last
and o it was good her skin alive and
that warm globe her face, what a thing to
bury in my chest and nose my loins.

I was lost and every wave had a shoulder
for me, I forgot who I was and was tossed
wide and ragged in that sea's raging.
Now in this calm, in the safe harbor of her legs
it was all a salty dream, best forgotten.

lovesuck I've regained
at last, a while, a lick on her lap.
what thousand moons surge through me
I offer to the eye of day,
that it may breed and watch
and bring my dust up to bones again.

as for now, I'm naked, feeling freely
ourselves, and mine somewhere with hers.
Olympus rides her buttocks and brooks
my between toes, buried mud cool
in cloud. O Moment, O Life! I am Jupiter.

—Dan Rifenburgh

crutchclick
on icystreets,
a one-legged man.
curls
 into the pocket of a streetlamp's
stroking his eyes
freeze,
silence all about him nets its long blue legions.

— John Filiatreau

A distinct homosexual sub-culture remains, with customs and a language all its own. Its members are alternately happy, sad, content or anxious, just like practically everybody else. Why not take a closer look at the gay world?

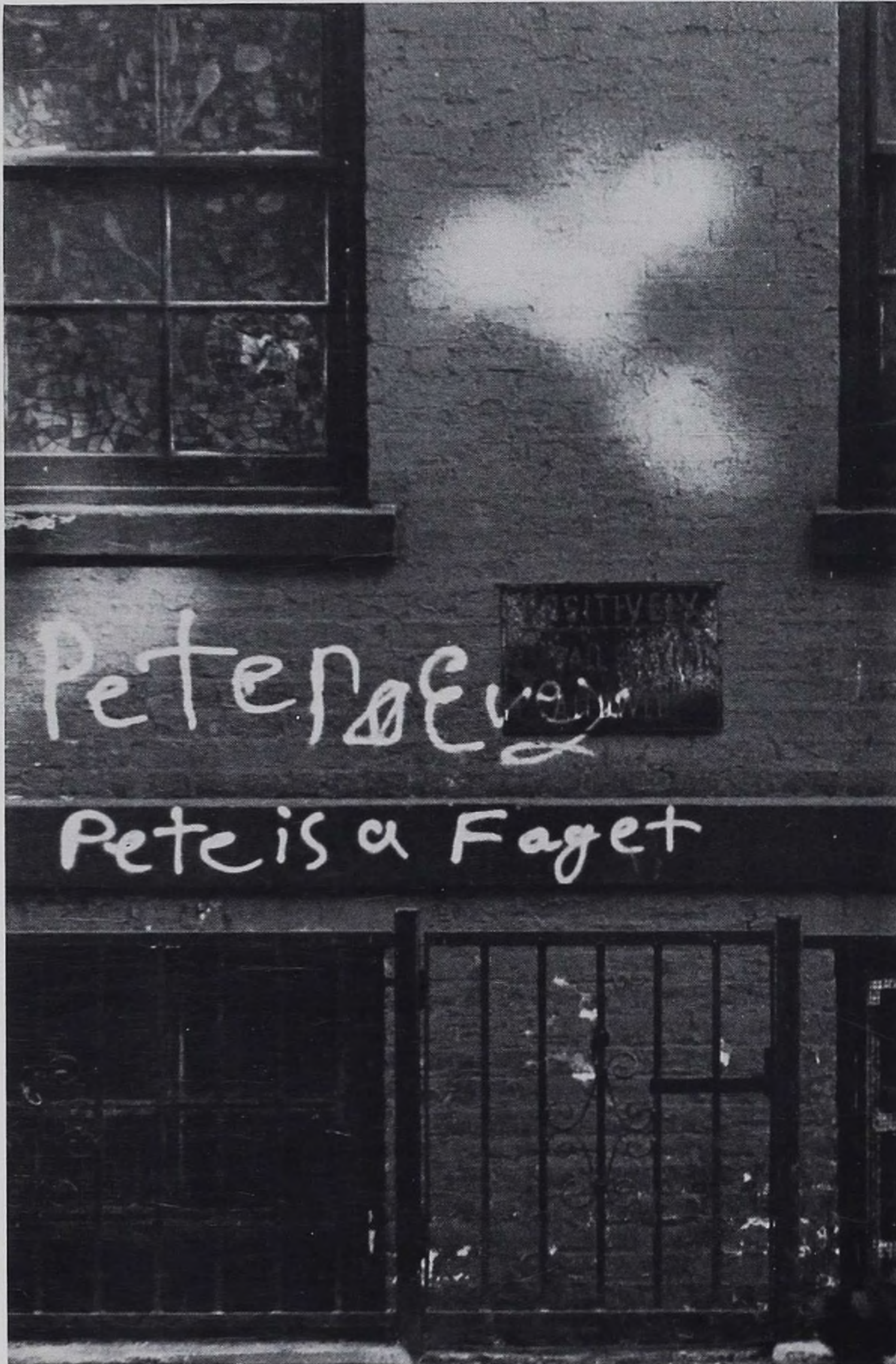
HENRY LOVES CHARLES (Really)

By Sonya Jones

It was the night for goblins and witches and apparitions. A light mist hung over the metropolis, and rain made it impossible for one to see Atlanta's golden dome. As my companion's small car edged around the perimeter, I asked cautiously, "Where are we going?" Lacking the ability to dictate the ever-changing moods of my companion or the sophistication to detect irony, I heard her response with the perception one expects from a schoolma'am. I was about to witness the city's gayest night of the year, and one of the gayest anywhere. It was in many ways very much like a debutante ball.

Strolling among the dancing couples, my promenade was halted by a question: "Are you real?" Wheeling around to meet my examiner, I asked, "What do you mean . . . real?" With a hint of embarrassment, but reaching to touch me, he said, "Real. I mean, like a real woman?" I answered in the affirmative, and still a bit puzzled, was greeted from the opposite direction by a compliment: "That sure is a nice blouse you have on. I have one just like it." "Oh," said I, "thank you, but mine is a woman's." "Yes," said he, with a giggle, "mine is, too." Madame X actually considered herself a woman, and I was suffering from an instantly acute case of cultural shock.

Homosexuality is in vogue. As controversial shop-talk, academic speculation or idiotic bridge gossip, the homosexual and his world are frequently exploited and, ironically, patronized. Perhaps it is only accidental that many articles are quick to point out all his deviations, while relatively few treat his one basic characteristic — that of being



John Beckman

humankind. The notion that all homosexuals are lecherous creatures who hide in dark alleys with the intention of attacking the first child who skips past is, happily, not fashionable anymore. But laborious attempts to prescribe his behavioral patterns still find their way into print.

If one asks an educated homosexual if he has an unresolved oedipus or electra complex, one may get either a sarcastic response or be compelled to rush for safety. In all fairness to the homosexual, it seems most ethical to describe rather than prescribe his behavior. A gay woman, professionally respected and very much involved in the dominant culture, as well as the homosexual sub-culture, once told me she wishes someone would tell the story of the gay world accurately.

It was over a year ago that I established my first contact with one I knew to be a homosexual. Already a student of socio-linguistics, I decided to direct my energies in this area toward a study of the homosexual sub-culture. The aspect of the gay world which I have observed is indeed a sub-culture. Its members are quite conscious of their homosexuality, and have deliberately isolated themselves to some extent from the "straight" world. Perhaps this is not the ideal position for the declared homosexual to take, since it implies a sense of being "different" from the majority of people. Maybe a better position is that taken by a "new wave" of homosexuals, who understand that love and sex are individual matters and see no reason to feel isolated from anyone because of their homosexuality. But the new wave is still in the minority. Members of the isolated sub-culture, while perhaps less progressive and free-thinking, nonetheless comprise the largest segment of declared homosexuals, and deserve consideration in any study of homosexuality.

The nature of this homosexual sub-culture, which must be very old, has generated several questions which I (and more competent anthropologists, psychiatrists and linguists) am not in a position to answer. For instance, is homosexuality more prevalent, or is it more open? For insight into some of these questions one may go to Martin Hoffman's *The Gay World* and Jess Stern's *The Grapevine*. Each author approaches the subject objectively, without the opprobrious moralities one often finds in writings by authors who are convinced that the homosexual sub-culture, or any deviance from the larger system, is a plot to undermine society. Hoffman's study concentrates

primarily on males of the West Coast area, while Stern's deals with females throughout the United States, particularly in the East. R. O. D. Benson's *In Defense of Homosexuality* is not only a diatribe against stereotyped views on the subject, but also a series of questions that call into consideration the basic nature of man. (Benson asserts that one has no logical basis to argue that homosexuality is against the basic nature of man when no one seems to know, except in his particular perspective, what that basic nature is.)

If one is interested in writings about homosexuality by homosexuals, The Daughters of Bilitis in San Francisco publish a magazine called *The Ladder*. (The Daughters of Bilitis were instrumental in changing the forbidding law in Illinois. Perhaps they should station lobbyists in Georgia. An informant tells me that the legislative fathers of the great Peachtree State forbade practice among males, but excluded females because they could neither see nor foresee any possible way such practice could work.)

However, the quantity or quality of what one reads has little value in relation to actually seeing the gay world in operation on different levels. What may be accepted in one social sect may be heavily taboo in another. For instance, one does not find the hierarchy of "butches" (butch refers to the masculine woman, also bull-dyke) among lesbians in the higher social levels that he finds in the rougher taverns, where a comb in the back pocket may be a necessary symbol of masculinity. I recall seeing a baby-butch put in her place by an older and wiser woman who obviously thought baby was too rowdy. Neither does one find the seemingly inherent drive toward belligerence among the elevated social levels. I have yet to witness even a physical threat at a private gathering, whereas the perpetual possibility for large-scale battle pervades the atmosphere of certain pubs. A butch is not too thrilled if someone casts flirtatious glances at her femme, and if someone decides he would like to dance with butch's property, the wisest policy is to get permission.

Many of the socially elite will not

frequent the pubs, and their social life is restricted to a closely knit group. Some of them, however, occasionally like to follow adventurous yearnings which the pubs afford, if for no other reason than "to cruise." (Cruising can mean either merely looking or looking with a purpose.) The main point is this: The homosexual sub-culture is a direct mimesis of the dominant culture, with social classes, taboos, similar behavioral characteristics. The spine, or integrating cultural force, is language.

Whatever the social caste or even geographical location, every lesbian knows what lavender, or violet, or the seven stages of lavender means: that an individual's homosexual drives are "brought out" or physically consummated. Similarly, every male homosexual knows the terms of his argot. Terms may differ slightly in usage from locale to locale, but not to the degree that they are unintelligible among homosexuals. Until recently the argot has been left unexplored. Pages can be written on the terms alone, not to mention songs that employ the terms. "On Top of Old Sophie," a female lyric to the tune of "On Top of Old Smoky," and "In My Red Hades," a male rendition of "In My Blue Heaven," are two that come to mind. The latter is especially interesting because the last line takes a satirical punch at the heterosexual: "Just Molly and me, there will never be three." The ballad form lives on in the gay world; an untitled number, which I take the liberty to call "Ballad of the Queens and their Madame" is more graphic than the producers of *Sister George* dared imagine. (Incidentally, I have talked with a number of homosexuals, male and female, who were offended by the bedroom scene in *Sister George* because they considered it cynical, thus damaging in the public's eye.) In a pub of the rougher social rank, a butch called me over to her table because her femme had serious doubts concerning my sexual species. I learned that a fight had been raging for nearly an hour; I had been labeled everything from "sissy-butch" to "butchey femme," until the bewildered femme was compelled to clear her confusion. "My friend," began the butch slowly, "wants to know," she paused, "if you are a man?" I turned the question back to the femme, "Why do you think I am a man?" She couldn't tell me, she just didn't know. She was confused and sensed that I wasn't like others in the bar. I verbally assured her I was a

female. The same night I was approached slowly with the speculation — "I don't think you're gay." Why don't you think so? was my natural interrogation. "You don't look it, you don't act it, and I don't know, but you just aren't" was the gist of the reasoning. Curious about the ability of a homosexual to recognize another homosexual, I pursued the conversation to no avail. The phenomenon seems to be inherent, and its success, perhaps, lies in an individual's degree of exposure.

Granted, certain physical mannerisms often characterize homosexuality, but the "fairy" concept is as invalid as that of a Woman's Recreation Association being a front for lesbian activity. A "swish" or "nellie" in male argot refers to an effeminate man, and many butchier males are offended by him. Jokes are frequently made about him, and it is not uncommon to hear "doesn't she look sweet tonight?" This male is by no means the archetypal homosexual. Likewise with the athletic female.

If a poll were taken in professional fields, instances of homosexuality would be, no doubt, higher in some areas than others. Physical education may very well be at the top in the female world, and the arts, as well as fashion and hair styling, may appeal to the men. But homosexuals cannot be professionally categorized. Lesbians work as store clerks, Girl Scout workers, university professors, actresses. The lowly state of filling station attendant does not make a man less homosexual than if he were a ballet dancer.

The notion that male homosexuals hate women, and vice-versa, is also a myth. Indeed, the notion has some individuals who make a claim for it. My purse was once kicked half way across a room by a gay man because it was a distasteful symbol, and I was once verbally crucified by a gay woman for giving a phone number to a male. "Fag-hag" or "fruitfly" is an argot term which describes a woman who hangs around with male homosexuals. The definition is restrictive in that she must be straight. If she is lesbian, she is not a fag-hag. A counterpart to the fag-hag exists in the female world, but I have never heard

him called by a term. "Drag queens," or homosexual female impersonators, do not fit this category. They are often thought of as one of the girls and are treated affectionately. (Drag queens must be the most fascinating characters of the underworld. They are, indeed, friendlier than the female who goes into drag. I was once given an affectionate verbal thrashing by a queen who has always taken care not to put wrinkles in "her" forehead. One must smile and preserve one's youth, she told me.)

Life-long friendship between a male and female homosexual is not uncommon. Parties are not always limited to one sex. Certain bars do have rules that females must wear dresses which limit the influx of the feminine truck-driver crowd, while others use their right to refuse service as a means of discouraging undesirables. In large cities where the sub-culture is well-developed, one finds the exclusively male or female gay bar more common than the mixed crowd. The bar crowd varies from time to time, as does the gay bar itself. New management can mean death or life, and when a new bar opens, the underground hot line is alive with excitement.

I have never seen a more effective line of communication than among homosexuals. The morning after the night before, everyone knows who went home with whom, who broke up, who had a fight, and who got married.

An International Listing of Gay Bars, obtainable in most any gay bar, is an indication that the French are wrong in calling homosexuality the vice of England. New York, San Francisco and Miami are, perhaps, the gayest in the United States. Chicago, Atlanta and Seattle are moving into the race. As might be expected, Saigon has more gay bars than any town in the Bible Belt—with the exception of Birmingham.

Many critics of homosexuality attack it for its frivolity, its lack of concern with grave issues. Perhaps even more prevalent is the criticism that the homosexual is obsessed with sex. The second claim is more valid and can be supported with examples from linguistic and behavioral patterns, but one may find it difficult to emphatically agree or disagree with either. The degree of frivolity and sexual obsession depends on the individual. One hears that homosexuals are hyper-sensitive or that homosexuals are extremely vicious or that homosexuals are lonely. Some are highly serious persons, while others prefer to hang around bars every night. Some are sensitive, artistic persons, while others think William Shakespeare

is a local drag queen. A fifty-year-old male or female sitting in a bar, crouched over a table in despair at 4 a.m. is not a pretty sight. Nor is the thought of a "golden shower queen" urinating his loneliness on the universe a pleasant one. (A golden shower queen is a male who derives sexual pleasure from urinating on his partner.) But the prettiness of a way of life is secondary to its completeness and productivity. The crisis for many homosexuals in the sub-culture, it seems, is not what they look like or how many poetic words flower their vocabulary, but can they or can they not adjust to their way of life and co-exist comfortably with the dominant culture.

But other homosexuals, including the "new wave homosexual," are not obsessed with guilt nor fighting to acquire a heterosexual label, because they feel that one should respond to love and sex as a human being. The homosexuals who embrace this philosophy are not the "superior homosexuals" some text books characterize as "aloof," or having risen above the attitudes of normalcy to think that homosexuality is better than heterosexuality. To them the questions of which is better or what is "normal" or irrelevant. Their drives toward betterment are larger commitments, not to the polar H's, but to Humanity and a state of naturalness, not "normalcy."

As a lesbian cannot be "cured," contrary to some popular opinion, by a good screw, neither can the homosexual sub-culture be exterminated by hauling the offenders to jail. Prisons are fecund with homosexuality, and may be often the progenitor environment. When such pressure is placed on a sub-culture, it either folds or becomes more intricately structured. Since the homosexual sub-culture is made up of a hardy lot it does not appear to be collapsing. Rather, confidence in their ability to withstand the pressure often leads its members to welcome the chance to plead their case with the dominant culture.

But it is this very desire to justify the way they are which seems to be a stumbling block in the way of more enlightened attitudes on the part of homosexual and heterosexual alike. As the "new homosexual" would ask: What is there to justify? □



Rounsie Mashburn is a skydiver. She and other members of the Greene County Sport Parachute Club jump weekly. Here is a picture of Rounsie jumping. She says, "I love it."



FAR OUT!!

Text by Marcia Mann and Michael Moore
Photography by Bill Renda

The American Way of Life, long-criticized plastic packaging of the average American, is not really the American way, but the way of Middle America. But Middle America has ends that stick out.

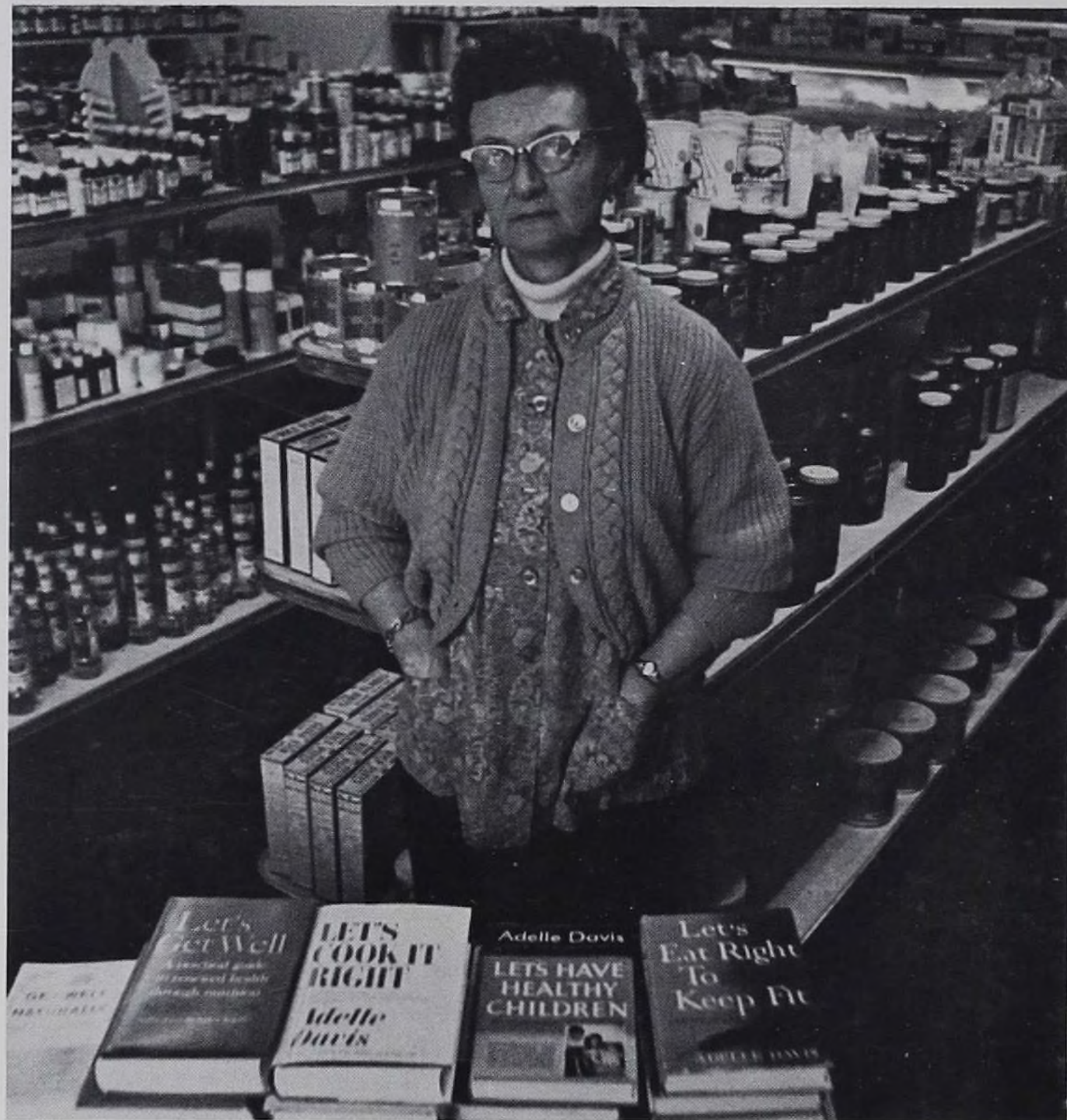
Within the framework that takes a person, digests him, and spits back a numbered stub, there is room to move — and what's more, people moving. These are the people that most fully utilize the privileges and freedoms of the American Way.

Aggressive enough to retrieve their identities, but quiet enough to remain almost anonymous, the private pioneers do what they like.

Not everyone will consider every actualization of free choice wholly desirable. But for those who share the inherent values of the American Ideal, free choice is indispensable. In terms of the expectations of our society, it can never be good enough.



"I don't know what it is to be ill . . . I never spend a dollar on doctors or drugs," claims healthfood store proprietress, Bess Elder. Her clientele are "people who have above-average intelligence, who realize what is going on in the body and the world." Often Mrs. Elder recommends natural food diets to ailing customers. She practices three basic Yoga exercises "whenever I get a chance," and thwarted at least three colds by maintaining the "frog" position.



A man's best friend...



Antonia Pratt loves dogs. At least 50 of various breeds run in her little ranch house at the world-famous Meistersinger Kennels. Mrs. Pratt is renowned as a leader in the raising of Harlequin Danes, introduced into this country by her father — Pabst Meistersinger.

far-out, *continued*



The tiny wondrous castle of retired stonemason Henry Dorsey and his wife grows ever magical in Brownsboro. Dorsey grew up in the little shack behind the castle, which he has been building "on and off for years," says Mrs. Dorsey. Parts of the house come alive through motion.

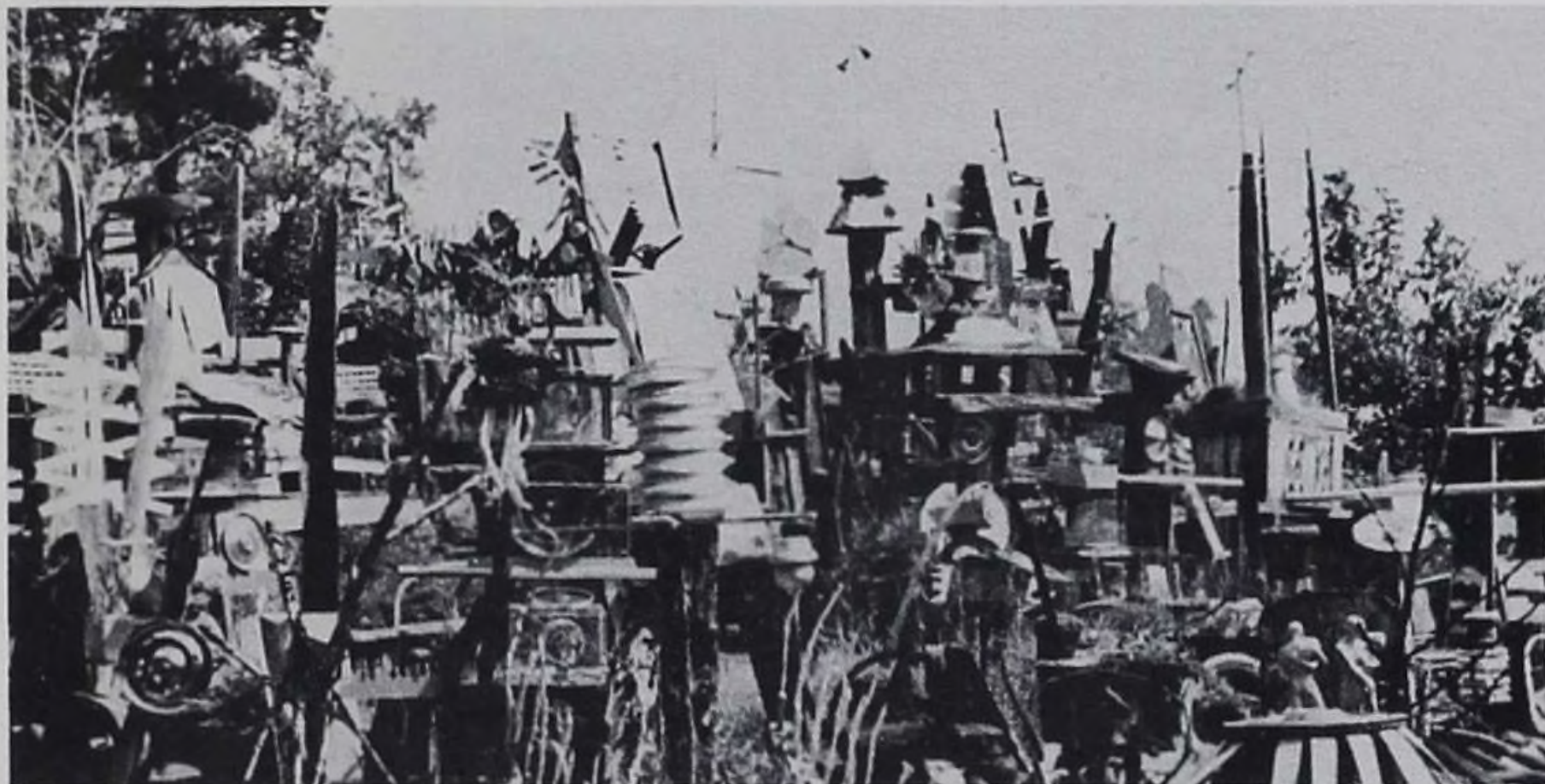


curiouser and curiouser

... is his castle.



Clarence Schmidt, who is also a retired stonemason, has been creating his stone-wood-found-object abode — which overlooks the Hudson River — for over thirty years. Clarence, beloved and honored by the inhabitants of Woodstock New York, sometimes accepts gifts from visitors, which he then works into the design of the several-layer house. Vines and ferns wind through the many teeny rooms. Mrs. Schmidt resides next door.



"... to draw all diverse people into a common cause, but they will remain different."

far-out, *continued*

“Unity and diversity . . .

In the Baha'i Faith each of the individual races retains its essential differences. “It is the interplay of these differences which gives the energy for a constantly changing universe,” says Gil Cummings, who came from Chicago with his wife Barbara to assist Louisville's Baha'i followers. Baha'i faith teaches acceptance of all major religious prophets, who, Baha'i's believe, were necessary to their particular times in history. And Baha'i, says Cummings, also teaches a “whole new order of priority . . . technology takes on a whole new function.”



people are
beautiful by
virtue of being
different.”

The main thing is that these people really dig what they're doing, believe it's **all right**, but they don't get heavy about it or try to lay it on you . . . Harvests of America becoming . . . blowing in a free-felt wind, taking chances, knowing we got just one trip to make, wanting to make it whole, to make it a right way.

Nixon's welfare plan: will it help the poor?

By Tom Lyons

Buried beneath the opulence of America is poverty that involves about 20 percent of the population who earn less than five percent of the income, while another five percent of the population gets 20 percent of the wealth. Between these two lumps are the other 75 percent of the population who generate and share most of the money. The grossly inequitable distribution of wealth will come under growing pressure from the poor as their relative position in society erodes. They are the weakest and most vulnerable members of society — politically and economically least able to defend themselves from competitive change. So the rich get richer, and the poor get poorer.

The thing which has prevented all of this from being carried to some sort of Marxist conclusion is the ability of free society to accommodate the poor in the face of pressure — political or otherwise. Change will come from the middle sector, whose social choices determine the roles of groups in society.

But everything is obviously not determined by the contours of the economic milieu, or the pressures in the system would have long ago distributed everything equally. Even in countries where this is government policy, nobody really kids himself about equal distribution.

Ideas and institutions play a big role. Everybody has a set of assumptions about the way things are, and why. Whenever we change our assumptions, the transitions have to be logical and consistent in some way dictated again by our values, or we have a state of anarchy.

Here is the dialogue of a contemporary transition — the change from institutional charity to a standard social adjustment. An existing problem is dealt with both in the terms of the past, and what will be the terms of the future.

Lyons: The Nixon proposal made last year in the State of the Union address suggests a minimum national income. Many people are interested in how this idea of national income works. Where does minimum income fit on the spectrum of social legislation?

Kindelsperger: In many ways we have always had a commitment to some kind of minimum income, but the present system — and Mrs. Henderson can give you more chapter-and-verse of the weakness of the present system — is what is called a categorical system. One has to fit into a category. For example, disabled, blind or other categories like aid to dependent children (ADC) designed primarily for mothers with small children who want to stay in their own homes, and others for unemployed fathers and things like that.

It is a system where federal funds come down to the states. The states are supposed to match some amount and then administer it down to the local level. Distribution is based on an investigator's eligibility check, the old "means test," which

I think is better called the "demeaning test." One revolutionary concept in the Nixon proposal was this idea calling for family units. This would mean the federal government's coming directly into the local areas with a general assistance plan that wasn't based on these categories. The idea is revolutionary, as it has never been supported nationally. We people in social welfare have been pushing in this direction for a long time.

Lyons: Mrs. Henderson, what are the chapter-and-verse objections to the present system that you would want any new plan to take care of?

Mrs. Henderson: It has caused many family separations when otherwise they would not have happened. Very often they didn't want to separate, but, because the man could not support a family, he leaves home. This gives the family a chance to draw ADC and this of course is inadequate, too; but it does two things:

a) It pushes a man out of the house where he is needed and still leaves you with an inadequate income;

b) The process you have to go through to get the inadequate income is very demeaning. There is this thing called a human relationship which just goes out the door when a person must apply for public assistance regardless of his category.

There are many people who don't fit in categories who need welfare. My own feelings are that a general-assistance program would help more poor people than the system we have now. There is this thing of applying for welfare which just tears you apart. You have to go through answering thousands of questions. Then there is the home investigation where you have to go through it all again. Welfare recipients see this as folks thinking they were lying. The worker has to come out and see that you have X number of children. This is after producing birth certificates — things like this. You have no idea what this does to humans. As a result, we have a lot of people who should be on welfare by all rights who are not on welfare.

Lyons: Then, if you earn even a little bit, they punish you and take that away from your check.

Mrs. Henderson: Right, they can only give you 87 percent of what you need, which isn't enough. If you decide to work and stretch this amount a little further, then the 87 percent is reduced so that you have less in the long-run.

Kindelsperger: That's one thing that could be corrected under the new family-system planning. You could be able to earn additional amounts. There is a formula where you earn so much, then they reduce only a portion of the money, but they will still be encouraging some extra work under the welfare plan.

Lyons: But, I understand that this plan of Nixon's says to

be eligible you cannot turn down any "acceptable" work. Some people interpret this as forced labor for slave wages.

Kindelsperger: There is a suitable-work thing in there, it's true; but we have that even under the present system, for fathers under AFDC. If there's a suitable job, he has to register at the state employment office. And now even mothers — they've developed what's called the Wind Program, where the mother gets training to get a job while on ADC. Nixon made a big point about the suitable-work clause.

In fact, the AFL-CIO is objecting to the bill on that very issue. They are sure this will be used as a way to subsidize low wages. Union men won't be able to get a job in the place where they aren't paying the minimum wage, and then supplementing these low wages with welfare checks.

Mrs. Henderson: A lot of welfare recipients feel this is another way of recruiting more menial work — getting more people into the kitchen. One thing I don't like about the present system is that even after training there are no more jobs available. There are many people I've met who find only domestic work or something in the kitchen. Particularly, I can think of a lady who has just completed day-care training, but there is not a day-care center available to take her. There are lots of mothers who would like some place with some meaning to them, some upgrading jobs. There are no increases in salaries in these domestic jobs. There are no kinds of jobs out there. Then, when you are able to find a meaningful job, there aren't any adequate facilities for your children.

Working can be meaningful, but if your children — incidentally, you can't get welfare if you don't have children — aren't in a good day-care center you don't have the chance to give a good day's work, because you're worrying about your children.

What happens is that the children aren't being properly supervised. Pretty soon you've got to take a day off from work to go to Juvenile Court because of some fight that comes up or some neighbor friction among the children, and very often you find yourself having to take off two or three days a month to keep up with something connected with the family.

Kindelsperger: Under this new plan, they would still keep the categories like the aged, blind, and disabled, but they'd eliminate what we now call ADC, and they'll put in this family-assistance plan.

Lyons: How come you and many other professionals in the field don't support the Nixon plan?

Kindelsperger: Some of the problems of the new plan are that President Nixon comes out with these global ideas which sound great, but when you test them out on what he really wants to implement, they are pitiful. For example, under this plan, the two adults in the family would get up to \$500 each, children \$300. A family of four including two kids would be \$1600 per year. In this day and age, \$1600 is pitiful. That's well below the government's poverty line.

There is another thing. There's no requirement under this plan that the states have to even supplement this income. One of the old requirements was that the state had to put in a portion. But this would be only a federal plan. In Kentucky there was a lot of publicity about how the state would save 40 or 50 million dollars. What they are saying is, we'll depend upon federal money, and forget the state programs. Then, we are worse off than we were, even with food stamps. It is such a pitiful approach that in some ways it's worse than before. You know you can't live on principles. You need food.

Mrs. Henderson: It takes money to buy food — even food stamps.

Lyons: Would a minimum-income program substantially increase the number of people being covered now?

Kindelsperger: Yes, it would increase or widen the categories. That's what is indicated. It would open the possibility of more people being eligible. As Mrs. Henderson said, there are many people not getting welfare who should be. Technically, this bill, which uses only an income floor, would make more people eligible. But then relate that to how low the proposed income is, and that's not much of a step.

Lyons: Do you feel that some sort of consolidation, letting federal government assume all welfare programs, is the ultimate answer in terms of social-work and problems of the recipients?

Kindelsperger: I believe in guaranteed income or minimum-income systems if they were funded adequately each year. That would eliminate all this investigation of who's living with whom. We only investigate the poor people, but we don't investigate other people who get some type of governmental aid like Social Security or survival benefits. But there is still another need that this bill hasn't pointed out yet, and that's service. As Mrs. Henderson stated, some children are going to get in trouble and some parents are going to have problems, and they'll need social-work services. If we can separate these so that the service is truly that and not tied in with income investigation, it would put us millions ahead yearly.

Lyons: There's another part of the problem: say we would consolidate welfare programs into some type of national insurance program with all aspects welfare and not just the give-away. Many of the poor people lack education and other things. Would they be able to cope with such a big system? When creating such a massive, impersonal system, you're going to have to make allowances because the people who are most needy are the ones who will have the most trouble.

Mrs. Henderson: I haven't run across any poor people that had any problem getting that income tax in. They get help when filing tax because they know the consequences if they don't. I can't see that this will be a problem for the poorest of the poor, whether he can read or write. If a person does have problems, it seems to me that it could be a part of social services.

You could decentralize. You could have federal officers with branches in the city for services. Then you could go there as a matter of right and say my husband has left me . . . or any problem like that. Then you'd have workers who would be free just to do that. Under the present system they are always checking on welfare parents to see whether they're working extra.

Kindelsperger: I think I see what you're driving at, I don't think we can conceive of one massive agency doing everything for everybody. There are a variety of ways in which you could help people. We still need school lunch plans, and some families in spite of income have to learn nutrition and stuff like that. We need breakfast programs and Medicare, and insurance and health programs with guaranteed hospitalization.

Housing and rent subsidies are ways of helping people get decent housing and the same is true for education. We need special education programs and things like that for everybody, but you must lick the basic income problem, which is the real hang-up of poor people — "where will I get enough money for next week or tomorrow or to buy milk, get bread." This is a terrible feeling. "My husband is in prison. Will I have to become a prostitute in order to keep going?" This is the critical issue. Once we get over that, we have to have all these other programs to make life a little better.

In Canada they use a system which is used in many European countries. It's called children allowances. This means every child born gets so much money just because

he is born. This goes to rich people as well as poor. The income tax is designed so that the rich people pay most of it back through taxes while the poor use this as income. That's another way of removing the stigma. Nobody investigates you, and you're guaranteed a certain income. This would not help childless people or single people, so it's only a limited way of doing it.

Some people think we should expand the existing social security — there's already a part that people don't understand called survivor's insurance. If the husband dies and leaves the wife with three or four small children, they automatically get money for those children until they're 18 or 22, depending on if the child stays in school. They don't investigate how the family is living. Yet, if the woman next door's husband goes to prison and she's left with small kids, she has to be investigated and then is given a small grant. We should shift this sort of situation over to a social insurance plan, too. That's been tried in some countries, also.

Lyons: Do you think that Americans are coming around to accepting the idea of social insurance as a natural right. This is a significant point of Nixon's proposal, especially when we consider his place on the political spectrum. He is willing to make a proposal of something like a guaranteed national income.

Kindelsperger: I'm not sure I trust his motives. I think he believes this will be good politics. I'm not sure how much he's committed. But I do think that the American society is more and more committed to some type of social program. We fought that battle in the thirties for Social Security. Everybody was screaming about Medicare, too. Well, it still has a few bugs, but you are never going to take Medicare away now. Eventually, we are going to have a national health insurance program built in. Now we call it Medicaid. You still have to be a welfare recipient to get Medicaid, but I think eventually there will be a universal health insurance plan like in other countries. We seem to be behind the rest of the world. Most other countries have these programs.

Lyons: Why do you think this is?

Kindelsperger: I think that the old Puritan Ethic is still here; the Old English consciousness: if you don't work, you're a sinner. But if you are a farmer and don't plan your crop, then the government subsidizes you for that. We subsidize big companies for not doing things, but if you do that for the poor, the ethics of Puritanism come up against you . . .

They are experimenting with minimum income in a county in New Jersey. They are testing to see if providing this basic income level discourages people from working. They found just the opposite. Once people were sure of a minimum income, they wanted to work to earn a little bit more and have something a little better. They didn't sit at home and live off the minimum income.

Mrs. Henderson: Most people want their children to have better things than they did. They try to make the world better. If you can relieve the feeling of "where will I get my next dollar?" then you can deal with other problems.

Other things begin to fall in place when you begin eating a little better, not necessarily steak, but eat decently, giving your children fresh milk. On welfare, you usually give your kids fresh milk once a month when the check comes, because it doesn't last long. Once you can get major problems solved — food, rent — then I know from experience that the other things tend to fall in place. A lot of people say money isn't the problem. They say it's education. I don't see this at all. It is money. Once people can eat and sleep with heat in a decent bed, folks will begin to get education, because they will begin to see the need for it. They will upgrade themselves, pull themselves up.

Kindelsperger: What's the use in starting a program at such a minimum level, where it's not doing any good. It is better not to start it. We build up the idea that we're doing something for the people, and we're not.

Lyons: What is the alternative, if we want to deal with the problems?

Kindelsperger: Much could be done to repair the present system. You could raise minimum standards and make a lot of this system more workable, while we are working on a decent minimum-income level.

Another idea is a guaranteed job. The government becomes an employer of last resort. We tried this during the Depression with WPA (Works Progress Administration). Since then, some of the plans we've tried have failed, because the kind of work that is picked is the most menial. In the mountains they tried a Happy Pappy Program to get the men out to work. They put them out doing work that identified them as menial kind of people. People need meaningful jobs with training and a chance of promotion to stay with it — so most of these type programs die.

Lyons: This brings back the day-care training program that Mrs. Henderson talked about, where there was no market for a woman's skill. What planning would be done to alleviate these problems? Who should do some planning like this?

Kindelsperger: Those are the big questions about manpower programs. They're either developed from the top down, or used to do public work like cleaning up streets. In this context, required public work is almost like slave labor. Since we subsidize oil wells and companies, why not subsidize a regular employee? Put on an extra man to learn a trade, pay him out of government funds so that private operators won't lose profits. If a work program could be devised where we could subsidize, but not identify and label the participants, the programs won't be so much of a failure. Anything else is a dead-end approach to labor. You have to make work worthwhile.

Mrs. Henderson: If the agencies worked together on behalf of the people receiving the services, not the people who are giving them, this would prevent a lot of problems. This would keep people from being shuffled around like trash cans.

Lyons: Is this generally the feeling among poor people?

Mrs. Henderson: No, I don't think this is a feeling, but this is what's happening, and I know this to be a fact. There's not the (Ellis) child who starved to death. This is a real example of agencies not stepping on one another. And who suffers? The family. This is like the trash can that got pushed aside.

Lyons: So you feel that the poor will have to make a little bit more noise before they get better care? Should the people get organized?

Mrs. Henderson: I don't see why the people have to organize to get what is rightfully theirs.

Lyons: But in American history, minority groups, like labor, immigrants, blacks, had to organize militantly before they could put adequate pressure on the majority to secure what they thought to be "rightfully theirs."

Mrs. Henderson: I agree. But I still feel it is unjust that poor folks have to put pressure on someone or something to get what rightfully belongs to them. Possibly the poor will have to raise more ruckus to get a service that is rightfully theirs. □

Our town, our neighbors, our problems

Photographs by Gordon Baer

Ultimately, someone has to act as the broker between the community and the people who are the reality of social problems.

Civic leaders somehow feel they should take credit because social problems have not reached the same magnitude in Louisville as is often found in other cities. But while the Chamber of Commerce can point to the relative "good" in the situation, suffering and alienation are — in absolute human terms — as high in Louisville as anywhere else.

Most people successfully avoid confronting this part of the community. Nearly everyone shuns even the fleeting view from a passing car — an end more than coincidentally sanctioned by the feeder streets and expressways which wall off the ghettos and carry "productive" society around and above human misery.

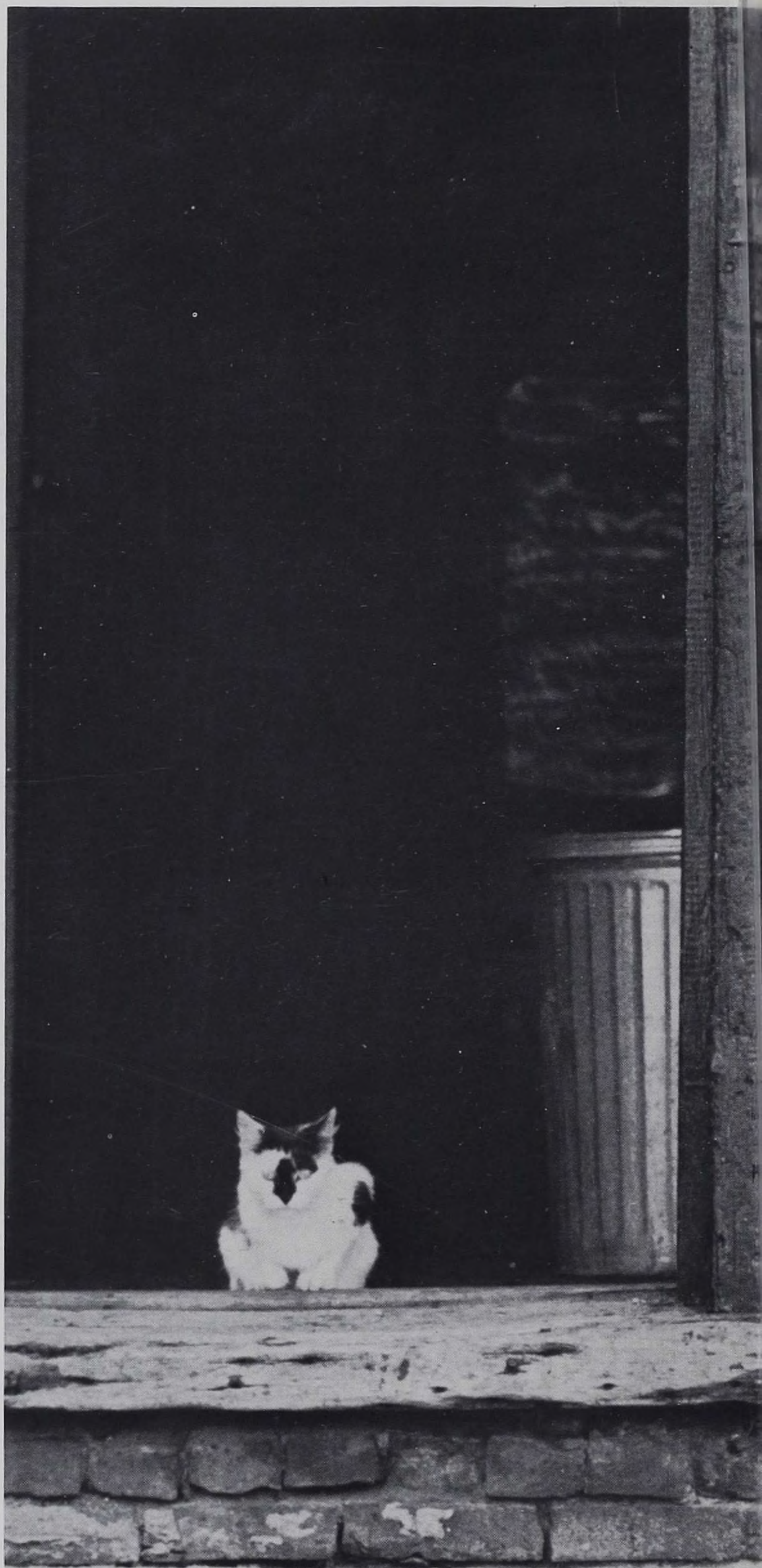
Gordon Baer, a photographer, walked through the neighborhoods and talked with the families and saw some of the problems late last summer. He made a photographic record of what he saw, and some of that is reproduced here. His purpose was to illustrate the catalogue for the Kent School of Social Work at the University of Louisville.

A catalogue traditionally tries to represent the school and its curricular scope. These pictures succeed in that end.

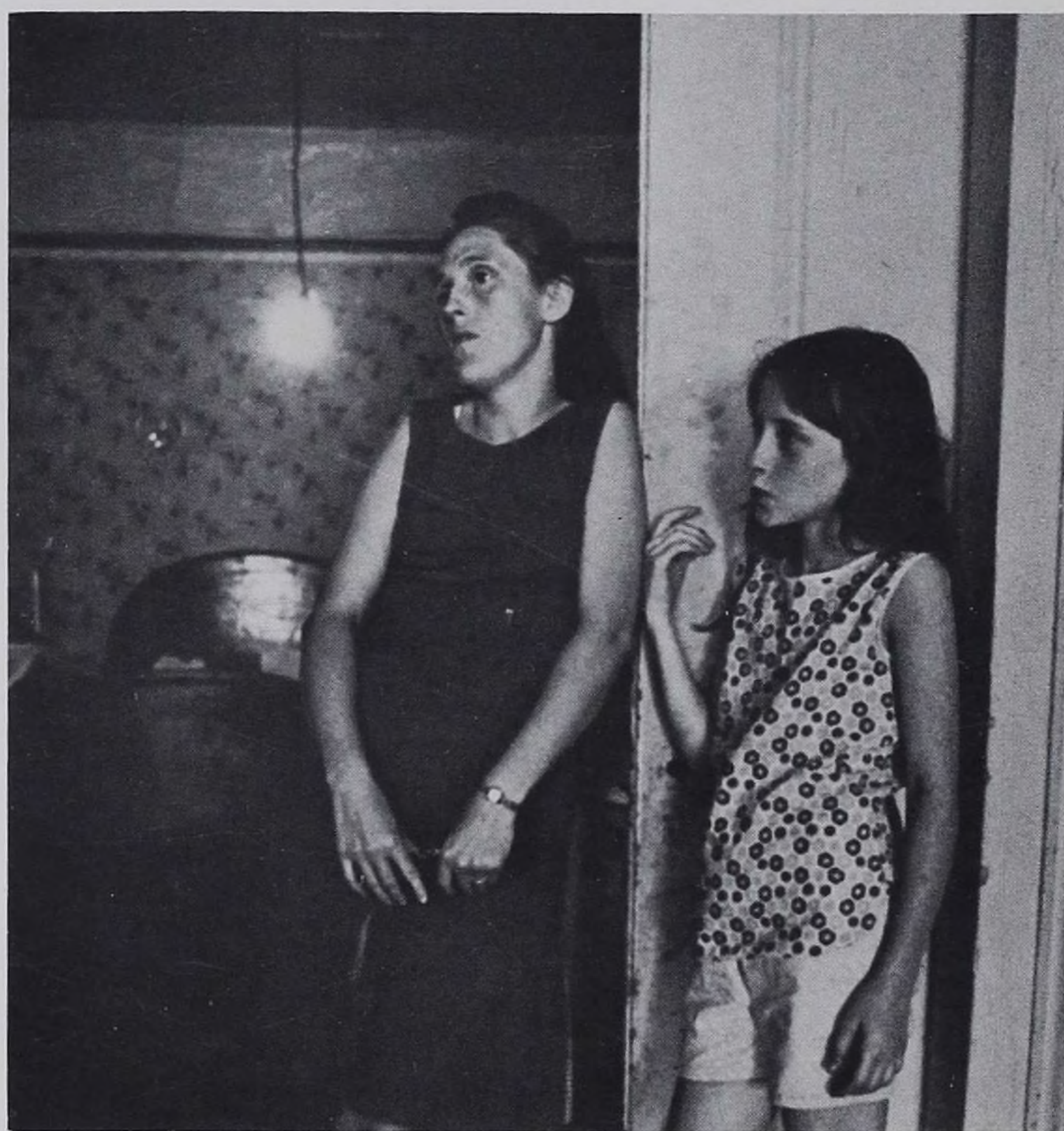
The very conditions of the neighborhoods, the problems of the families and the children, the lonely and aging people, and the social workers who try to intervene between these people and their problems — this is the story of these pictures, and the challenge of the students at the Kent School.

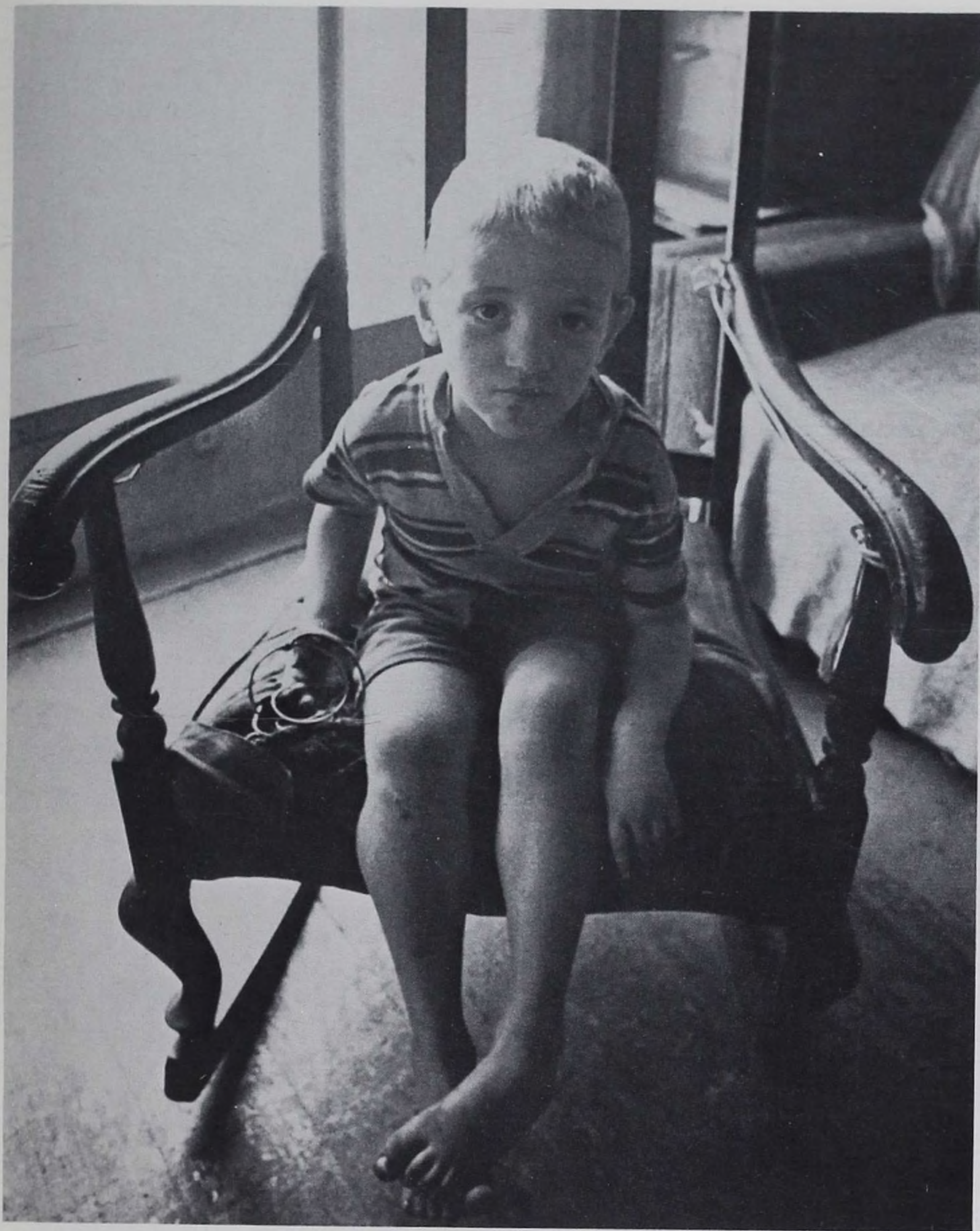
Perhaps more concretely than any other students at the University, those at Kent School participate in the professional situations for which they are being trained. Their training is a continuous involvement among individuals and groups, dealing with acute and chronic social and personal problems, followed by critiques of themselves and the methods of their profession.

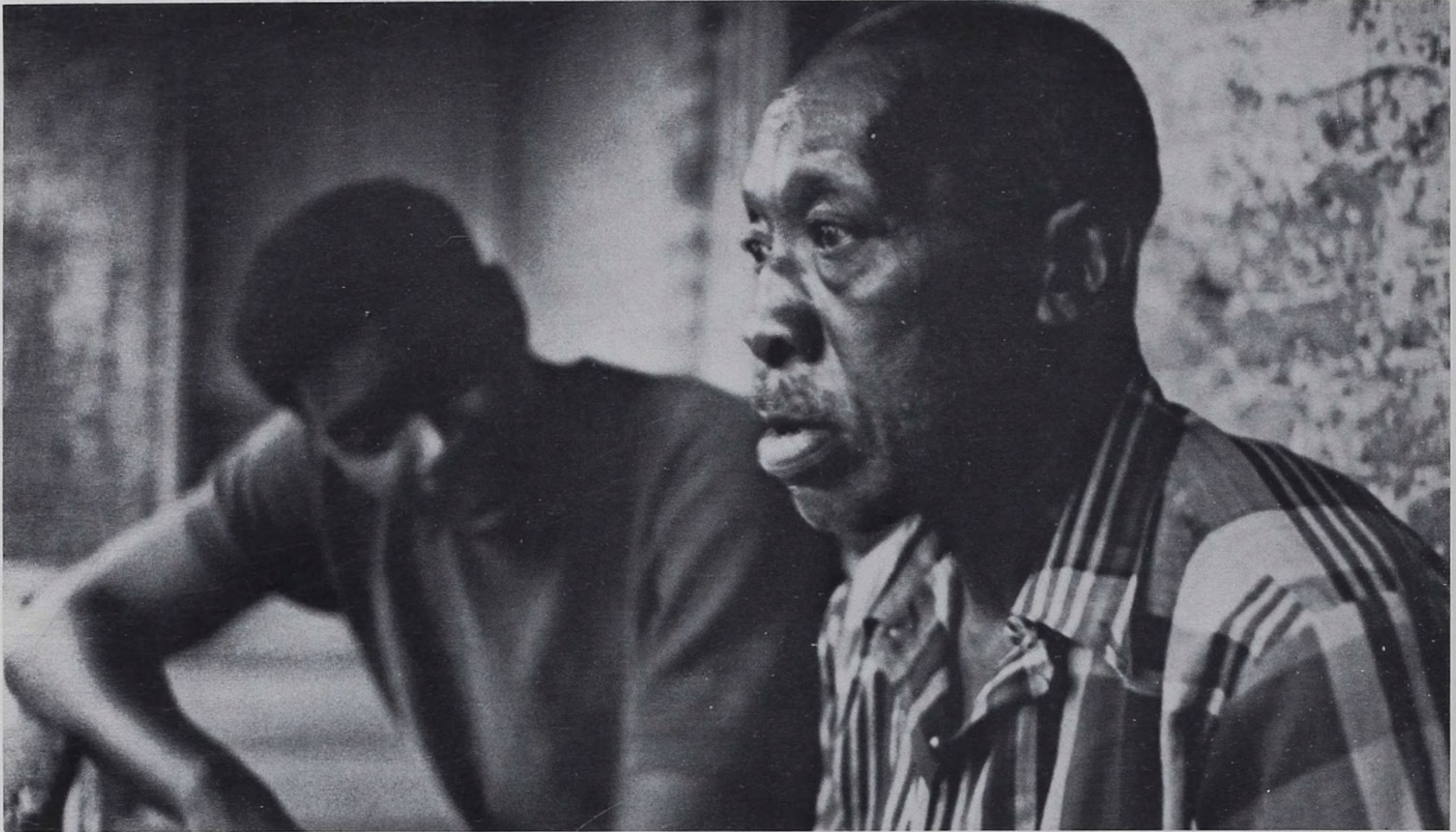
The students and faculty of the Kent School are the direct link between the University and most of the significant people and groups in the field of social welfare and community problems throughout the whole region. Yet, out of the 9,000 students at U. of L., the Kent School enrollment is fewer than 130.

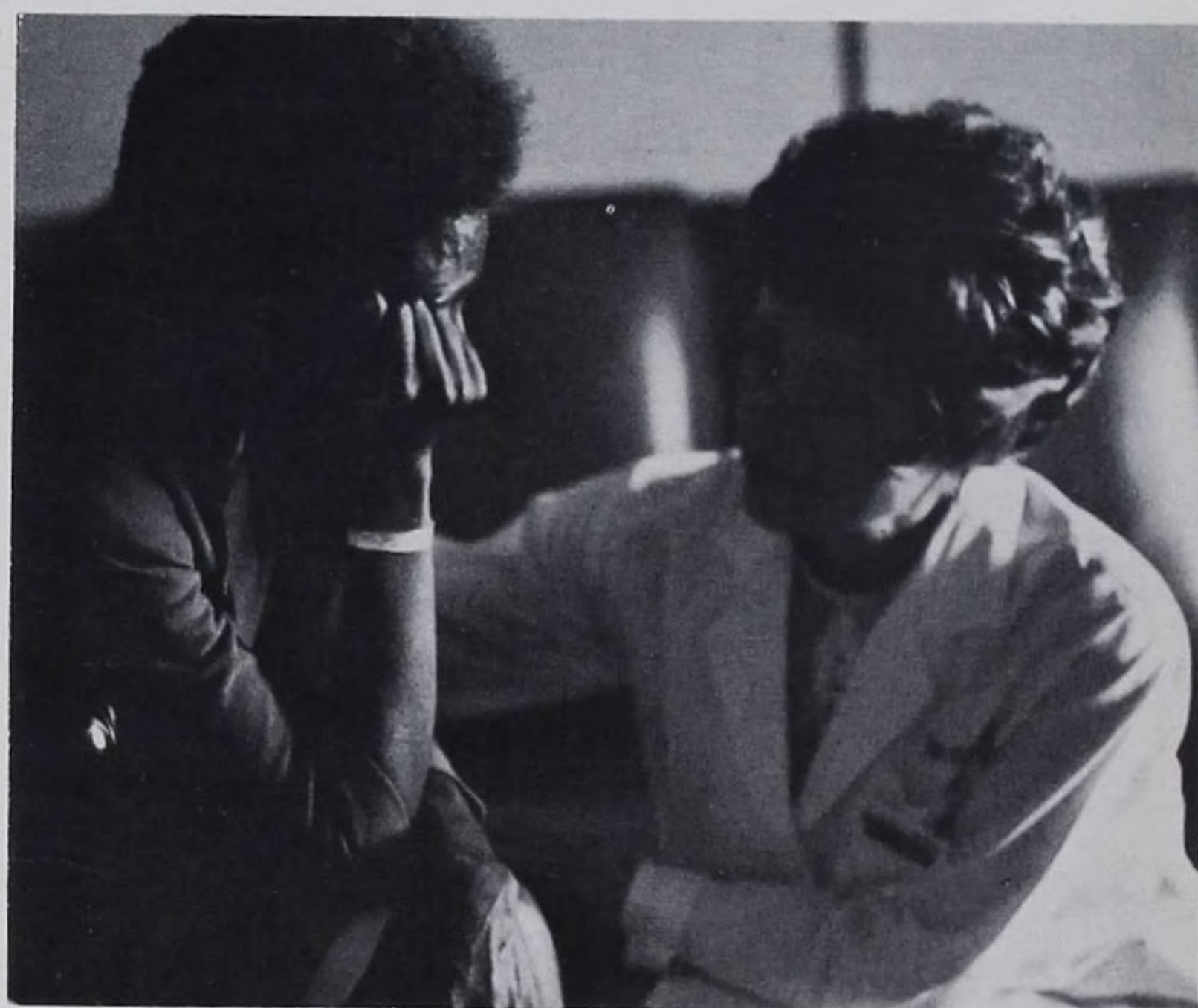
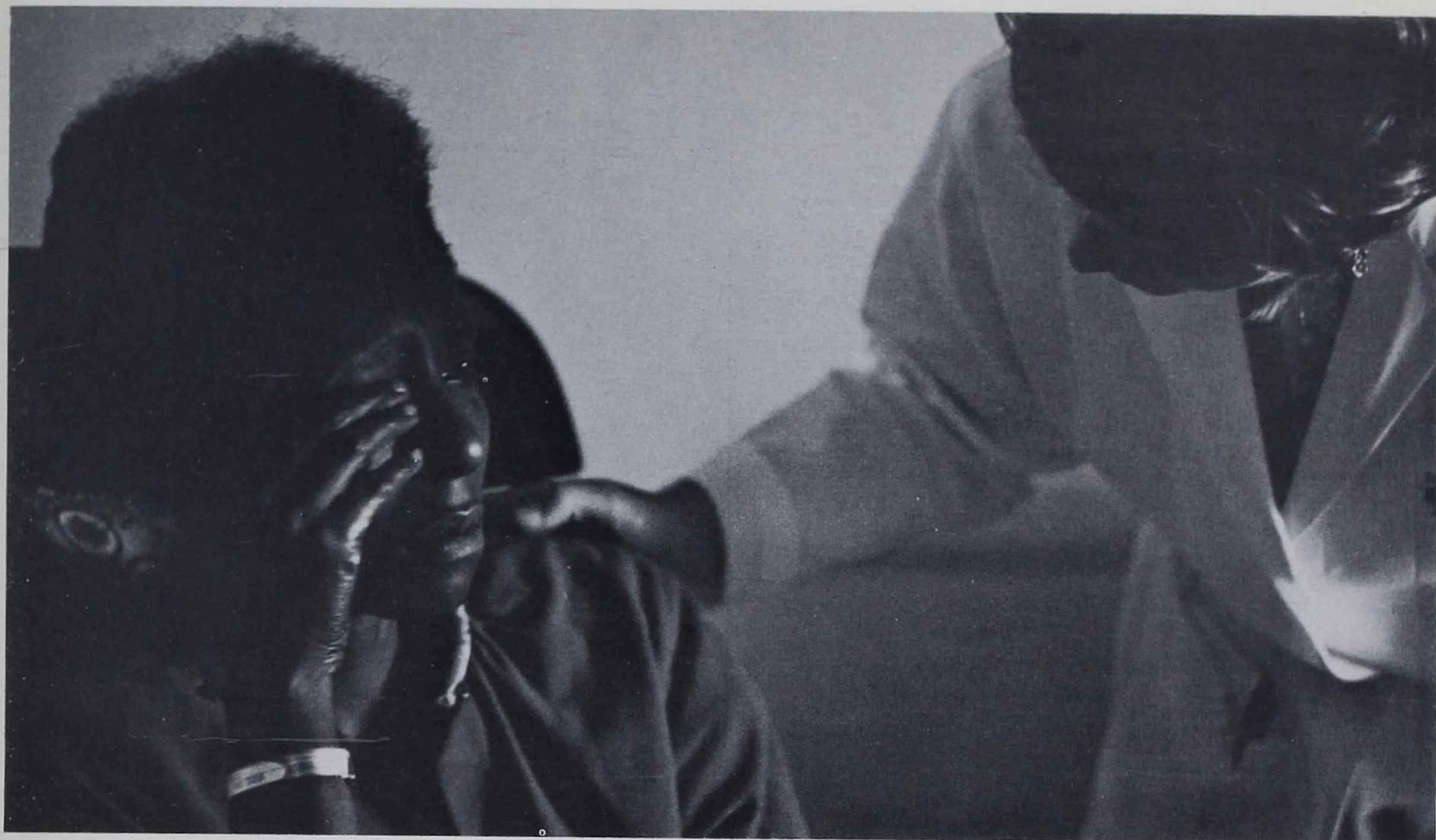














Where were you, Tim Leary, in 1954?

Certainly not with Richard Smith, who was acid-tripping and studying the experience while late-comers weren't even in the training-wheel stage

By Dan Rifenburgh

"We worked with LSD back in 1954," says Dr. Richard P. Smith, currently an associate professor of psychology at U of L. "We said then, 'Boy! This stuff is really hot! Wait till this gets on the street.'"

The controversial hallucinogenic drug LSD is widely known now, but "it wasn't until Ken Kesey (of the Electric Kool-Aid Acid Tests) caught on by serving as a subject in a Veterans Administration hospital in California that it began to be popularized," Smith says. "If you had to have medical people and graduate students popularize it, it would never be on the street."

Dr. Smith first became interested in the effects of drugs when he was taking a course in physiological psychology as an undergraduate at Hofstra University. He noticed that when certain heavy metals, such as lead, poison an individual, a psychotic-like reaction could be observed in that person. From this bit of data he became increasingly interested in the general behavioral effects of chemicals upon human beings, a field for which he later, as a graduate student, coined the term psychopharmacology.

Sixteen years ago Smith began the task of reviewing all of the published literature on the then little-known drug, d-lysergic acid diethylamide-25, discovered in 1943 by a Swiss biochemist. After writing a review article about the drug, Smith did exploratory experimentation, taking LSD himself, trying to confirm or extend the findings of other scientists concerning its effects. This included taking measurements of reflexes such as pupillary size, examining cardio-vascular status, studying brain waves, looking at the possible therapeutic actions of the drug on grossly psychotic individuals and experimenting with such animals as snails, Siamese fighting fish, rats, mice and monkeys.

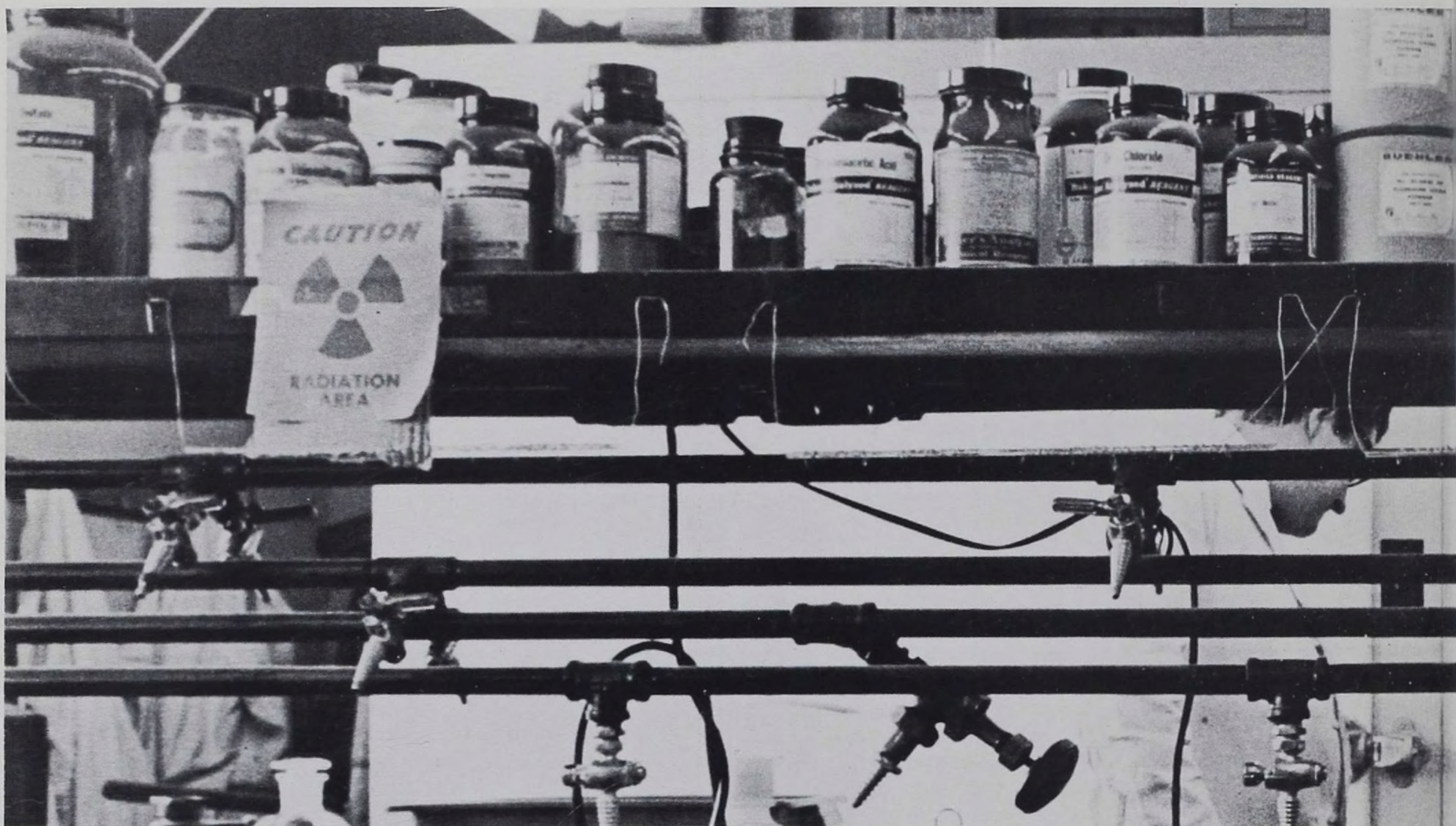
He continued experimenting with the drug, administering a long-term project for three years on inmates at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary and took his final trip on LSD in 1960, three years before Dr. Timothy Leary aroused a controversy over the drug at Harvard University.

Smith, who came to U of L in 1962 because of the Army Medical Research Laboratory here, believes that the expression "trip" is about the best word to use to describe the LSD experience. His own feeling about it is the same feeling he holds about having been to foreign countries: "I wouldn't want to spend all my time there but I'm very glad I went. It was an interesting, bizarre experience."

However, Smith regards it as a dangerous experience also: "I think these hallucinogens are dangerous because they cloud your perception as well as your judgment and produce great changes in mood and orientation. A person on LSD is much more liable to produce an accident driving a car or operating machinery than a person using alcohol because the degree of perceptual alteration is much greater. People have not gotten familiar enough with it to learn how to hold it, to come to terms with it. One learns to handle his LSD just like one learns to handle his alcohol. But this takes time, of course, and most people haven't had enough experience with it."

Although Smith does not believe that the hallucinogens have any therapeutic value, he thinks they are very valuable research tools. "The main reason we are so interested in LSD is that it's so potent. Twenty millionths of a gram taken orally is enough to produce such tremendous changes in experience and behavior you begin to wonder whether some bio-chemical abnormality in the body might also produce effects which we might call schizophrenia. And if we can explain the exact site, place and mechanism of action of this drug in the brain we would have an awful lot of information about how the brain works normally. Where do these hallucinations and visions come from and how are they propagated in the nervous system? LSD offers wonderful research opportunity to learn more about normal neurophysiology."

However, the United States Government is discouraging research with LSD and most hallucinogens. "We scientists feel pretty much that the restrictions that are imposed on us just make it



very difficult to continue research and many have given up for this reason. Of course, people in foreign countries don't have these restrictions."

While most of respectable, middle-class America associates drug abuse with marijuana, heroin and LSD, Dr. Smith is more deeply concerned with the problem of alcohol abuse: "I think that one unfortunate thing in the field of drug abuse has been the separation of people interested in alcohol from people interested in problems with other drugs. I think it is deplorable to talk about drug abuse and leave alcohol out, and this happens too often. I do not believe you can talk about the medical, ethical, moral or legal aspects of drug abuse without bringing in alcohol. It is just incomprehensible, especially to young people. If you do this, you are leaving out most of the data."

Marijuana is probably the most notorious illicit drug (aside from alcohol used by minors) in our society and existing laws impose extremely harsh penalties on anyone caught possessing it. How dangerous it is in relation to alcohol and to the current penalties, is a controversy raging all across America. Dr. Smith had this to say about it: "There is a great lack of objective data concerning marijuana and part of the reason for this is that only recently the chemical constituents of marijuana have been isolated in a pure form so that we were able to get at some quantitative answers. Right now I think that most scientists would agree that the drug is less harmful than alcohol in terms of addiction liability and producing physical dependence. How

dangerous it is from a behavioral point of view is unknown. There is still not enough data on this. It would be hard for me to conceive that marijuana would have as harmful effects on society as alcohol has already had. Alcohol is the number one addiction problem in the United States. Since alcohol is addicting and marijuana is not, I really cannot see how marijuana could be as harmful to society as alcohol."

As a pioneer in the field of psychopharmacology, Dr. Smith envisions the creation of new disciplines within the field of pharmacology, which grew up as a hand-maiden to medicine. Pharmacology itself grew out of the old "materia medica" and therapeutics plus the advances in organic chemistry that were made in the nineteenth century.

"Pharmacology developed in a medical environment and I'm not so sure that it isn't bigger than this. I've been thinking of organizing pharmacology in terms of the way psychology is organized. If you do that you come out with some rather fascinating ideas. For instance, a discipline called social pharmacology. The effects of drugs on social processes. Or developmental pharmacology, the effects of drugs on child development."

In September of this year Dr. Smith will take a sabbatical to the University of California Medical School at Berkeley to study histology, quantitative pharmacology and neurosurgical techniques, in order to increase his usefulness as a teacher and perhaps to follow through some of his ideas about pharmacology.



According to Dr. Walter Pahnke, a teaching fellow at Harvard Medical School, the psychedelic experiences can be divided into five types: psychotic, psychodynamic, cognitive, aesthetic and psychedelic peak or mystical. Everyone who has used psychedelics probably has experienced at least two or more of these types of psychedelic experiences. But it is upon the last type, the psychedelic peak or mystical, that several new religions have originated and claimed the right to use psychedelics as sacraments. Among these religions are the League for Spiritual Discovery founded in 1966 by Timothy Leary, the Neo-American Church (which uses LSD for its sacrament) founded in 1964, the Native American Church which was incorporated in Oklahoma in 1918 (it includes primarily American Indians who use naturally occurring peyote buttons), and the Church of the Awakening founded in 1958 by two married physicians from New Mexico, which also uses peyote. Each of these religions purports that psychedelics enable them to, as the Indians say it, "visit the land of the gods."

Dr. Smith, however, does not view the experience as something spiritual or religious but says that it has helped make his own physicalistic views of the universe more palatable. "I think all of this depends upon the personality of the person who takes the drug. If you are looking for something spiritual you are going to interpret the altered sensory environment in these terms. None of our medical or graduate students in the matter-of-fact hospital ward setting that we employed

for our experiments used any adjectives like religious or spiritual. No one felt either that they got any insight into their own personality. They were, however, primarily interested in insights into their own biology. This was the sort of approach. It was a matter-of-fact, biologically oriented approach toward the subject of changes produced by the drug. Now if you get a group of poets taking it — woosh! — you are going to get an entirely different interpretation. And this is what has been happening as non-medical people have been experimenting with the drug. I have to be frank and tell you that none of us, myself included, have much — if any — interest in religion or spiritualism, which we regard as ineffable. Most of us were pretty practical individuals. Maybe non-imaginative would be a better description. I can not say it is wrong for a person to describe the effects of the drug in this way. Obviously this is how they feel about it and I do not think they are lying when they say this."

If we believe that "there is an unseen order to things, and that our supreme good lies in harmoniously adjusting ourselves thereto," as William James said, do psychedelics play a part in that adjustment or provide a key towards seeing that order? In any event, man's contact with these unfathomed realms of consciousness must "forbid a premature closing of our accounts with reality." □

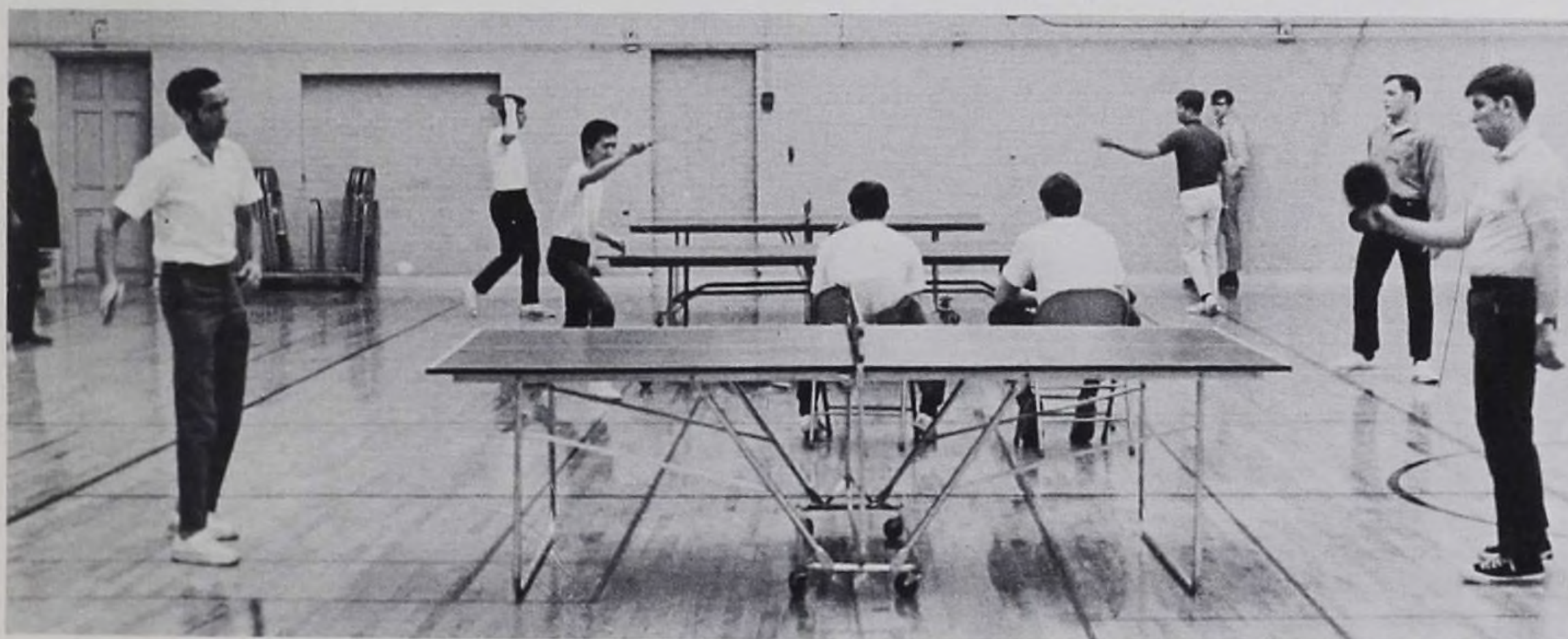
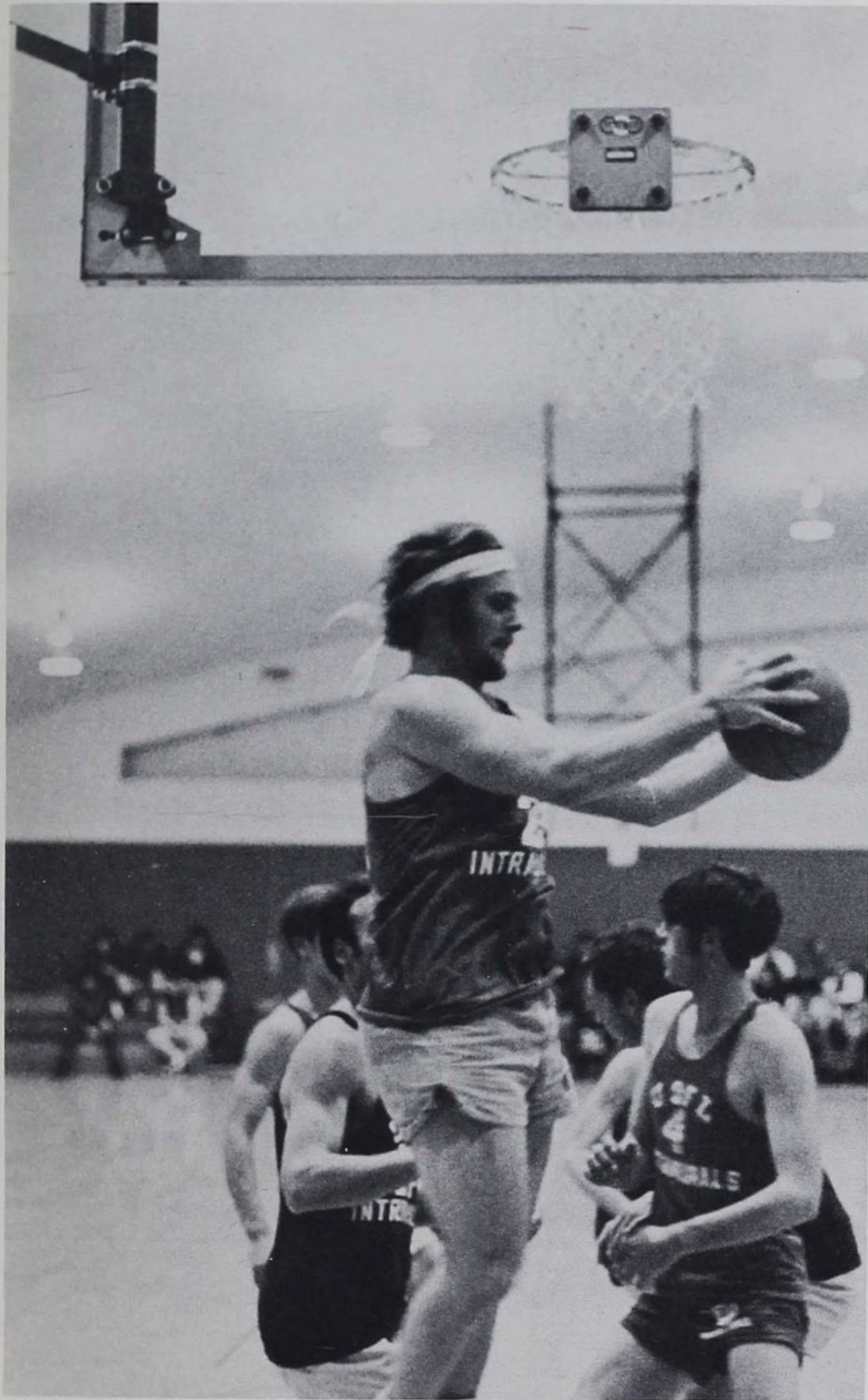
Between times



A happening happened in the SUB in February, courtesy of Dr. Jay Kloner's modern art class. Black-garbed protesters carried white signs and distributed black leaflets. The SUB survived, despite several cases of kulture shock.

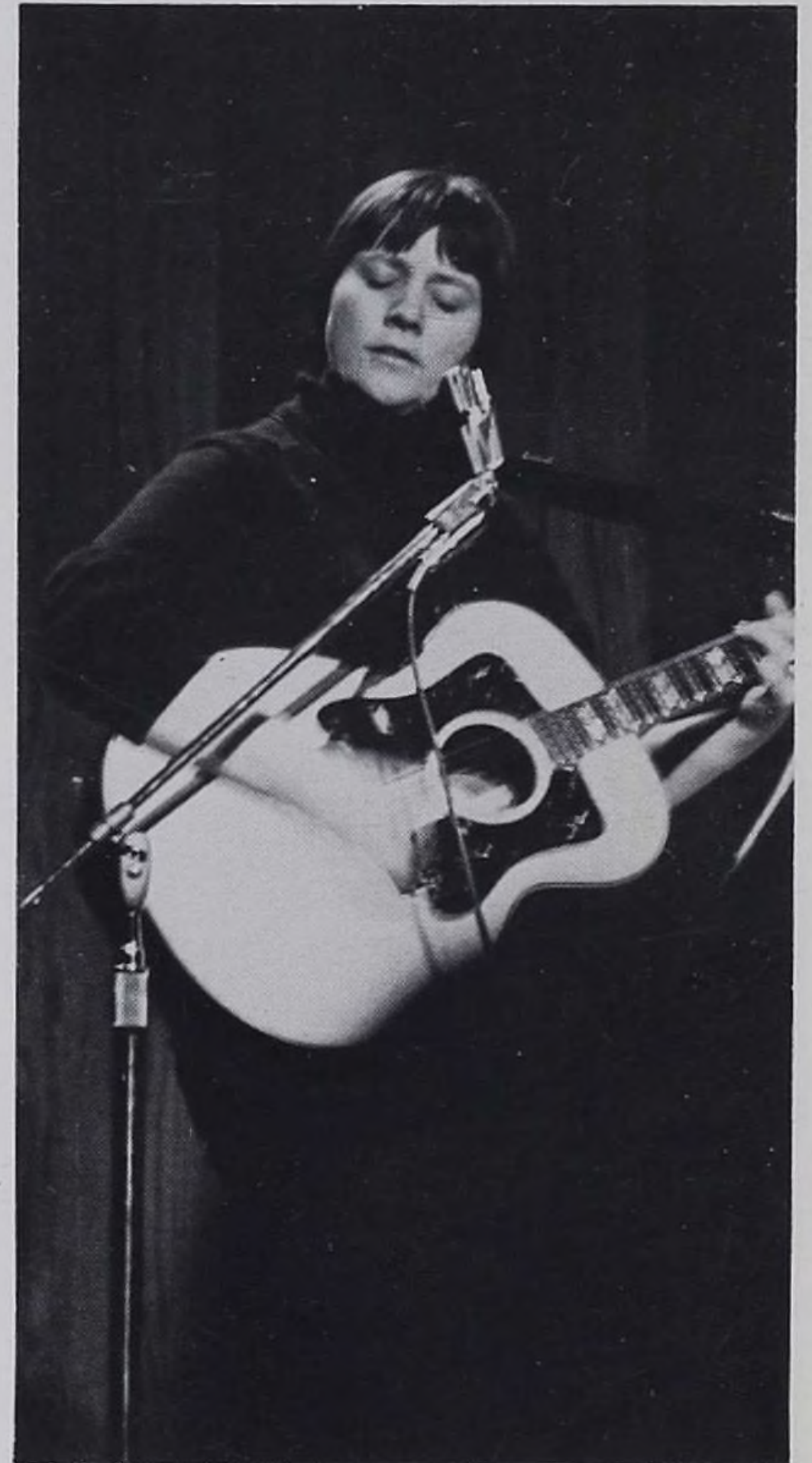
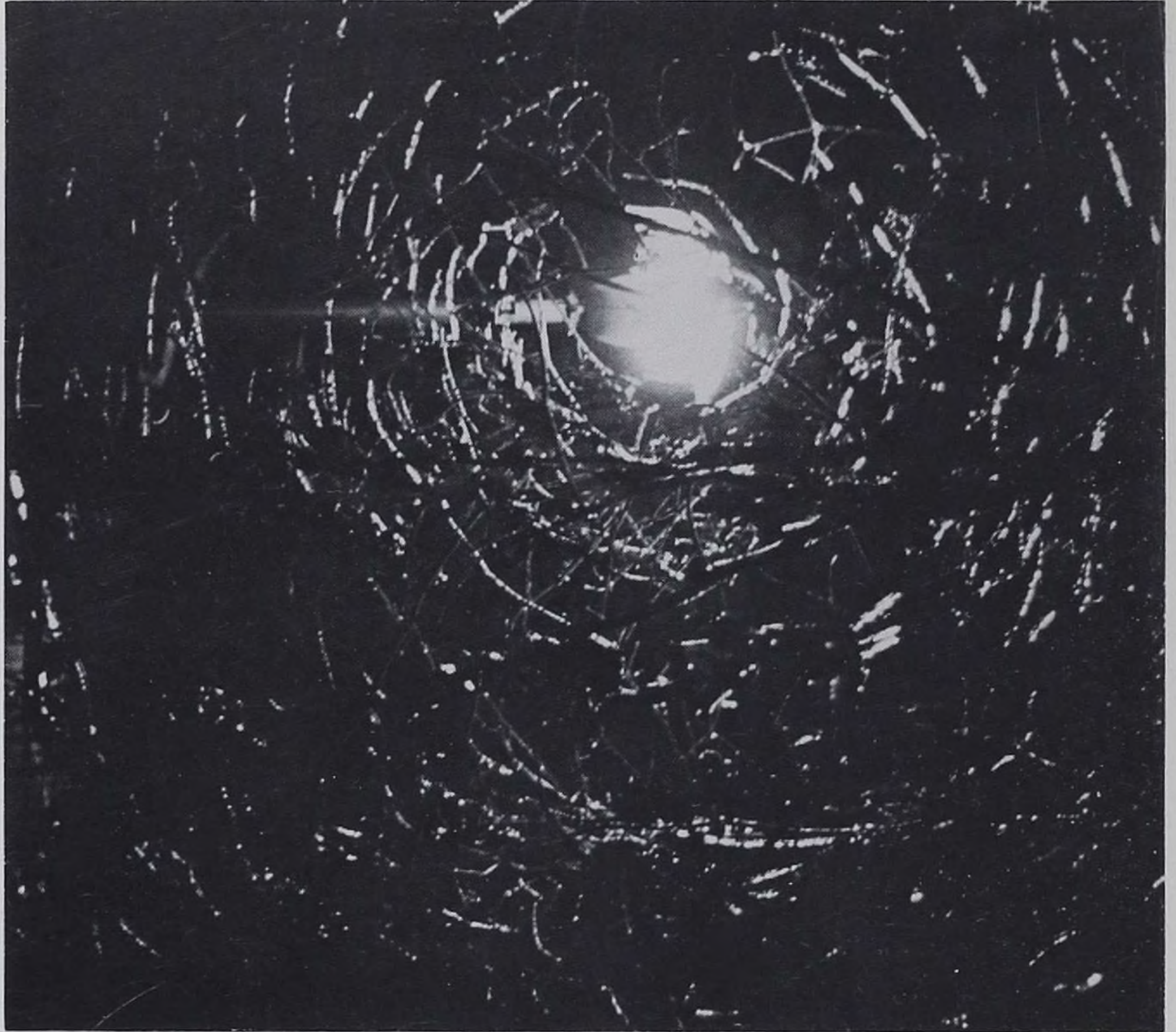
They put their learning on the line at the annual campus College Bowl tournament sponsored by the University Student Senate (right).





They may not exactly draw the largest crowds but intramural sports matches make it for those who play — like the basketballers and ping pongers here. With lots of practice, intramural competitors could make the varsity teams. (Varsity ping pong?)

The iceman cameth in one swell foop,
leaving his crystal remnants for
wandering photographers.
The same night in March, Barbara Dane,
a well-known singer of folk, blues, and
people's music, came to the Lincoln
Room to sing in support of the GI
movement and the Coffeehouse in
Muldraugh, Ky. She preceded a
screening of "The Battle of Algiers."
The event was sponsored by the
Committee for Survival.

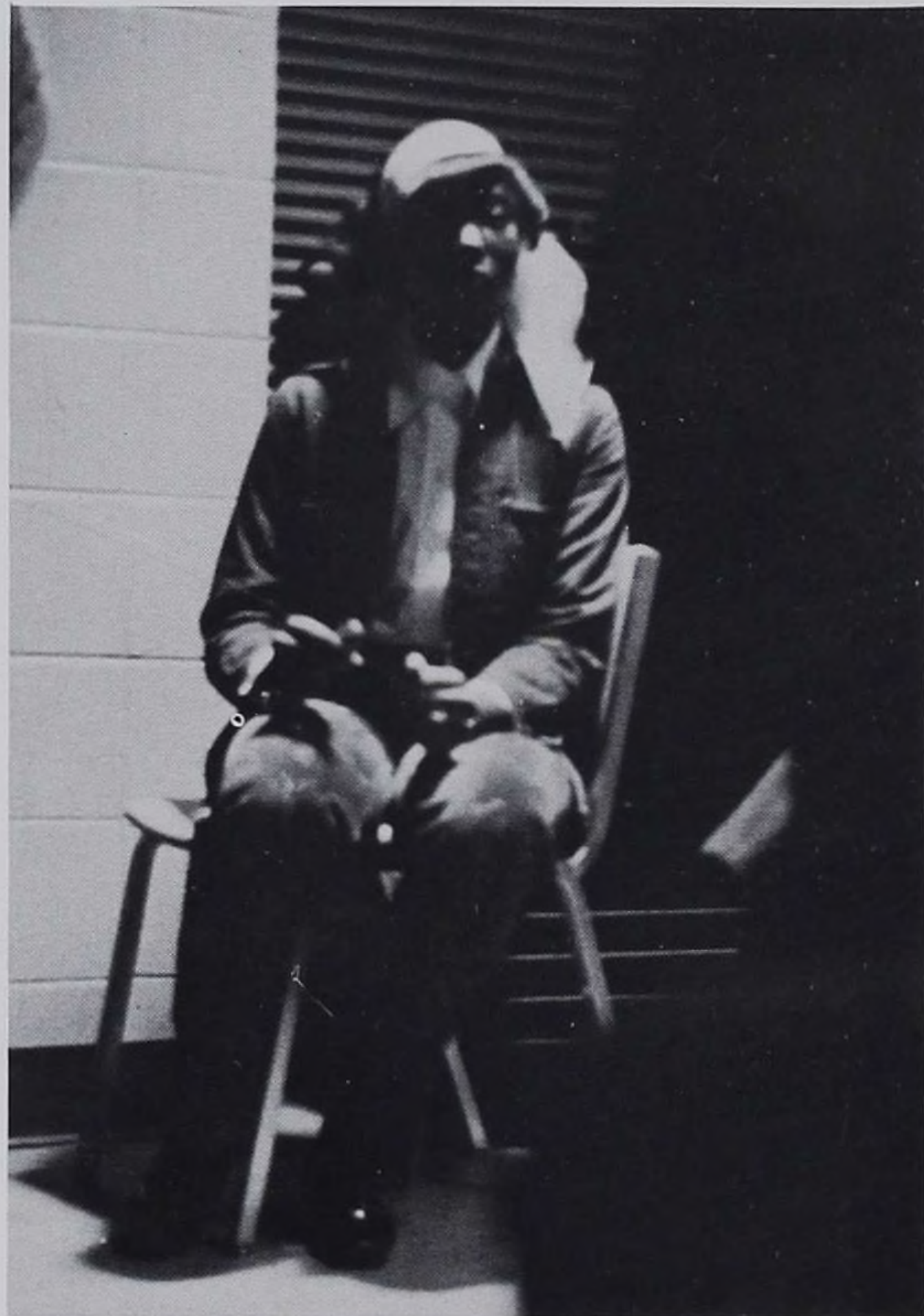


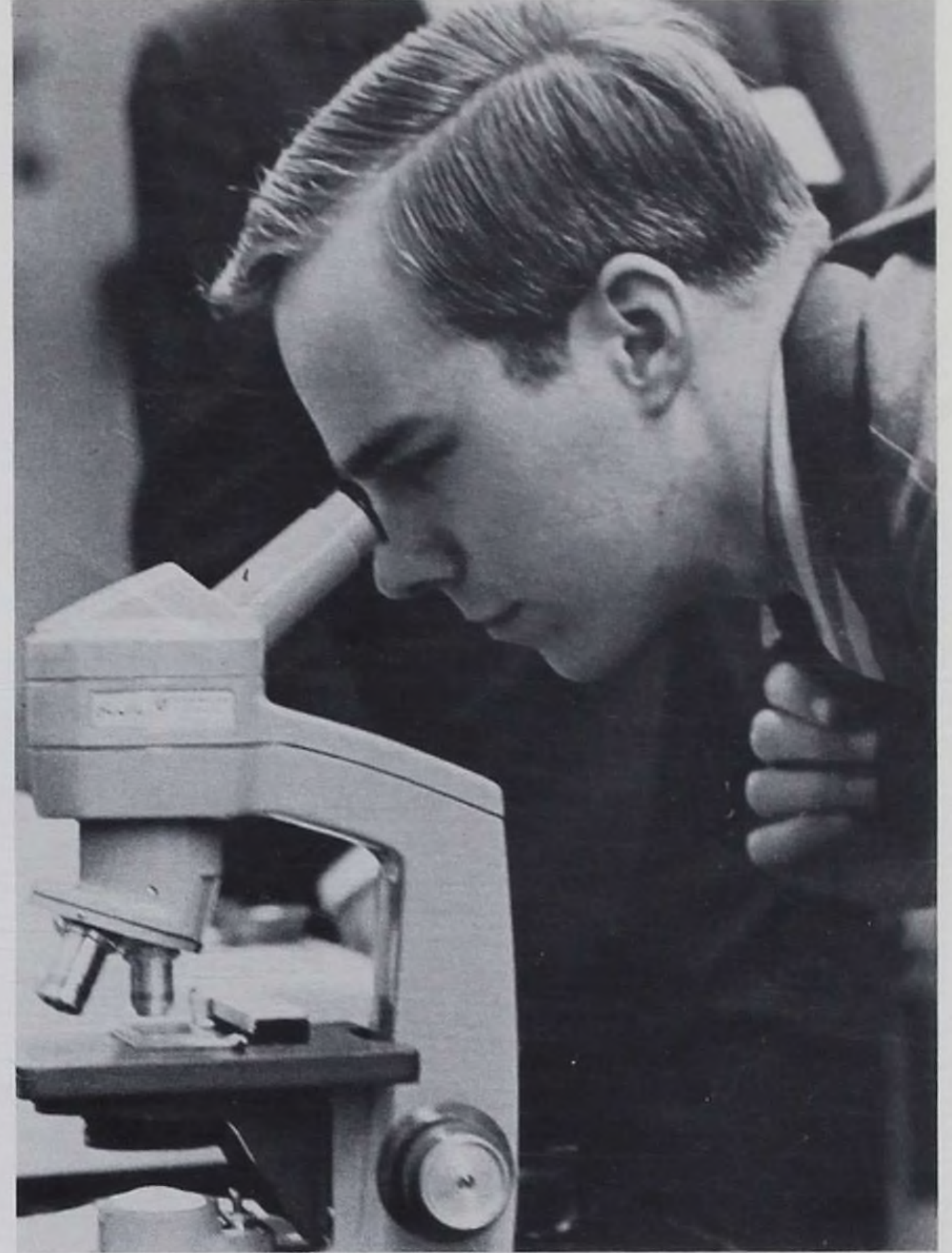


March 8 was the day of the Kentucky Anti-War March in Frankfort. Kicking off the spring offensive, the march drew peace supporters (and cops, it seemed) from all over the state.



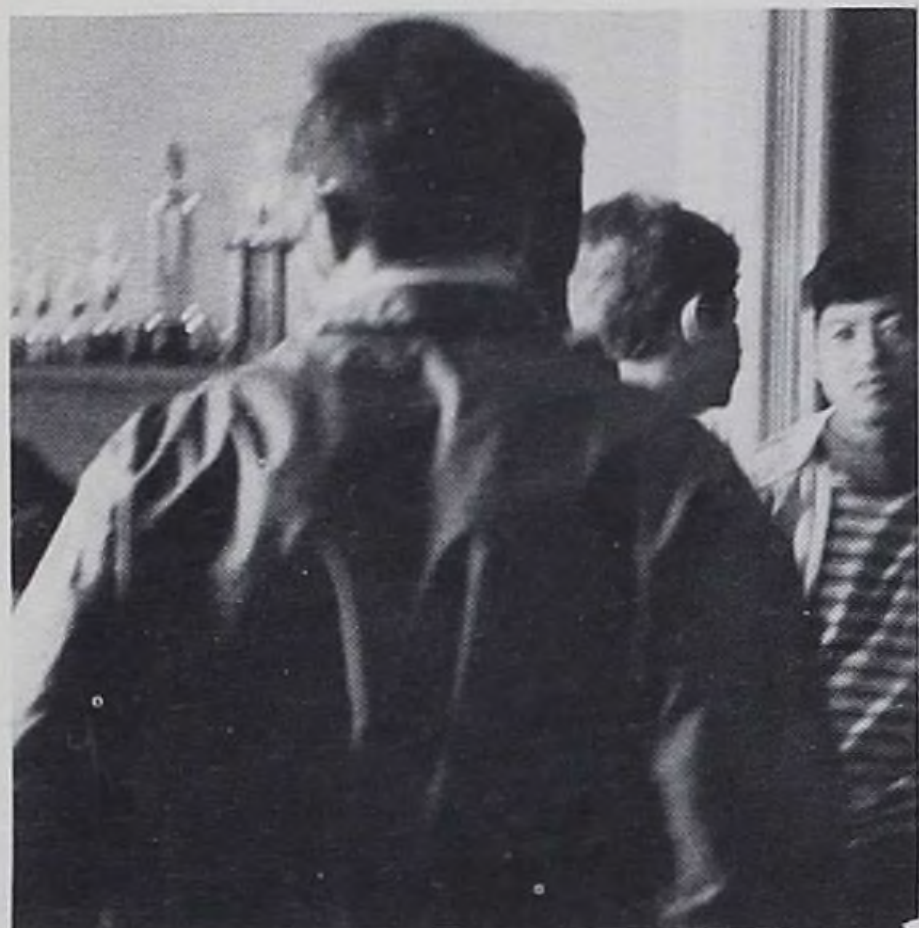
The Black Student Union sponsored a Black Arts Festival to celebrate the various artistic work of black students in the area, from college and high school. Drama, fine arts, photography, fashion, and more were featured.





Speed Scientific School sponsors the annual Engineers Day, a time set aside to show the public (especially prospective applicants) just what's happening with the engineers. "Relevant Engineering in the Seventies" was the theme this year.

between times, *continued*



Fraternities held their semi-annual rush activities with a flurry of activity aimed at men they hope will join them as frat brothers. Mothers can get into the act, too (right).





Fans whirled in the three dimensions available on the dance floor, while the Fifth Dimension did their gig on the stage as part of the Basketball Festival.





School of Education Student Council
 Lee Epstein, Pres.
 Lynn Fox

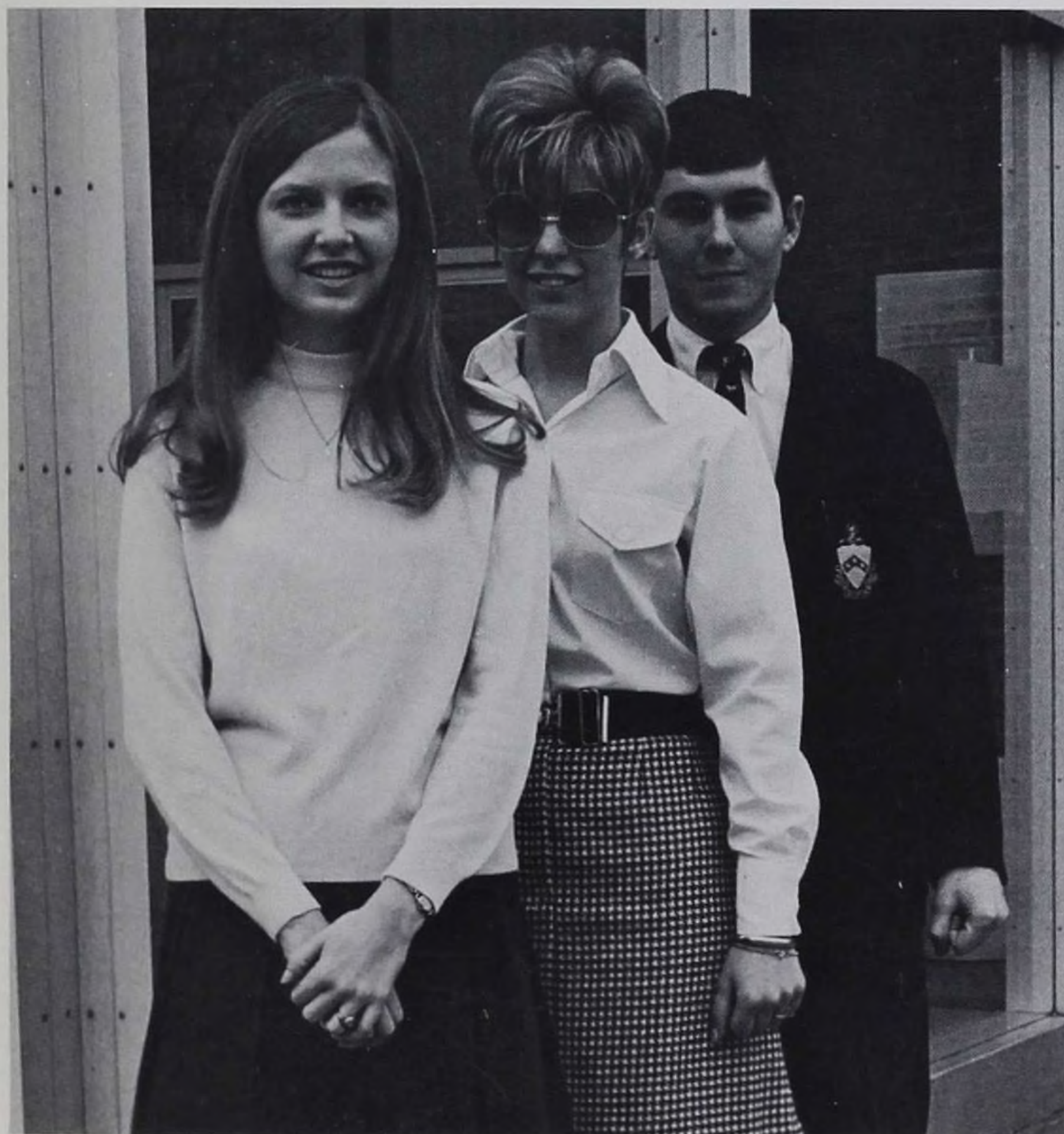


Pi Gamma Omicron
 Cathy Chisholm, 1st V. Pres.
 Karen Kuchenbrod, 2nd V. Pres.
 Linda Yaw, Pres.
 Mary Beth Frantz, Treas.



Speed Student Council

Mike Churchman, Treas.
John Commons, Pres.
Bill Rhodes, Sec.
Bob James, V. Pres.



Freshman Advisory Council

Cathy Chisholm, Sec.
Donna Hill, Pres.
Steve Cusick, V. Pres.

Photographs by Ken Strothman

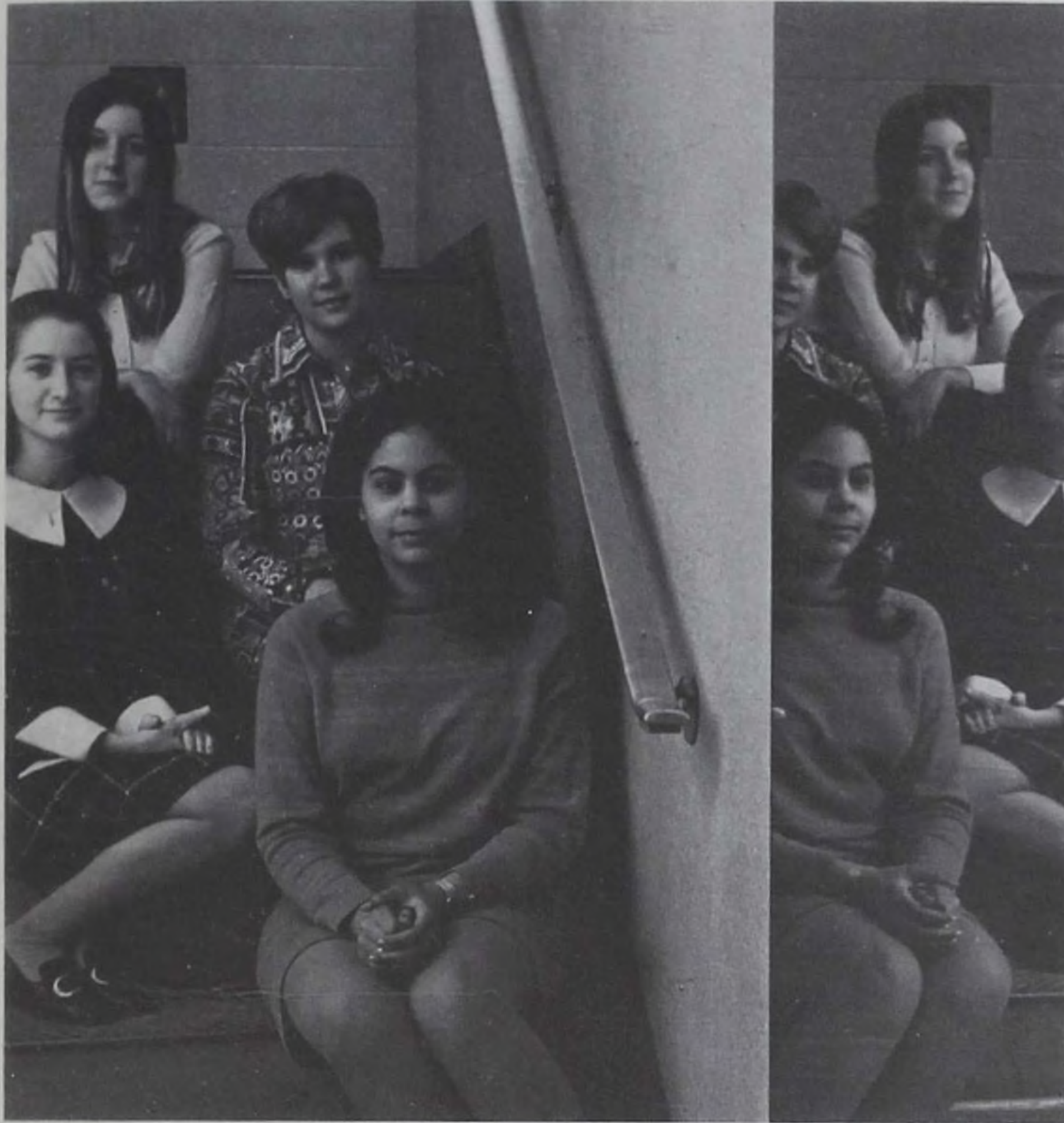
The record



Business School Student Council
 Michael Wagner, V. Pres.
 Allan Flamm, Pres.
 Jack Yost, Treas.



University Student Senate
 R. Michael Kelly, V. Pres.
 Diane Hayden, Cor. Sec.
 Carol Spaulding, Rec. Sec.
 Bob James, Pres.



Associated Women Students

Madge Harding, V. Pres.
 Carol Strube, Treas.
 Martha Davidson, Sec.
 Diane Lilly, Pres.

Music School Student Council

Donald England, Sec.
 Charlene Holsclaw, Treas.
 David Bostain, V. Pres.
 John Gutermuth, Pres.

